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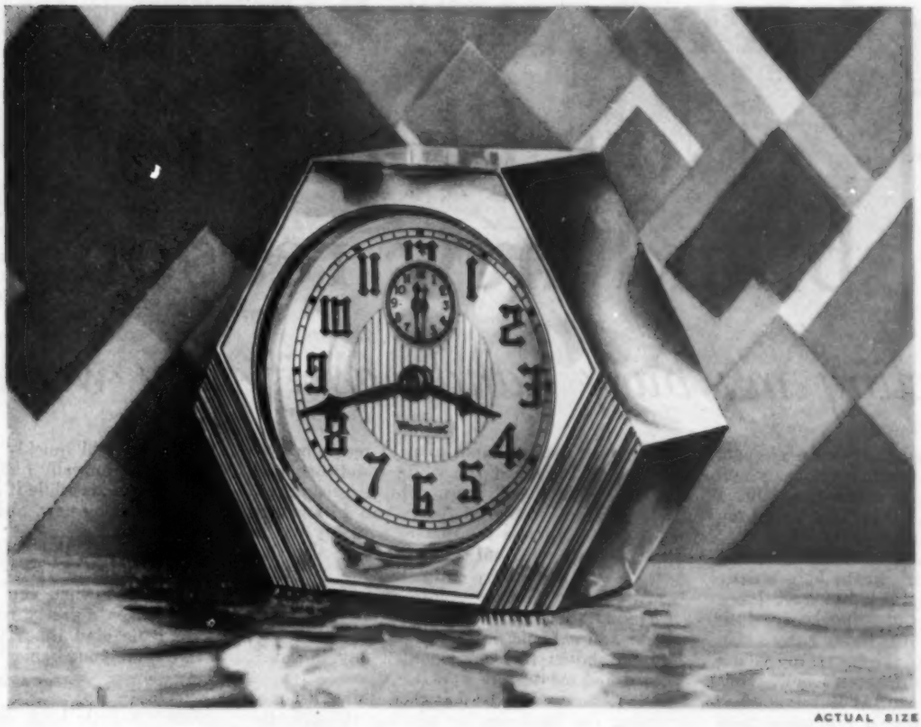

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But please don't think that I've always been sensible about soaps! For over a year of housekeeping I struggled along with the idea that hard work needed harsh soap. I remember the first time I cleaned the white woodwork with common "kitchen" soap. The dirt came off. But the gloss came off, too. And I wondered what on earth was the matter with my hands. They looked sore, and they *were* sore. And that strong soap ruined my cuticle!

And now? I often smile . . . for my hands certainly are busier with two babies and a husband and a home depending upon them! Yes, if you should ring my doorbell any morning, you'd find me deep in work.

But whatever I'd be doing—washing dishes or wiping the linoleum, or putting through the weekly wash—I wouldn't feel apologetic for my hands. For my Ivory tasks are as gentle as my babies' Ivory baths!

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CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands, for hair, for figures?" Write for "On the Art of Being Charming." Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VS-100, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MIDWINTER

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

ON HER way to Chatham, where her son was at school, Louise Blake spent one night in New York. Her train from the West got in early Friday afternoon, and she could have caught the afternoon train to Chatham. But she had not been in New York for some time and, although it was a cloudy February day, with slush underfoot, it was also an opportunity to make a tour of the shops and see the newest models. Besides, the festivities at the school—the occasion for her visit—did not really commence until Saturday. So she telegraphed John that she would take the train the next morning, arriving at Chatham in time for lunch.

She engaged a room at one of the smaller hotels, where she had stayed on her few previous trips to the city, and passed a busy afternoon going from one shop to another, looking in windows and, occasionally, buying something. Three years before, in September, on the day before the opening of John's first year at Chatham School, John and she had spent a night in New York, and, to reward him at the end of a similar afternoon—John was just fourteen years old then—she had taken him to dinner at a restaurant which some friends at home had told her about, celebrated for its cooking and, in price, way beyond her means. She remembered the name and the street number, and happening now, in the early evening, to be in its vicinity, she decided to dine there, to treat herself, as it were, since this also was an occasion.

On the threshold of the dining room she stopped. The place had changed. It struck her that it was not the place one would come to for a solitary meal. The room was dimly lighted—too dimly lighted; there was something unpleasantly secretive and intimate about it. A few tables were occupied, men and women dining in couples. The head waiter came up, and it was too late then to do anything but follow him to a table. She ordered dinner and glanced around the room, noting the changes. Then, quickly, she looked down at the white cloth in front of her. She had just seen, for the first time in six years, her husband, sitting at a table a few yards away.

"I've Heard So Much About You From John," Mrs. Ethridge Said in Her Low, Sweet Voice. Louise Smiled Politely

She gazed at the white cloth, thinking what she should do. Her first impulse was to get up and leave the room. But she could not do that, not without some explanation. She could say that she felt suddenly ill—she did feel ill, for a moment. A wave of nausea swept over her. To know that he was sitting there, in the same room, close by —— He had not seen her when she entered. He was dining with some girl—naturally.

Louise's waiter put down a plate of raw oysters in front of her. She was fond of oysters—they were hard to get at home and a great delicacy—but she sat now staring at her plate, making no move to eat them. Then a sudden impulse made her turn again toward Donald's table, forced her to look at him, tempting his glance. She stared at him, long and hard, until she thought he must feel the terrible intensity of that gaze, must lift his eyes to hers. He was leaning across the table talking animatedly to his companion. Then he sat back in his chair and burst out laughing. As he did so he caught Louise's glance. For a brief moment he stared at her, without any sign of recognition, quite impersonally, as one sometimes does at a stranger, unthinking. Then he laughed again and, bending across the table, resumed his conversation.

The girl's back was to Louise; it was a young back, smartly dressed. The hat was smart and expensive-looking. Probably some young thing, chic and attractive. That was to be expected.

Donald had not recognized her. She was thankful, now, for the low lights. She picked up her fork and began to eat the oysters. She felt better. It even amused her a little that she was sitting so close to him, could almost hear what he was saying, while he, if he ever thought about her any more, must believe her to be far away. For the moment she was an invisible ghost, with the unfair advantage that such ghosts have.

Not that Donald deserved anything approximating fair treatment. She had married him when

He Knelt and Adjusted the Bindings to Her Boots. "I Waxed 'Em Yesterday," He Said, Grinning

she was eighteen and he thirty-one. When John, their only child, was ten, Donald Blake's name had been mentioned in a divorce proceeding involving the wife of one of his partners. Louise learned then what the rest of their world had known for years—that her husband's life, since almost directly after their marriage, had been an open scandal to everyone except her. Not because she was blind, but because she had consistently closed her eyes to the implications of certain conduct on his part and because, in a polite world, such matters were not mentioned in her presence. But when Donald's name appeared in print, one of her friends, believing that reason for silence was thereby removed, told her all. Louise listened, chiefly because she was apathetic; her life with Donald had been a misery since its beginning. In a way it was a relief to have the truth out, and not by any act of hers, after years of pretending that their life together went along smoothly—at least, the occasion for dissembling no longer existed.

Donald never mentioned the subject, even when she read in the same paper a few weeks later that he had resigned from his firm. How he occupied himself thereafter she did not know. She rarely saw him. For a short while he kept up the convention of telephoning her that he could not get home for dinner because of a conference at the office—she did not know where his new office was or if, indeed, he had one—or that he must dine with some business friend. Later it was simply a message from the club that Mr. Blake was dining there; and finally he did not bother to send her any word, and the pretense before the servants that he might be home for dinner was dropped. Occasionally he would return in the late afternoon and dress in his room next to hers, beyond the door which now was never opened. She would meet him sometimes on his way out, dressed in his evening clothes, debonair, rather jaunty, with his invariable greeting, "Good evening, Mrs. Blake."

There was nothing Louise could do. Divorce was difficult and expensive where they lived, and she had no money to go elsewhere. Also, there was John. She intended, with every fiber of her being, that John should go to Chatham School, where he had been entered at his birth, and then to college. But in the event of a divorce she felt that those plans would never go through. Aside from her dislike of the idea of alimony, she knew that Donald could not be depended upon; that, if she kept John with her, Donald would do everything possible to get out of paying it. She herself had no money, no knowledge, no talent, so far as she knew, that could produce money. And she would not give up John.

As it happened, since Donald at that time had no idea of remarrying, he did not want a divorce. So far as his freedom was concerned, their separation was virtual. Louise ran his house—where, it was true, he spent very little of his time. But should he, for politic reasons, wish to invite some business friend to his home, he had a beautiful and charming wife to sit at his table, who never interfered with him and who interested him not at all.

Then, one day, Donald partly solved the problem for both of them. Louise, returning home in the late evening, was informed by a maid that Mr. Blake had come to the house that afternoon and, about an hour later, had driven away in a taxi, with a trunk and two bags. Louise went to his room. His closet and bureau drawers were empty. He had left no message of any kind, oral or written.

A month passed. No word came from him. John, who was then eleven and who was used to the rare appearances of his father at home, even John asked Louise where his father was. Louise told him that he was away on business. But she knew that this had no shadow of truth in it. She was horribly afraid of what would happen to John. She had about five hundred dollars in her housekeeping account in the bank. She hoped, from day to day, that Donald, wherever he was, would pay some money into the account. But he never did.

Gradually it became known among her friends what had happened. On someone's advice she went, without hope, to see a lawyer. Mr. Sprague and she marshaled the facts; Donald had left her, it was her belief, for good. Certainly there was no assurance that she would ever see him again, that he would ever contribute anything further to John's and her support. No one, among the people she knew, had any idea where he was. She had about four hundred dollars in the bank; the house stood in her name; other than that she had nothing—except a little jewelry, the linen and silver in the house. Donald's parents were dead, as was Louise's father; her mother scraped along on a small annuity.

She remembered how Mr. Sprague had fallen silent and gazed for a time out of the window. In that moment she had known the uttermost depth of despair. She realized suddenly that John and she were about to become objects of charity. Mr. Sprague had explained that she could hire detectives to discover where Donald was, and then bring action against him for nonsupport. If they found him. Had he any property in this state? She remembered that Donald had once had a safe-deposit box in a certain bank. Mr. Sprague telephoned the bank and was told that Mr. Blake had given up his box on February twentieth—the day he had disappeared. Of course, at the expiration of two years she could divorce him for desertion, and—again, if they found him—he could be compelled to pay alimony and to provide for John's support and education.

"If I could find some work," said Louise, finally, getting up.

Mr. Sprague walked with her to the door. "Mrs. Blake," he said, "I've always thought you were the best-dressed woman in town."

Louise looked up at him in surprise.

"If you could only do something about the others," he said. "Couldn't you make them look—better? Couldn't you buy the right clothes and then sell them to our ladies? Pick out the latest things. Go to Paris—New York ——"

"That takes capital," Louise said.

"That could be arranged," Mr. Sprague said. "I know a number of husbands who would come in. In fact, I'll promise you the first client."

"Who?" Louise asked, smiling for the first time that day.

Mr. Sprague glanced around quickly. "Mrs. Sprague," he whispered. He raised his voice. "Come back and see me after you've thought about it. Of course," he added gravely, "we'll both consider this conference as strictly professional."

The next day one of Donald's former partners called on Louise. He explained that since Donald had left the firm certain special accounts had been adjusted

and there was due Donald the sum of ten thousand dollars. The firm had consulted Mr. Charles Sprague, their lawyer, who had advised that this sum be paid to Mrs. Blake. She went again to see Mr. Sprague, who talked for a long time in legal terms and strongly advised Louise to accept the money. It was exceedingly doubtful that Donald would ever put in any claim against the firm. If he did he could be traced and Louise could bring action for nonsupport. In order to protect the firm, however, it should be understood that Louise would return the money should Mr. Sprague call upon her to do so. Louise said that if she couldn't use the money it wouldn't do her much good to take it. Mr. Sprague asked her if she had thought about his suggestion of the other day; here was the capital she had mentioned, here was her chance.

When she left Mr. Sprague's office that morning her great venture was launched. She discharged two servants, keeping the cook and John's old nurse. Early in March she went to Paris, on the lowest deck of a cabin boat.

At an opening of one of the fashionable dressmakers she met Alice Ogden, an old school friend, who lived in Paris. They had tea together afterward, and Louise explained her mission. During the next week they went together to all the openings and discovered that their tastes in clothes were almost exactly similar; and when one day Alice remarked that living in Paris wasn't so cheap as it used to be—a very small income and tastes which it could not satisfy at home had been her reason for leaving her own country—there was born a partnership which had continued now for six years. Alice lived on in Paris and did the buying, and she rarely made a mistake. Louise didn't want to visit Paris each year, having John, although Alice said that coming to Paris would seem to her the real reward of the business.

Louise went home and rented a small shop and sent out cards. Her first customer was Mrs. Charles Sprague, the wife of the well-known lawyer. For two years Louise worked from nine until dinnertime, and half days on Saturdays. At the end of the first year she had three thousand dollars in the bank, and John and she and the cook and the nurse had got along quite comfortably. And Alice Ogden had managed a trip to Sicily on her share. Nothing had ever been heard of Donald, but Louise worried about the ten thousand dollars.

Mr. Sprague, whom she consulted frequently and who knew from day to day just how the business was going, never mentioned this sum until the end of the second year. Louise felt then she had been amazingly successful. There was a surplus of fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. Sprague suggested that, to be on the safe side, she pay back three thousand dollars to Donald's old firm. This Louise did, drawing a check to Charles Sprague, Attorney. He suggested also that she open branch shops in two neighboring cities.

At the beginning of the third year Louise took in with her two younger girls, debutantes of a few seasons back, who were anxious to do something and not averse to making a little money on the side. She could have had a score of others; the shop was now famous. The branches which Mr. Sprague had suggested were opened and began to pay from the beginning.

And it was now assured that John could enter Chatham School the next fall. For this Louise was deeply thankful. Toward the end of that summer, as the opening of Chatham drew near, John seemed loath to go. She had tried to persuade herself that it was because he did not want to leave her, but in her heart she knew that this was not the real reason. John was popular, he was having too good a time with the high-school bloods, and he was involved in an affair, beyond his years, and which frightened Louise, with the most obviously pretty and—from Louise's point of view—the least desirable girl in his particular set. So the thought of John safely at boarding school in the East, even though it was far away, had its bright side.

A year later Louise was able to pay back the remainder of the ten thousand dollars plus a further sum representing interest at the legal rate. Subsequently she learned, at a dinner party, from another of Donald's partners, loquacious from too many cocktails, that the money had nothing to do with Donald, but had in reality come from Mr. Sprague. When she went the next morning to thank him, he said he deserved no thanks; he had made a loan and had been fully repaid; but that Louise should be thanked by the Civic Improvement Association—an organization which had for its purpose the beautifying of the city.

That had been two years ago. The business continued to prosper. No word of Donald came to her. She became convinced that she would never see him, or hear of him, again.

II

TURNING to summon a waiter, Louise caught another glimpse of Donald. He was leaning across the table, hands clasped in front of him, brows raised, gazing intently at the girl opposite him. His brown, liquid eyes had that soft look that Louise had once thrilled to; the soft, appealing look to which so many women had yielded. His jet-black hair, which he wore rather long and brushed straight back from his forehead, was turning gray at the temples. It gave him a cheap, artificial look, for his face was still round and well fed, and his mouth was soft and round and pursed up, as if ready for a kiss. Louise turned away, shuddering. She remembered surreptitious lunches when she and Donald had been secretly engaged, and Donald leaning across the table in exactly that attitude. Twenty years ago, when she was seventeen and Donald thirty. She had been so young then—that was her excuse.

Now that she had found him, what should she do? Follow him and find out where he lived? Then, perhaps, it would be easier to divorce him, should she ever wish to do so. As a matter of fact, she could have had a divorce at any time during the last four years. She had never thought of it seriously. She hadn't done anything about her relationship with Donald for so long that it seemed hardly worth while doing anything now. Since his disappearance there had been two men who had pleaded with her to divorce Donald, so that she might be free to marry. Honorable, worthy gentlemen, friends whom she liked and respected, but could not, somehow, think of as husbands. No; after Donald left her, all her thoughts were for John, and then, because John must not suffer, for the success of her shop. When Donald disappeared that afternoon six years ago she was thirty-one. That she was still young, with more than her fair share

(Continued on Page 45)

Her Voice Was Shaking. She Paused to Get it Under Control. She Could Think of None of the Things She Had Planned to Say

LOS ANGELES IN FACT

SOME odd and thirty winterless years she lived in Los Angeles. All that time she kept thinking of a town in Michigan as home. The word "home," however, had suffered insensibly the fate of a pressed flower. First the sweetness of nostalgia withered out of it. Then it became reminiscent only, the memory of a memory. Otherwise it was a geographical tag. In Los Angeles one is continually saying where one was born or where one is from. And yet it never ceased to be on her mind that sometime she must return in a spirit of pilgrimage. Each year the impulse was weaker; a slighter pretext postponed the undertaking. One day the thought became suddenly very strong. She must go at once. The railroad ticket was bought; the trunks were packed. Tomorrow she would be on her way. That night she died.

There is a news story about her in the morning papers. It is news purely; there is no rare art in the telling of it. Even so, it has elements of human interest, together with the quality of a natural fable, and so you may take it with no deeper reflection. Afterward, in the street, you will think of it again. People as they pass somehow keep reminding you of it. And a certain question presents itself.

Los Angeles is fifth in size among American cities. Only New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit are larger. And out of all the transacting drama of a day, this gentle, very marginal tragedy, touching one little, commonplace life, was selected with some definite sense of news value. No city editor in any of the four larger cities would have found any value in it. What was its value here? The answer, when it comes to you, is clear. The story was news in Los Angeles, not for the normal reason that it was strange, but for the other reason that it was familiar. It perfectly dramatized the common experience of expatriation, or, that is to say, the process of psychic and physical readjustment to a new environment continually taking place in a great majority of the people.

PHOTOS. FROM THE HISTORICAL COLLECTION, SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

Hollywood Boulevard Near Cahuenga Avenue, 1910

Looking North on Figueroa Street, About 1905

The Same Scene in 1930

The Inland Seaport

YOU have to begin with the singular fact that in a population of a million and a quarter, every other person you see has been here less than five years. More than nine in every ten you see have been here less than fifteen years. Practically, therefore, the whole population is immigrant, with the slowly changing sense of home peculiar to nonindigenous life. The mind is first adjusted, then the conscious feelings; but for a long time—for the rest of the immigrant's life, perhaps—there will be in the cells a memory of home that was elsewhere.

The intensity of the process is variable, as temperaments differ. For some it is very difficult. They may try it for a year and go back. They want seasons again and contrast of days. Southern California is all right, it is beautiful; only it is too much like living around the year inside a wall of lovely perfection, with only one door, and that is the rainy season. But when they have returned to their Centervilles and Springfields in the Middle West, they are presently aware that in Southern California they lost something they cannot recover and found something it will be hard to do forever without. In their homesickness they idealized the home town, forgetting its demerits; now they find themselves remembering what was ideal in Southern California. For a while they waver and then try it again. Sometimes the second trial ends in disappointment; but it is already too late. One who tries it twice will come again, and one who comes a third time will be a permanent addition to the census.

So you see why the story of the Michigan woman who for more than thirty years denied her nostalgia and then died in the last tiny flame of it was news for the Los Angeles papers. And you see why the strangeness of it from the visitor's point of view lies in the fact that in Los Angeles it was not strange.

This is true through all the enigma that is Los Angeles. It is a strange city, prodigious phenomenon, unable to account for itself. San Francisco was right. Rationally, Los Angeles could not happen. Yet there it is, and still becoming. Wherein it is strange may be not, at first, quite obvious. What is strange about it, again like the story of the Michigan woman, is strange only to the other point of view, and strange for the reason that in Los Angeles it is familiar.

If you happened to be dropped out of the sky into the business middle of it, day or night, you might ask: "Well, but what is strange about this?"

To the view, nothing. You might suppose you were in Minneapolis. Nor is there anything strange in feeling until you remember the harbor. Oh, yes; the great Los Angeles harbor.

This is the city that all but broke her heart to get a first-class harbor. San Francisco said: "Why in the world should Los Angeles want a harbor? She wouldn't know what to do with it. Besides, she has no place to put it."

Looking Over Hollywood in 1906

AND DREAM—By Garet Garrett

PHOTO, FROM THE HISTORICAL COLLECTION, SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

The Hollywood Boulevard of Today

Los Angeles said: "Then give us title to the state-owned tide lands here and we will make ourselves a harbor with no aid of the state."

And that is what happened. The city, assisted by the Federal Government, engineered a harbor. Now it is one of the great harbors of the world, behind a stone breakwater. In point of tonnage it ranks second only to the New York harbor. Therefore, Los Angeles is a seaport—a very important one. Yet, for any air it has of being a seaport, you might as well be a thousand miles inland—which is to say, it has not that air at all. In any other great seaport you have at once a sense of relation to the foreign overseas world. Well, simply, that world has made upon Los Angeles no impact whatever. Notwithstanding her harbor and the enormous tonnage moving in and out of it, Los Angeles has still—perhaps will have always—the character of an inland town. Immigration is overland, from the East, across mountains and deserts, and always was. It is the only kind of immigration the city wants; her hunger for it is uncontrollable. That is all, in one sense, perfectly natural. Yet there is nothing like it in the world elsewhere. A great seacoast city not made by the sea; a seacoast city that arrived overland. The ocean—it was there; it has become an economic fact of immense commercial importance; but the first of its functions is to keep an ideal climate.

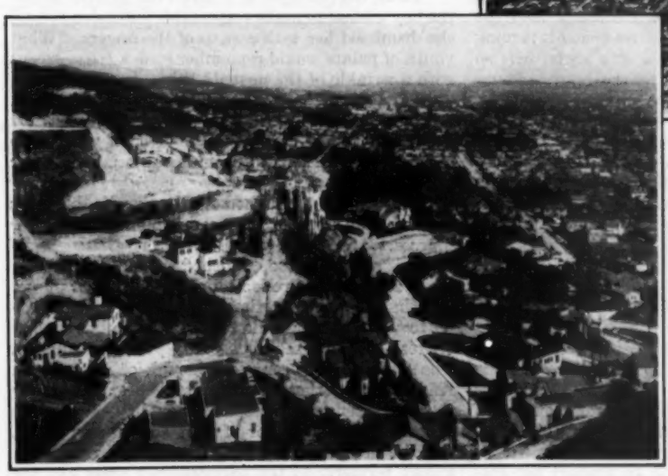
Remark, however, that this inland air about a seaport city is strange only to the visitor. Not so to Los Angeles people, all of inland origin; most of them out of the Middle West. To them a great inlandlike city on the seacoast presents no contradiction. That is for them the familiar character of a city, this one differing from others they may have known only in size. How strange it would be, indeed, for an inland people to have made all at once a maritime city! They couldn't have done it. They made, naturally, the kind of city they knew how to make. The sea, like the mountains, is background. World commerce was not the intention. That was a slow, rather misty afterthought, rising from the artificial harbor. Even yet there is no overseas mail steamer out of Los Angeles, and nobody misses it. A freight steamer loads there for any port in the world, but the papers that must follow her go to San Francisco to be mailed.

As concerning things both strange and familiar, and strange because they are familiar, the theme is wide. Merely from going to and fro in the streets, you will presently become aware of a strange familiarity in the faces. You will think you have seen many of them before; you will be often on the point of testing what seems for an instant to be the personal recollection. You may be conscious, too, that they are regarding you in the same way, as if they almost knew you, or had seen you before.

The Goodyear Industrial District, 1920

PHOTOS, BY SPENCE AIRPLANE PHOTOS, LOS ANGELES

The Goodyear Industrial District, 1930



Hollywood From the Same Spot in 1930

Familiar Faces

THE strangeness of this familiarity consists in the fact that it runs not to any type or kind of face, but to many, in a miscellaneous way. Then you may begin to observe them in groups, as at the theater, and fancy transposing them to other cities. They do not transpose. That you discover at once. You cannot fancy them in any other city—not as a group—and yet, if you dissolve the group, the individuals composing it are easily transposed away by an intuition of geographical probability—this one to Iowa, that one to Minnesota, another to Ohio, and so on.

Then suddenly it strikes you. There is no Los Angeles face. Almost any other great city will have an imaginable characteristic physiognomy. For example, a composite picture of one thousand New York faces would be very different from a composite picture of one thousand Chicago faces, or one thousand Philadelphia faces. And one who knew all three cities might easily guess which was which. Then, if you had such a composite picture for each of twenty cities and made of the lot a supercomposite, you might take the result to be the characteristic urban face of America. But that face would be very unlike a composite of one thousand Los Angeles faces. The Los Angeles picture would not be an urban face, nor would it be the face of Los Angeles, for Los Angeles as a city has no characteristic physiognomy. How could it have a face of its own when every other person in the population has belonged to it, or to this environment, less than five years? The Los Angeles picture, nevertheless, would be a very remarkable thing—namely, the truest conceivable representation of the whole American face, urban, rural, big town, little town, all together. Los Angeles as a city of familiar faces is thus explained. Everyone else is from somewhere else too, and so you will be continually meeting features and expressions of humankind with whom you have native, impersonal memories in common.

A great city without a face of its own is a subtle curiosity. But what will you think of a city of a million and a quarter, fifth in size among American cities,

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THE FAUN

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT SO happened that Nacio Urruty, having attained the climax of his chosen career at an age when most young men are content to begin it, found himself chagrined and not a little dismayed by the distinction. As if a mere bit of silver inserted into the body in place of bone were sufficient to incapacitate for further services to his country a valid man, who was also Basque and Urruty! No mere veteran's pension at twenty-two, no *croix de guerre* to be displayed on every possible occasion by his fatuous mother, nor even the unprecedented consideration shown him latterly by his father and elder brother, Esteban, both not undistinguished veterans of French wars, sufficed to atone to Nacio for the all too brief pride in his ace's uniform, that odd supermastery of life which comes to those intrepid modern navigators who attempt the conquest of the uncharted ether.

He found himself a little world weary; no longer, for example, nourished the ambition to master his brother Esteban at the *pelota*. Since Esteban had remained so far undefeated at this virile national pastime, young Nacio indeed began to be aware of a sentimental, almost a womanish content that his silver rib would forever prevent him from eclipsing his brother's reputation; an eventuality for which their mutual instructor, the village blacksmith, had long been openly touting him.

Nor had even a day with hounds in the English fashion any longer its proper thrill for him. Although there were plenty of game little red foxes to be found in the valleys, and although Anglophile Nacio loved above all things a hard day's riding to the music of hounds, there had lately come upon him an unmanly and most un-British distaste for the moment when quarry is run to earth and puts up its hopeless little snarling fury of defense. This weakness he would have died rather than confess; but seized excuse presently to absent himself with gun and dog from more strenuous sporting activities, since pigeons at least do not attempt any piteous efforts at self-defense; and so renewed acquaintance with things it is not well for a man too long to forget—silence, solitude, peace. Indeed, it was almost as good as boyhood days with the sheep in the high pastures, where there was nothing to disturb one except the chances of weather and wild beasts.

Nacio had not lost as yet any of his boyish beauty—that fresh-budded virility which at its brief best outshines any beauty of women. Long months in a Tangier hospital had merely paled a little the warmth of his clear brown skin, put a certain edge on his jutting Basque profile, and darkened slightly the resilient hair that persisted, despite determined efforts with pomade, in springing into vigorous chestnut waves. "All curled up and nowhere to go," his American sister-in-law was wont to say of it, teasingly. She was very fond of this big little brother of hers; and whom Emily loved, she chastened. . . . Only the eyes of him had changed; those gray-hazel north-Spanish eyes which are the most expressive in the world, and which had looked upon strange things since his family stood silently together to watch the last glimpse of his battle plane winging over to Africa, whither his escadrille had been ordered for police work among the ever-turbulent Riffs.

Of these experiences Nacio never spoke, after the custom of soldiers who have seen such service; only people who looked into those wary, troubled young eyes knew somehow, and were sorry, and spoke to the boy with unconscious gentleness—even his redoubtable grandmother, hardy matriarch though she was of a hardy clan.

"Look Out, My Dear! Flint is a Thing That Strikes Out Sparks," She Warned, Only Half in Jest. "It is for My Child, it is for the Sake of My Mariflor"

"What ails the *doguin* now," she remarked, in one of the family conclaves not infrequent among the Urruty, "is merely, one comprehends, a *cafard* natural to the temperament. Our Nacio has gained, like most persons who do too much thinking, a certain timidity of life."

"Timidity!" indignantly exclaimed his mother, Fancine; a lady far too fat and indolent to take usually any part in controversy, especially with her redoubtable mother-in-law. "How is it, *madame belle-mère*, that invariably you wish so to belittle my son, *hein?* He will perhaps never succeed in discovering mines of oil, or copper or whatever accident it was that makes your favorite, Steban, rich as a Jew, nor will he have the good fortune, perhaps, to marry himself with an American wife. But to his country, at least, our Nacio is no less a hero!" And she reminded them, at length, of a feat of which they needed no reminding, a feat which had indeed received its share of attention from the world's press—when the boy, wounded, his plane disabled by bullets from a treacherous Riff village, had managed nevertheless to steer its descent directly into the center of the small cactus-hidden settlement, turning loose both bombs and machine gun as he fell; so that his escadrille, wheeling to the rescue, found what was left standing of the mud-and-palm-leaf huts already in flames, and Nacio, unconscious beneath the wreck of his plane, apparently the only survivor.

"It is not every man," sniffed Madame Fancine, beginning to weep with maternal pride, "who alone and single-handed annihilates a complete village of the enemy! Was that, I ask you, an example of *cafard?*"

"Of the worst type," quietly replied her husband. "Panic translated into instinctive action; for which France does well to honor our son, my dear! But—it is probable there were in that Riff village women living, even children; which, no doubt, is what the boy finds difficult to forget."

Esteban nodded briefly, without comment. He, too, had seen military service with the Army of Africa.

For the first time in family history, however, Madame Urruty took occasion to support her embattled daughter-in-law. "Stuff and foolishness!" she remarked, in the French equivalent. "Women are no different from other enemies in time of war. Do you forget that our own Basque wives have frequently fought beside their men, expecting no quarter? As for children, they must take their chance with the rest; when our female ancestors feared to be made slaves by the Romans, they seized their young by the hand and jumped with them from the cliffs!"

"Which did not make war any pleasanter, I dare say, for the Roman soldiery," murmured her son Pedro. "And these Berbers of the Riff, my mother, are in a manner of speaking our own cousins, being of the ancient stock, a fighting free mountain folk, like ourselves."

"All the more need that Nacio sell his life as dearly as possible! Do you fancy," asked his mother dryly, "that our savage female Riff relatives would have remembered any historical cousinship, once they got the boy within reach of their knives? *No seas pasta*, Pedro!" she added, in the stern Spanish phrase which exhorts a man against undue softness of nature. "What your son needs now is wider experience of women, that he may cease to regard us as a sex apart. A sex apart!—*et puis?* I ask myself!"

American Emily chuckled audibly, the reactions of her candid Basque grandmother-in-law never failing to supply her with amused respect.

"You consider, *belle maman*, that the time arrives for our Nacio to marry himself a wife?" questioned Madame Fancine, mollified by so unexpected a reënforcement.

"On the contrary. I spoke," briefly replied the matriarch, "of experience, not marriage, my girl. One is not at all certain that the time will ever arrive for our Nacio to take himself a wife!"

"Meaning," the intrigued Emily could not resist inquiring, "that one woman is hardly enough to constitute experience?"

"As to that I do not find myself qualified to judge; you might ask your husband, there," retorted the old lady, indicating Esteban; who replied imperturbably that much depended upon the woman, reminding his grandmother that young Nacio had already suffered a certain baptism of fire so far as the other sex was concerned.

"*Tiens*, that *cabotine* of Zubaios the painter, whom the boy wished to make respectable? *Je m'en fiche!*" she dismissed her with a snap of the fingers. "What youth of palate would remember such a *bêtise* except with a wrinkle of the nostril? When I say women, I mean women, *mon fils!*—such as your Emily there, such as our own famous Pilar de Maytie, God rest her soul—if she had one. Women who, serving no other purpose, at least provide material for *haute romance*."

"Why, *madre!*" laughed Esteban's wife, blushing as she rarely blushed over compliments from other sources.

"It is such as those," finished the old lady sagely, "who sometimes cure fools like Nacio of their puppy foolishness—and sometimes not. *Nous verrons.*"

However, although the valleys were prolific enough of fresh-cheeked, modest, sturdy young Basquaises who would have been glad enough of notice from Nacio Urruty, there was a notable scarcity among them of sirens of the peculiar quality of the late Madame de Maytie, or of that adventurous lady, now the more than contented wife of Esteban Urruty, known formerly to the cosmopolitan press as "the beautiful Miss Weldon of Kentucky."

Winter was long that year; and when spring came again to the valleys, the etcheonda seemed suddenly to Nacio like a cage from which escape was imperative. Doctors, there at the Tangier hospital, had commanded a year's inactivity. But what was the breaking of a colt, the occasional plowing of a field, to a Basque youth with the spring of the year in his blood? In vain the disgruntled hero begged for his old occupation as guardian of the family flocks and herds. That post was now the inalienable property of Essetore, once his shepherd boy; even as his great Briard sheep dog, Olivier, sobered with years and importance, had in course of natural progression succeeded his father Nagarro as guardian of the hacienda, now that Nagarro lay at his long rest beside the gates; where still the memory of his doughty deeds made evildoers such as gypsies and *cagots* to hurry by without lingering.

"*Ça marche*," said Nacio to himself, rather bitterly; thinking of life, which seemed to be going on well enough without him. "And me, what is my part?"

The house seemed strange to him without Nagarro; without the ancient nurse woman, Damasa, no longer whispering her tales of witches and devils in the chimney nook; without his adoring sister Bette, who lived, it is true, almost within eyeshot at l'Ey Kahatcia, but so preoccupied with all the men she had married—her artist husband, John de Maytie; his adopted father, the savant Etcheverray; a pair of exacting male twins which were at present rather overfilling the family cradle—as to be no longer quite, as hitherto, at Nacio's careless beck and call.

Indeed, what with the new respect granted his decoration and his silver rib, the home valley itself seemed strange to Nacio. Lastra, the cobbler; Hermose, who mended umbrellas from house to house and was the accepted purveyor of neighborhood gossip; even Olhaiby, the blacksmith, now training the fourth generation of Urruty for the *pelota* in the person of Esteban's small son, Wally—all treated the discomfited ex-warrior with the same alarming new courtesy, rare indeed among peasants of that neighborhood, who were in the habit of dealing with their pastors and masters strictly as man to man. Nacio came at last to the conclusion that part of this disconcerting formality must be due to the foreign mustache which he had lately managed to acquire, in defiance of Basque custom, but he was far too proud of it to care to remove it.

His grandmother had from the first viewed this virile adornment with some displeasure. "For what reason," she demanded, "does a young man of the Eskualdunak whose mouth is not a deformity so disfigure himself as to grow upon the face a supplementary eyebrow? I mock myself of it!"

"In order," explained matronly Bette, who knew such things by instinct, "to show what was possible, *gran'mere*. Nacio did not fancy, perhaps, the sobriquet given by his fellow officers of *'le pucelet.'*"

"*Tais-toi*, monkey flower!" muttered her brother, blushing. "Since when do you become a chatterbox?"

But their ancestor had heard, and remarked, frowning: "'*Le pucelet*,' eh? And why 'the maiden,' my son?" She eyed, rather puzzled, this youngest of her adult male offspring, him of the powerful shoulders, the hands whose strength he did not realize, the wide brows and squared salience of jaw recognized by anthropologists as "mental prominence." "You have at least nothing of maidenhood in your appearance!"

Emily, overhearing, thought that if life down among men had earned a son of hers no worse nickname than *le pucelet*, she would be rather proud. Aloud she explained, teasing as usual: "It is because of his pretty curling locks, you see!"—for which Madame Urruty tartly recommended goose grease. *Le pucelet*, indeed! The appellation seemed to rankle.

It was this nickname which kept Madame Urruty from joining the chorus of family protest against Nacio's ambition presently to recondition Esteban's old biplane, the Oie Blanche, which having made history in the family was now enjoying a life of honorable desuetude in its hangar in the mule pasture.

"*C'est son apostolat!* A man enjoys to do that which he knows best to do. As for me," she added calmly, "when the *doguin* has all prepared, I shall make with him my first flight into the atmosphere. One grows no younger; if one is ever to fly in the flesh, *il faut commencer*."

Nevertheless, it was not in the company of his valued ancestor that the boy at last launched the rehabilitated White Goose upon new adventure. The steadying roar of an engine about him once more was as good to Nacio as the grip of a horse between the knees; better, since it gave him that sense of isolation, of high detachment from affairs of earth, which to natures of his type is sheer necessity. Son of calm places, accustomed to solitudes and altitudes, the too near presence of men and their affairs was always distress and confusion to him. Laxarrou, ancient god of the upper regions, had long since marked out Nacio for his own; and, as old Damasa had freely warned him, whom the ancient gods claim must ever after heed their calling.

Cruising above familiar and less familiar valleys, in circles ever widening, Nacio noted beneath him, presently, the high cuplike meadow known as the Val Caché, that secret refuge of the inner Pyrenees where, since the time of Charlemagne, since the passing perhaps of the armies of Hannibal, Basques at the first sign of enemy invasion have concealed the pick of their flocks and herds, together with all very young boys, all nursing or pregnant mothers, and certain of those vigorous old women whose wisdom has ever proved of value to the race; not the old men, since Basque men do not grow too old for war's necessity; nor the young women, who are often useful enough in the fighting line.

He sighed, realizing that the value of their legendary race sanctuary, together with its need, perhaps, was become a thing of the past. Modern war invention, he thought, was making of war itself a thing of the past—hastily averting his mind from certain results of war invention which did not bear thinking of.

Still farther inland, among less familiar eastward valleys, his attention was caught by something new in a region where novelty surprised. Something new in Andorra?

There, in the shadow of the lofty and sinister Puig d'Andar, where no new generation aspires to build houses of its own but is glad enough of the stout flint-bowlder walls of its forbears, appeared a frivolous little foreign villa of painted wood, gay with exotic awnings and flower borders, tucked away behind one of those ancient crumbling watchtowers, called *dorrea*, which have given the little republic its

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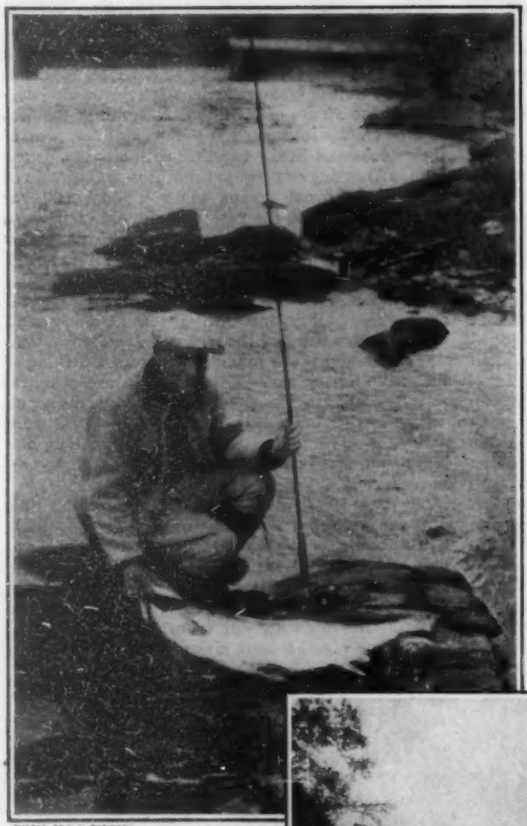
Her Eyes Widened to the Apparition of a Singularly Beautiful Youth in An Aviator's Helmet Which Might Have Belonged to Perseus or Mercury or Any One of the Younger Gods, a Pipe of Pan at His Lips, Her Child and the Savage She-Dog Following at His Heels in Tranced Submission

Unfished Waters



PHOTOS. BY G. H. ROBINSON

This One is Worth Grinning About

THE task of landing a four-pound trout, serious enough at any time, becomes almost a ceremonial when the catch has resulted from the first cast of a fly into hitherto unfished waters. Therefore I was as silent and respectful as a fishing partner should be until Billy Robinson had brought home his catch, whacked it over the head and lovingly placed it in his basket. Then, as he brushed the perspiration from his forehead, I called congratulations from upstream. Billy did not reply. He merely stood looking about him with an expression in his eyes that approached awe.

We were far from civilization, deep in the bush of Northern Ontario. For the last day our Indians had literally felt their way, to a constant accompaniment of Ojibwa chatter, but with little information in English. The sneaking progress of our canoes along reed-lined marshes or about the jutting points of small lakes had almost invariably brought the sight of bear or moose or scampering red deer.

Columbus in Canada

THERE were no trails along the white-lashed waters of this tumbling stream, which had formed an objective. The deadfall lay crisscrossed in a maze of moss-covered pitfalls into which we had plunged shoulder deep during our portages. Here was a place unsoiled by human; the birch trees bore no carved initials with scrawled dates and places of origin; here was a land that had never seen a tin can or the scattered pages of a newspaper. We were discoverers, explorers, venturers into fallow fields. There are many such places still remaining in Canada.

Again Billy looked about him, toward the tangles of spruce and balsam across the stream, the hunched forms of our Indians, crouched beside their beached canoes at the foot of the rapids. He gave a short, puzzled laugh.

"I feel like Columbus!" he said at last.

I made no jeering rejoinder. For one thing a true fisherman realizes that a very small part of fishing is the fish. There are many other highly necessary components—the spirit of conquest, for one thing; the prowess of conquered obstacles; the thrill of sparkling waters and wooded streams. If a man does not feel these things, then he isn't a fisherman, merely a killer and a hog. For the true angler the birds sing sweeter along a fishin' stream than anywhere in the world, and the flowers bloom fairer. The rain is not as wet there, nor the wind as chill, and there never was a day that was long enough for the fellow who loves his fishin'. Besides that, there was an economic angle about it all which made the comparison to Columbus not so far-fetched after all. A new fishing stream these days, full of big trout, accessible to railway and motor transportation, represents more ready money than did the continent of America when Columbus first looked it over.

On the Snowshoe Rapids in Algonquin Park

A part of the bunk about fishing is that it is a cheap way to gain a food delicacy. I know a great many fishermen of all kinds. I have never met one who didn't confess that he would have had laid away much more for the sore years if he had bought his fish at the corner store instead of garnering them personally. There may have been times in the past when trout cost the catcher less than five dollars a pound, but that time is gone. In fact, it is doubtful if even a five-dollar average is enough. Costs in business are easily reached, but costs in fishing are an elusive matter; it's a brave man who will list his piscatorial costs, especially if he ever again intends to quarrel with his wife about what she pays for dresses and hats. No woman in the world, no matter how bargain-mad she might be, could ever be accused of gladly paying a dollar for two cents' worth of painted wood with a couple of hooks stuck in it.

I know only one married man courageous enough to keep books on the subject. He is a bass fisherman, with a stream and lake of his own, together with inclinations to wander when they're not biting at home. His ledger includes interest on his investment, fishing clothes, tackle, railroad fare, guide hire and all the incidentals. In spite of the fact that he is an expert fisherman, the figures show relentlessly that his bass have cost him, over a period of years, exactly eighty-nine dollars and fifty cents apiece.

So a new fishin' stream is something more these days than just a place to catch fish. It is a commercial entity, the proceeds of which may serve the surrounding community to a total of millions of dollars. Today one looks to Canada for big fish—the salmon which run in the streams of the Maritimes, the tremendous speckled trout of Ontario, the muskies and pike and bass of the Georgian Bay country, the giant rainbows and Dolly Vardens of British Columbia.

Gold From the Fishing Rivers

LAST year the tourist business of Canada brought into that country more than three hundred million dollars. At least 25 per cent of that money was spent on fishing and its various ramifications. So a new stream is worth while. There are few gold mines which have brought greater returns than several of the famous fishing rivers. To say nothing of the advertising. Out in Southern Colorado, for instance, there is a country of vast grazing areas where sleek cattle fatten for market. There are big mesas and fertile valleys given to agriculture.

There's More to Unfished Waters

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

There are mines and communities. One hears little about Gunnison cattle or Gunnison agriculture or Gunnison gold. But ask any true fisherman if he ever heard of the Gunnison River!

The same is true of a dozen others: The Rogue in Oregon, with its plunging steelheads; the Restigouche of New Brunswick; the Medway of Nova Scotia; the Nipigon of Ontario, still living on its reputation despite the commercial handicaps, hydroelectric dams and water juggling.

Where big fish run the waters of a lake or stream, there runs the fisherman also, and expense doesn't seem to matter. Meanwhile a community profits; sometimes the figures are surprising. In the palmy days of the Nipigon, for instance, a total of several thousand dollars a day for guide hire was not at all unusual, to say nothing of the rental of camping equipment, canoes and other paraphernalia. Along the streams of the Maritimes, where the average salmon costs its pride-bloated captor an average of fifty dollars a pound, it sometimes becomes difficult to find an able-bodied native whose breast does not display a two-inch button proclaiming him a licensed fishing guide.

Throughout the Rocky Mountain States are numerous villages which proudly proclaim their near-by agriculture, or mines, or scenery—and cannily estimate every fishing rod that protrudes from incoming cars as worth fifty dollars against a hard winter.

Nor is the commercial importance of sportsmanlike fishing confined wholly to communities. A few years ago Horace Albright, Director of National Parks, called a young man into his office in Yellowstone Park, of which he was then the superintendent.

"You're an expert fisherman," he said.

"I'm—I'm supposed to be," the man answered modestly.

"All right. I've a job for you. Fishing. I want you to do nothing but fish from the beginning of the season to the end."

"Do you call that a job?" he asked.

A Bear in a Trout Stream

TEN minutes later, when he had left the office, still reeling with the knowledge of this heaven come to earth, I asked the reason for the new job. Horace Albright smiled.

"You've been through the park," he said. "Where did you notice the biggest collections of cars—outside, of course, Old Faithful?"

There's an Added Thrill in White-Water Fishing

A Vista Along the Nipissing, Northern Ontario

Than a Mere Tug on the Line

"At the fishing holes," I said.

"There you are. This matter of fishing has become a serious thing. Perhaps it's a fad; perhaps, on the other hand, the automobile has given people the ability to gratify a lifelong desire. The fact remains that fishing poles are springing up like quaking asps after a forest fire. And since people won't seek out new fishing grounds for themselves, it must be done for them."

Horace Albright's remark concerning Yellowstone Park applies to the whole fishing world. For in fishing as in other matters of conquest, there ever must be scouts and pioneers, those who will move ahead, encounter the difficulties and the pleasures that come only to him who travels where the other fellow doesn't go, find gold or dross at the end of the rainbow, and report accordingly.

Every river or brook that burbles and seethes through untrodden forests does not contain fish; sometimes it contains only bitter disappointment—or a few million suckers, such as my partner Billy and myself discovered last summer after a three-day, fly-bitten journey along one of the most beautiful trout streams I ever saw. Except, of course, for the fact that it possessed no trout. But it did possess a very fat and amiable black bear, sitting in the middle of a shallow riffle, batting suckers out to the bank with nonchalant sweeps of a claw-fringed paw, until the sucker crop suffered prodigiously.

Mme. Partridge Disputes

AND a moose, which came to within fifty feet of our beached canoe one night at sunset, fed there upon the succulent grasses at the bottom of the inlet, while, holding our breath like small boys, we watched from a hiding place—watched while the great, pronged head went beneath the water for long moments at a time, then surged upward with mighty splashings, to remain silhouetted against the red-splashed Canadian sunset before sloshing into immersion again. And a little partridge hen which stood her ground and argued with me as to who should own a camping place—ourselves with our canoes and our giggling Indians, our strange-appearing motion-picture cameras, and tents, and pack sacks, or herself and her piping brood, who had known this place as their own in full serenity until a bunch of meddling humans came along. There's more to fishing than fish, and far more to the first trail into untracked wilds than a mere tug at the end of a line.

But the average man hasn't time for that sort of thing. He's out for fishin' and he wants fish. The result is gregariousness and a continual game of follow the leader, until the herding process literally cleans out a district that otherwise might have endured for years. Some years ago, for instance, the government of Ontario created a great wilderness area in Algonquin Park. There are no automobile roads, there are even few wagon roads; it is wilderness, designed for the propagation of game and fish and the joys of the sportsman. In that vast district lie hundreds of lakes, with equal numbers of small rivers and rapids. Here is a place of countless horizons for him who

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CARE AMERICAN EXPRESS

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

The Forewoman Spoke Rapidly in French to Monsieur François. Monsieur François Did Not Answer; Went On Measuring and Pinning

"NOTHING at all?"

"Nothing."

"*M*-double *o-r*, you know; not *M*-double *o-r-e*."

"Nothing for *M*-double *o-r*."

"Celia Moor, it is."

"Nothing for Celia Moor."

The smile of the young woman behind the mail counter was smug—smugger than Grief, tethered by one toe and a wing tip to a patriot's tomb. She shuffled a sterile sheaf of letters—among which was nothing for Moor. Celia couldn't believe it. She thought to detect in the young woman's marble smugness stratagem and spoils. After a week without mail, without cables, without any word at all from home, Celia's faith in human nature tottered.

Crowning infamy, the young woman turned to the next petitioner. Litany began again:

"Anything for Barry, G. K.?"

"Nothing at all."

But there was a whole fistful of letters, the thin blue blessing of cables, even, for the third. Which showed that mail there was when lazy clerks could be brought to look for it.

Celia couldn't bear the spectacle of the third opening letters, slitting cables with a forefinger, scarlet-nailed and casual, smiling cryptically to herself all the way down in the elevator. Celia and the third got into the elevator together.

The elevator boy was an albino. He had white hair, white brows and lashes, pink eyes; a pink skull glowing indecently between pale silky curls. What a world, what a life, riding four floors down with pale despair at the lever. Celia supposed albinos despaired of ever being loved or missed.

Not that yellow hair and sherry-brown eyes got one anything in the way of loving or missing—nothing at all, Miss Moor.

After a week of waiting, after a week of riding about in epicenely cheeping taxicabs, watching the Seine slide by under its necklace of bridges—the green-gray, silent, slothful river, the bridges over which yelping taxies forever scuttle, right bank to left bank, left bank to right bank; Place Vendôme with Napoleon high in the air above dressmakers, jewelers and sweating tourists; Palais d'Orsay with tourists singing their theme song in the lobby: "*Voulez-vous muh di-ri-gez*——"

Celia's room in the Palais d'Orsay looked out, not on the river but on a street in the rear, on two sidewalk cafés, on a splendidly tall stone gate, on a time-smoked wall closing off a courtyard that gave in turn upon aristocratic yellow-curtained windows. Above the nearer café—two stories above—was an attic room, also with a window, curtained, when at all, in dingy red. That is to say, a piece of dingy red material was usually drawn across the window about ten o'clock at night, withdrawn about eight of a morning.

A boy and a girl lived in the attic room. There were always one or two little jars of flowers on the window sill. The girl kept them there. The boy leaned beside her while she tended them. Sometimes she switched a flower across his grinning face under the thick shadow of his hair. Once she clenched her fingers in his hair and pulled. When she did that he kissed her, jerking her roughly back into the room with him. Celia, watching shamelessly from her own white and gray and golden room saw that kiss. It made Celia's cheeks hot and brought on a pleasing irregularity in her heartbeats. The girl seemed about seventeen. Celia herself was seventeen, just. Yet there was the girl in the delicious dusk of an attic, lifting her face, lifting her arms, while Celia, but the width of a street removed, dully existed in a suite at the Palais d'Orsay with the impossible Leaches.

Doctor Leach had thinning gray hair and a thin mouth under a smart gray mustache. Mrs. Leach was small and pinkish and bright-eyed, with a smile put on and off suddenly like a false face. She thought of herself as vivacious. She thought about things like keeping her figure and her husband. She was Celia's mother's closest friend, which was why Celia was with her, waiting for the Ile de France to sail. Ten days. Eight of the days already gone by. That was something. When Celia left the aunt she had happily been visiting in Oxford, she had no notion she was going to be so soon, so frightfully fed up, with the Leaches.

Going down in the albino-driven elevator, she felt she couldn't go back to the hotel, to that foul elderly pair, with the tragedy of her empty-handedness so fresh. No more could she endure the thought of having to watch the girl in the attic with the boy. Paris as one had dreamed it. Paris in reality, the fourth floor of the American Express, doomed souls begging for States mail and not getting any. More doomed souls on the ground floor, drifting about the transportation desk. Celia thought if she could only get away from it all, go somewhere, do something. It was her father and her mother she missed hearing from, naturally; her darling brother, Bob, the big stiff; her little sister, Charlotte, the worst spoiled kid alive. Celia wasn't shedding any tears over not getting mail from Alan Conant. What was Alan to Celia? "Nothing—nothing at all, Miss Moor." Merely odd that he couldn't find time to write. Rushing a new girl, maybe. Celia smiled a dry, brave smile. Visiting girls have no decency. When you've been one yourself, you know it.

Heading for the doorway, two elderly women crowded Celia's slight figure to one side. One of them was saying, "He says he'll have a car at the hotel for us at half-past nine. . . . Fontainebleau. . . . There's a good place for lunch."

It was in that moment that Celia decided flashingly upon Versailles. If Fontainebleau for others, why not Versailles for her? Heat shimmered in the air of Paris like midges above a pool. Versailles would be quiet and stately and dim; full of sympathetic ghosts. Women who had loved and lost—their heads, among other things.

Celia made her way to transportation. She said in a calm and businesslike way, "Can you get me a car to go out to Versailles this afternoon?" Upon some vague impulse of dignified discretion, she added: "A good car, of course, and a safe driver."

A young man said he would see. He told Celia to wait, which she did, sitting upon a peculiarly hard chair and brooding upon the loathsomeness of Fate. The inescapable isolation of the human soul. In especial, the soul female.

The young man had a messy brown mustache. You saw that in his later years it would relate him to the walrus. A mustache should be trimmed to the merest swanky line; Alan's, for example—slightly reddish. Then a man had something with which to turn a girl's heart over like a motor!

The young man nodded abstractedly in Celia's general direction. "Have your car directly," he said. He had been telephoning about it.

It would be cool, driving out to Versailles, even under the brassy French sky. How different skies could be; Celia marveled. Even in summer. Take, for instance, the dear, golden sky of California, that smiling, silken, bloomy heaven. This time last year Celia was visiting Alan's people in California—his darling, delightful mother, never a day more than thirty; his magnificent big-business father. Celia liked a man to be terribly successful, and to wear a decent haircut. Alan's hair sprang back from the clean, tanned skin of his forehead with a gleaming ripple no amount of brushing ever tamed.

"Like a chorus man!" growled Alan.

"Like Mercury or something," Celia thought. Alan's eyes were blue, clear as a little boy's. When he laughed, when he said, "Now, listen, lady ——"

Celia powdered her face, made up her mouth, waiting for the car that was to take her to Versailles, away from Alan Conant.

"Mary pity women." Kipling might be mid-Victorian, but he knew his stuff.

She had rather thought she might save the white-satin evening gown she was getting from Maggy Rouff to wear at the first Biltmore Country Club dance with Alan, after she got home. Apparently she wasn't going to need it. The white-satin gown had a divinely low back; its lines were nobody's business. Alan would have liked it. He'd have said, "Gosh, girl, you put Paris on the map!" He'd have laughed; he'd have got all excited over Celia and her gown; they'd have danced long delicious hours, his arm around Celia's slim white-satin suppleness, her pale-slippered feet following his black dancing shoes in and out, around and about, intricate—that was the way Alan danced; not every girl could follow him.

The car for Versailles had come. The young man said so. Celia went out and got into it. The street looked hotter than ever, noises shriller, dust thicker. The chauffeur was a middle-aged Frenchman, speaking English with a strong accent. He called Celia "madame." She thought, if he only knew it, she would probably never marry. Her lizard-skin bag with its topaz clasp felt very flat between her hands, with no letters or cables in it—nothing but money. Not but what Celia respected money. At a very tender age she had decided never to be without it; it saved one so much unhappiness.

She lay back and let the tepid air brush her lowered eyelids.

She thought: "I shall probably live to be an old, old woman. Life is like that."

Not displeased with herself for recognizing so early what life was like. Not at all displeased with herself to think how annoyed the Leaches would be, how frightfully disapproving, could they but see her whirling out to Versailles alone, tearing through St.-Cloud in a pillar of dust.

St.-Cloud, Folkestone, Atlantic City—just a lot of names. One was no more significant than another. No more glamorous, no more dangerous. French houses had clay-colored walls and reddish tile roofs. English houses had grayish roofs and sat more squatly on the treasured ground. American houses were newer, cleaner, franker somehow. The French and English walled themselves in, kept themselves to themselves. Roses burning drowsily behind tall gates. At home, lawns ran down to the street, like a spread of green velvet; at most a low hedge. Alan's house hadn't even a hedge. Divine, smooth reaches of grass. A fountain, a pool with lilies blowing, a sun dial. All on the open way to a duskily shaded veranda with deep-cushioned wicker chairs. Alan's mother knew how to make a home. Well, why wouldn't she? The San Francisco Templetons had had money for so long they'd forgotten how to count it. Since 1849—as far back as that. Even Celia's mother admitted that Alan's mother was somebody. Celia's mother rather cheered for Alan; all of Celia's family did.

"Puttin' on the ritz, kid, aren't you?" Celia's brother, Bob, had said the first time Alan took her out. Of course, Alan didn't swank about his people, or their money, or their social position; only you couldn't look at him and miss it. You couldn't talk to him and not feel he was used to having things. Anything he wanted. If he was working in a stock-and-bond house in the East, that was because he wanted the experience. When he got ready to go back to California—to Santa Barbara, to San Francisco and San Diego, to his plane and his polo and his boats, everything that was his, he'd go. And that would be the end of it, unless he took a wife with him.

Mrs. Alan Templeton Conant—Alan's wife. A platinum-and-diamond circlet hugging a slim third finger. Pearls, the gift of the groom, circling a slim, proud neck. Mrs. Conant's wedding veil—rose point—on a bent brown head—no, a proud brown head. A cottage by the sea, with a honey moon rising—the simplest sort of cottage; only half a dozen servants, a great stone fireplace for chilly evenings. Life would be like that for Alan's wife.

Alan's grin; his loud, cheerful, teasing voice: "No foolin', lady ——" Alan's hand, big and hard, with gold fuzz on the back of it. Alan's mouth beneath the slim mustache. Jolting over the aged cobbling of a narrow street, Celia remembered how it was when Alan kissed you. There, reluctantly, she knew—if not admitted—disappointment. Because when Alan kissed you nothing happened. Soft contact, a kind of embarrassed tenderness—that was all. No lightnings, no earth-shaking revelations; just Alan, not changed, no different from usual, muttering, "Sweet thing. Gosh, you're sweet"—something like that.

Of course when a man was in earnest he had no technic. Even at seventeen Celia knew that. And Alan was in earnest, or wasn't he?

"Nothing, nothing at all—nothing for you, Miss Moor."

Alan could call that being in earnest if he liked. And cables no more to him than a post card to most people.

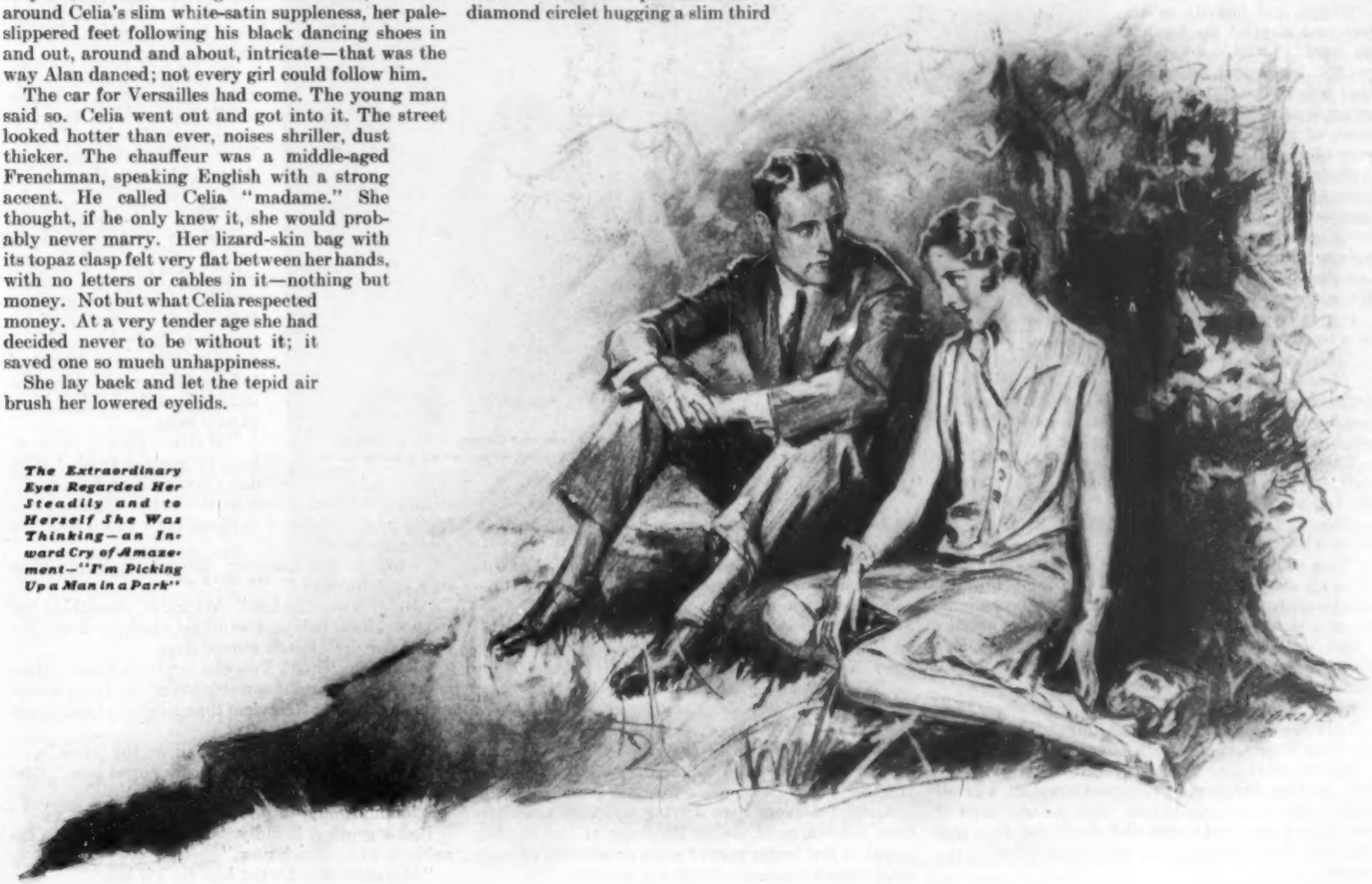
The chauffeur said "Versailles!" as if he had built the place.

While Celia had been thinking of Alan, the car had finished with the narrow street and drawn up alongside the palace gate where other cars waited, parked against both curbs. The sky hung azure and pitiless. The chauffeur was sweating. So, in a delicate way, was Celia.

He said, "I wait here for madame?" and Celia got out.

Now that she had come to Versailles she perceived it at once to be no less hot, no less windless, no less barren than Paris. With the addition of a great many French families bent on improving their acquaintance with the past of their country.

(Continued on Page 166)



The Extraordinary Eyes Regarded Her Steadily and to Herself She Was Thinking—an Inward Cry of Amazement—"I'm Picking Up a Man in a Park"

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

By Dorothy Marie Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

SEEMS to me," Opal mused, with her chin in slim brown hands, "that a fellow ought to know better'n to propose to a girl when she's got overalls on."

George turned a startled face, dim in the moonlight. "But, gee whiz, you've always got overalls on. What's a feller to do?"

She kicked at a rock. "It just seems to me you ought to arrange it different. It ought to be more—more ——" She struggled for the word. "More romantic."

"Kid, you don't want to expect too much of that stuff from an eighty-dollar cowpuncher."

"Don't forget you're just a sixty-dollar cowpuncher since the price of wool went down," she reminded him ruthlessly. "That's what you get for punching cattle on a sheep ranch."

"I wanted to be near your place," was his moody reply.

Far to the west, below them, a bend of the Columbia showed pale in the moonlight. A night wind soughed through the cluster of pines on their cliff above the Windowpane Ranch.

"A girl's got a right to some romance," Opal insisted.

George got heavily to his feet and slapped his big hat on hard. "Well," he stated gruffly, "just you remember that this is the last time I'm going to ask you." He turned, his voice suspiciously weak of a sudden. Even in the moonlight it was very obvious that he was bow-legged.

She relented a bit. "But don't you see, a girl wants some romance? Here I was born and grew up out here on the reservation, and don't you suppose I want something different? They let you go to the rodeos and see places—Ellensburg and Pendleton and Seattle. The farthest I ever was from home is Wenatchee."

His voice was scathing. "I suppose you crave to be a rowdy-dow buckaroo yourself, huh?"

"Why not?" Her temper was lost. "I can ride."

"Too bad you weren't a boy," he snorted. As he stumbled down the trail in his high-heeled boots for the horses, she heard something about "Let me catch you trying anything funny like that."

They mounted and wound slowly down the cliff trail to her home on the Windowpane. George yawned audibly.

"See?" Opal pursued relentlessly. "You even yawn when you're with me."

"Gee whiz!" He came out of his yawn in anger. "I'm up at four A.M. every day, and then ridin' six miles over here to see you and gettin' to bed maybe eleven o'clock—and you wonder why a feller yawns! I was over every night but one this week. Don't worry. I'll be gettin' more sleep after this. Won't be comin' over any more."

"You goin' to ride tomorrow at dad's picnic?"

"Always do, don't I? . . . G'night," he said as she dismounted at the ranch house.

She watched him ride off toward the edge of the flat, leading her horse. George Campbell was all right—slim, tall, curly-haired. But she was tired of bow-legged men and horses and cattle and dust, and blizzards in wintertime, and wind-dried grass on the ranges.

Horse After Bucking Horse Shot From the Chute, With a Dozen Different Riders. Some Men Were Thrown, Some Rode Gallantly

Opal's mother closed the door with a slam, shutting out the dust and heat of the corrals, and sat down with a sigh to fan herself.

"Seems to me your father'll have his bucking string all wore out before the rodeos begin," she complained, "but he will have these picnics."

"Lots of people here," Opal remarked. "Guess I'll go out now."

"I do wish you wouldn't wear them overalls."

"Why? Wear 'em all the time, don't I?"

"But this is Sunday. Your sister Margaret don't wear 'em."

"Margaret's married," Opal replied, and went out.

Her mother's voice followed, "Well, why ain't you?"

Ancient flivvers were driving up, with neighbors from miles around, lining the fence of the bucking corral. A few better cars of more prosperous or more extravagant ranchers wheeled in quietly.

Tanned and whiskered men stopped by the brand-scarred chute to bandy words with the saddlers—Pete Risdon, part white, part Chinese, part Indian, and Charley Bell, who was in partnership with her father in the bucking string of broncs they furnished the rodeos. Buff Lennox limped up with his cane to look over the bunch, and Pete Risdon shouted, "Ridin' today, Buff?"

"Sure." Silver-haired Buff grinned. A horse had smashed him twenty years before and he would never ride again. "Bring you a piece of leather about that long!"

The crew around the saddling chute howled with laughter.

Big hats milled around the chute—white men, Indians, breeds, young and old, all bow-legged. Opal turned, tired of such things. Plump women hustled their children around in the autos, greeted distant neighbors shrilly. White women married to half-breeds smoothed the straight black hair of dark-eyed, dark-skinned children. Quarter-breed women, socially superior because of white husbands, joked with relatives from miles away. Opal remembered vaguely that she and George were both all white. Didn't matter, though.

She glanced toward the grove by the spring. A broken saddle hung with a worn-out tire on a tree—sign of a new West. George's pinto was there, with half a dozen other cayuses tied in the shade. Not that it mattered. She passed the chute, around the corner of the corral, and glimpsed Margaret sitting with her sister-in-law in a car. Bessie was a quarter-breed, fat and dark, but with a skin almost transparent. She had four gold teeth. She was smiling broadly, holding Margaret's baby.

"Hello—how's everybody?" greeted Opal. "Why don't you go in and see ma?"

Margaret took a look at the baby. "Guess I can now. Kid's asleep. I suppose ma's sore about the picnic, as usual?"

"Sure. It don't matter. Everybody brings their own grub anyhow."

"Don't wake the kid." Margaret, smoothing her mussed sandy hair and wrinkled gingham dress, got out of the car. Bessie moved over.

"Sit down, Opal? You can see from here." Hers was the slow, careful enunciation of one more accustomed to talking Nespelem than English. Opal shook her head.

"No, thanks. I'm going to sit on the fence."

"They're hazin' 'em into the far corral now," Bessie remarked. "Ridin' pretty soon."

"Johnnie going to ride today?"

Bessie grinned broadly. "Sure he is. He says his ankle is well enough now."

"Margaret don't want him to, I'll bet."

"Sure she don't. But she'll be proud to watch him, just the same. You know how it is."

"Yeah. Funny thing." Opal turned and climbed the fence.

Fifteen or twenty range cayuses were milling around in the dust. A little bay mare was squealing at intervals and letting fly with her hoofs. Opal snorted at the idiocy of horses that didn't have sense enough to stay out of the way, and admired an Appaloosie in one corner—a big fellow, almost white, with black spots on his hips and a red line down his spine. Bad one, that horse. As bad as a buckskin.

Her father, a big smiling man, rode out of the far corral on Whitey, with Jim Blake beside him, nodded to some of his guests around the fence. They helped a couple of younger fellows haze the cayuses out of the bucking corral into one where they would wait until they went into the chute to be saddled and ridden—perhaps.

Opal finally allowed herself to glance back at the chute. Slim, tall breeds, big-hatted, grinning, some of them black as the ace of spades, mingled boisterously with white boys from the ranches, jeering and shouting. She glimpsed George's familiar hat. He had his head back, laughing. It made her cross that he could laugh. She refused to look any more. But down at the corner of the corral she glimpsed a strange young woman in riding pants, perched on the fence, drawing pictures in a notebook, it seemed, snapping a picture now and then with a tiny camera. Opal slid off the fence.

"Who's the tenderfoot?" she inquired casually of Bessie.

"Oh, she is an artist or something. She stays on the Wineglass-K. Look out for George, Opal!" Bessie giggled. "They say she came out here to see the West."

Opal snorted. "Well, I hope she sees it."

She sauntered over with the assurance of a daughter of the host, climbed up beside the tenderfoot, who glanced up with a smile. A thin young woman, with alert eyes.

"I love this," the young woman confided, turning a page of her sketch book.

Opal peered curiously at the book. "But that's nobody—just my brother-in-law, Johnnie Armstrong, buckling on his spurs."

"Johnnie Armstrong, did you say?" The young woman chuckled, printing it beneath the sketch. "What a name—out of a ballad."

"He's part Indian," volunteered Opal, "but he doesn't look it."

"No, I'd never have suspected it." She glanced curiously toward the chute.

Opal wondered why being part Indian was anything to suspect about. The young woman turned another page.

"That one with the mustache is Phil Briere," Opal pointed. "He has seventeen children. I don't see why you wanted to draw him."

"I can't explain." The young woman smiled. "It's all—all so romantic."

"Phil Briere?" Opal glanced at her, wondering what the second Mrs. Briere, half Indian, would think of that.

The young woman chuckled again. "You're helping me so much. Let me write down his name. Are any of his progeny here?"

"His what?"

"His seventeen children?"

"Oh, sure. Four or five of his boys usually ride."

Another page turned in the book. "This is a young man at the ranch where I'm staying," the young woman volunteered. The face of George Campbell grinned from the page, beneath his battered Stetson. "I sketched it by lamplight last week. Do you know him?"

So that was why George hadn't come one night!

"Sure," she answered.

"George Campbell, his name is." The young woman printed it. "He's out of a ballad too."

"No," Opal corrected, "he's always lived around here."

For some reason the young woman laughed. "We don't know each other, do we?" she remarked, smiling. "I'm Edith Burns."

Opal had never heard that name, though many other people had. "I'm Opal Leader," she replied. "Pleased to meet you."

"That's your father, then—the magnificent man on the white horse?"

Opal stared at the familiar figure of her father, who was shutting the corral gate from his saddle. "Well, that's him all right," she admitted. "They're saddling a horse in the chute now."

"Won't you explain it all to me?" Miss Burns urged. "I'm so green about all this."

Opal drew a long breath. "They haze 'em from the first corral into the second one, see? And the chute is just wide enough so a horse can't move. They saddle 'em in there and the rider lets himself down from above, and they open the gate and out he comes. That's all."

"Oh, is it?" Miss Burns wrote rapidly. "Who is going to ride first?"

The saddlers finished cinching a snorting claybank roan through the bars of the chute. A tall young man braced himself above the restless horse.

"That's George Campbell now," Opal muttered.

He happened to glance up at that moment. Miss Burns nodded cordially. Opal stared at her.

"Don't you know him?" Miss Burns inquired wonderingly.

"Why, sure."

"You didn't nod."

"Nobody does. Unless it's your husband, you don't talk to the men at a riding picnic, except at lunch. And if it's your husband, I don't suppose you'd want to bother."

For some reason Miss Burns laughed aloud.

There was a shout, the gate swung open, with the inside saddler nimble to get behind it, and the claybank roan came rocking out, back arched, heels churning dust and air.

"Oh!" breathed Miss Burns, forgetting her camera. "Look at that!"

Opal looked. The horse snorted and bucked; George raked him steadily with one spur, his right hand flapping his battered hat, dust flying. Everything was normal. The pick-up men, her father and Jim, rode in from behind, pulled George off, removed the saddle and slapped the horse toward the outer corral.

"Look at what?" inquired Opal. "That was all right. Pretty good horse."

Miss Burns stared at her. "Wasn't it marvelous?"

Opal glanced at her suspiciously. "I didn't notice it," she answered, and began to take a fresh interest in George.

She turned calculating eyes on him back at the chute, laughing with the other young men as he unbuckled the chaps they all used, turn about. Slim and dark and tall, his neck tied with a scarlet kerchief—maybe there was something about George.

Miss Burns turned another page. "Will you tell me about these brands? I copied them off the bars by the chute."

Opal leaned forward. "That's ours—Windowpane, like a square cut in the middle. That's the Wineglass-K, where you stay. Bar N E, Flying V, Lazy D—that's where my brother-in-law, Johnnie, works. Just ordinary brands."

(Continued on Page 117)

"Well," He Stated Gruffly, "Just You Remember That This is the Last Time I'm Going to Ask You"

THE SKIRTS OF CHANCE

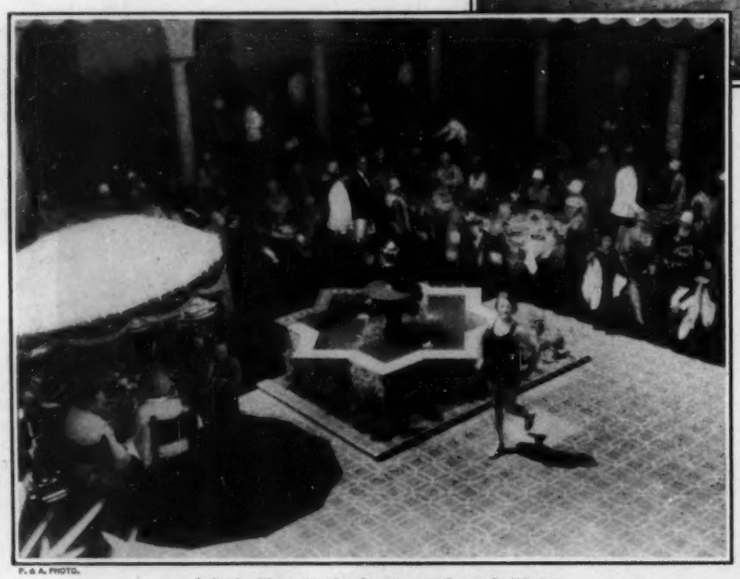
By Samuel G. Blythe

THE first gambling house I was ever in was French Fred's place in Rochester, New York, somewhat more than forty years ago. I was a police reporter on the Democrat and Chronicle, a morning paper, and police reporters go everywhere, you know. Also, I was fresh from the country and the only gambling I knew anything about was penny-ante poker or seven-up for a nickel a corner. And I didn't know much about that.

It was my night off and I had been to the Grand Opera House to see Denman Thompson in The Old Homestead. I hadn't been to many theaters, either, nor seen many shows save the occasional productions of East Lynne, The Banker's Daughter, Enoch Arden, and so on, that came to Concert Hall, which was the theater of half a century ago in Geneseo, New York, the town where I was born. Thompson had transferred his famous characterization of Josh Whitcomb to this newer play, and it was a famous play in those days, running for a long time in New York and packing theaters everywhere across the country.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Bookmakers' Men at Old Sheepshead Bay



P. & A. PHOTO.

A Style Show in the Casino at Agua Caliente

French Fred's

I WAS verdant and impressionable, and the homely virtues of Josh Whitcomb, and his eventual triumph over his enemies, made considerable of an emotional dent in me, especially the scene outside Grace Church, in New York, with the light streaming through the stained glass windows, the choir singing a hymn inside and Josh listening reverently outside in the cold. I was all choked up when the performance finished, and thought it was grand. As I had no work to do, I dropped in to see my friend Lafe Heidell, a former actor, who ran a unique and high-class saloon, and listened to Lafe tell stories until it was time to close up.

It was too early to go to bed, and Lafe suggested, as we walked up the street, that we drop into French Fred's and see what was going on. That gave me a thrill, for, although I knew about French Fred's, I had never been in his place. They knew Lafe, and Lafe passed me in. Since then I have been in most of the great gambling places of the world, have known many gamblers and have seen much gambling, but not Monte Carlo, Macao, the Cercle des Capucines, Deauville, Agua Caliente, or any of the numerous rest of them, made the impression on me that the dingy rooms of French Fred did.

There was some desultory roulette going on, but the attention of most of the patrons was centered on the faro table, where Fred himself was dealing. A heavily built, smooth-shaven man, with longish hair, sat in his shirt sleeves directly across the table from the box. He was chewing a cigar, and was enormously intent on the game, moving his chips about and changing his bets as the cards came out. Apparently he was in luck, for others were following his bets and none coppering them.

"Know who that is?" asked Lafe, indicating this busy player.

"No," I told him.

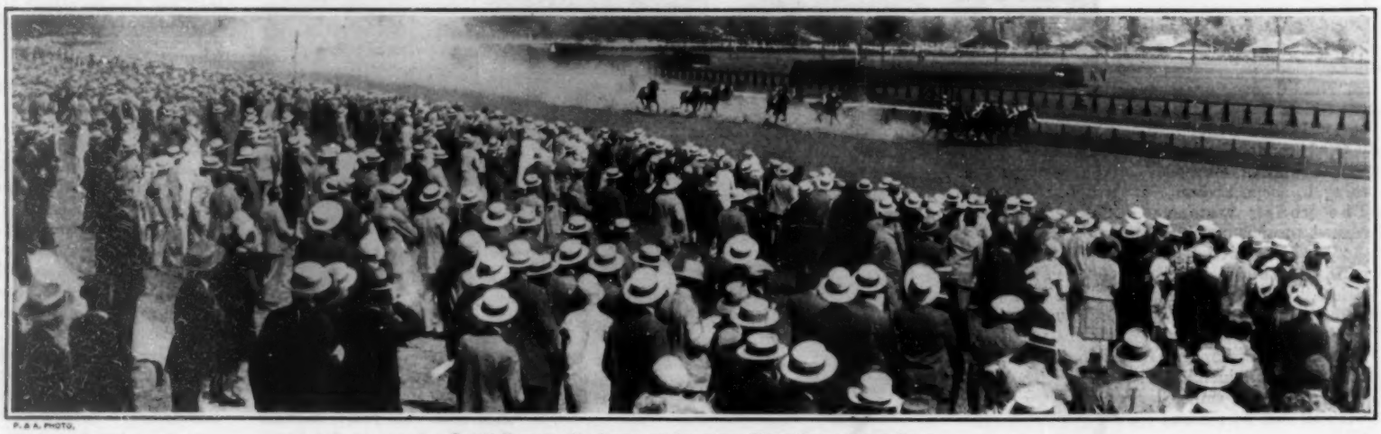
"That's Denman Thompson."

Two Kinds of Gamblers

AND not two hours before I had choked up over the sight of him standing outside Grace Church and listening to the choir singing a hymn. It was a shock to a susceptible lad from the country.

"Is he a gambler?" I asked, a bit tremulously.

"No," Lafe replied, "certainly not, but he likes to 'buck the tiger' now and then for amusement. You get this straight in your head. There are two kinds of gamblers—professionals, and people who take a fling at it now and then, for the excitement and fun of it. Lay off the professionals. They'll beat you. That is what they are in business for, but don't get any fool notions in your head about gambling, either, for

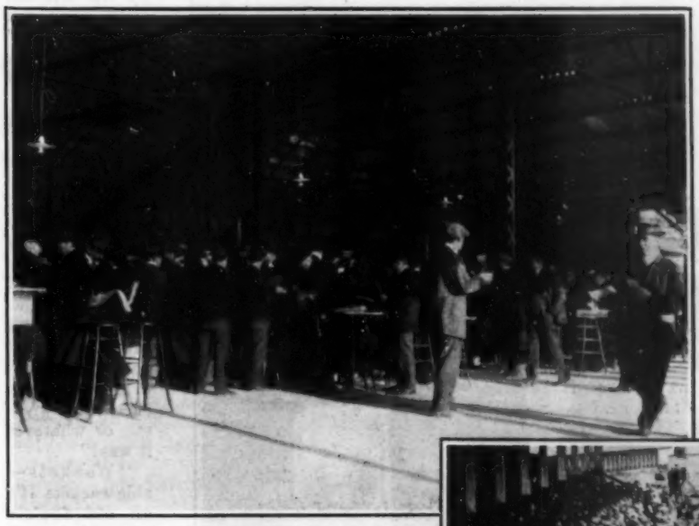


P. & A. PHOTO.

Spectators on the Lawn at Saratoga Watching a Close Race

everybody is a gambler, one way or another—every man and darned near every woman."

That sage summing up of a universal human tendency didn't seem so trite then as it does now. Then it was a momentous indictment of mankind. Now, after an experience that has taken me all over the world and thrown me in contact with all classes of people, it sticks by me as merely the first phrasing, to me, of one of the dominant natural facts. Old John Neanderthal undoubtedly bet his neighbor a carved bone on some event and his predecessors staked whatever their valuables were on the outcome of chance, or the prowesses of themselves or their tribesmen. And so on down through time until the present day.



A Betting Ring in the Pre-Pari-Mutuel Days

A Fortune on the Turn of a Card

THE object of this instructive thesis is not to recount the history of gambling, nor to present any reflections on the sinfulness of the same. What this writer has in mind is to set forth, merely as a by-note to the story of our own day, the tremendous renaissance of gambling in the past fifteen years, with some authentic references to the gambling of four and five decades ago, for gambling has its ups and downs, and proper comparisons cannot be made unless former situations are understood.

The biggest gambling in our early days was done on the Pacific Coast, and the stories of the play in such noted places as the Bella Union and the El Dorado, in San Francisco, are fabulous. It is told as truth that Lucky Baldwin won $200,000 at the El Dorado on a single turn of the cards in a faro game, and the old-timers say that, in the same game, faro, bets of $5000 on the ace were not uncommon at the Gentry and Crittenden place in Virginia City, Nevada, and in other mining centers. At that, there was high play in New York, at the various temples of chance that lined Broadway, or invitingly nestled along the side streets in the twenties, and in many other cities. At the time when I got my first view of a gambling house, which was in the late 80's, almost every city had its gambling places, some ornate and exclusive, some dingy but popular. There were fifteen or twenty of the big ones in New York, including John Daly's, Canfield's, Dave Johnson's, John Kelly's, Shang Draper's, and so on, with Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga and other resorts running wide open. Every place of any population had its faro game, or several, and poker rooms and such traps for the unwary were in vast number.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A Sunday Crowd at the Former Tijuana Track

Gambling was a recognized institution in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. Not much had been done to curb it. By gambling, I mean professional houses of call where games were dealt to the customers with the house holding the bank roll. The policy game flourished, lotteries went on to a prosperous business, and there wasn't a race track in the country where bookmakers were not allowed and public betting on the races permitted. Those were the golden days of professional gambling. To be sure, communities here and there had reform spasms and gambling places were closed, but these did not last long. The houses were reopened in short time, and went on about their business.

The Golden Days of the Bookmaker

WHEN I first went to New York, in the 90's, there were fifteen or twenty big gambling houses in open operation, and, undoubtedly, hundreds of smaller ones. A hundred bookmakers or more were operating on the big race tracks. You could buy a policy slip in any barber shop or cigar store. And the same conditions existed in almost every center of population in the country, while it was a very small hamlet indeed that did not have its poker room.

In addition to this, a vast network of pool rooms spread across the country where anyone with a sure thing on a horse in a race somewhere, and a dollar, could make a bet. I worked in Buffalo in the early 90's and there were a dozen pool rooms running wide open at that time on the downtown streets. There was continuous horse racing at the Guttenberg track, in New Jersey, and at Gloucester, and tracks at other places were always in operation. There wasn't a day in the year, save Sundays, when a bet on a horse could not be made in almost every section of the country.

I received my second permanent lesson in gambling in these pool rooms. Tipsters abounded, sure things were numerous, inside stable information as to horses, which were out to win, or would not be allowed to win, and so on. One day information drifted into my newspaper circle that a certain horse, named Jersey Boy, was to start in a certain race, and that it had all been fixed for Jersey Boy to win at big odds. It was a cinch. No chance to lose. So we scraped together every available dollar

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P. & A. PHOTO.

An Air View of the Lavish New Racing Plant at Agua Caliente, Mexico

ABLE WACKETS

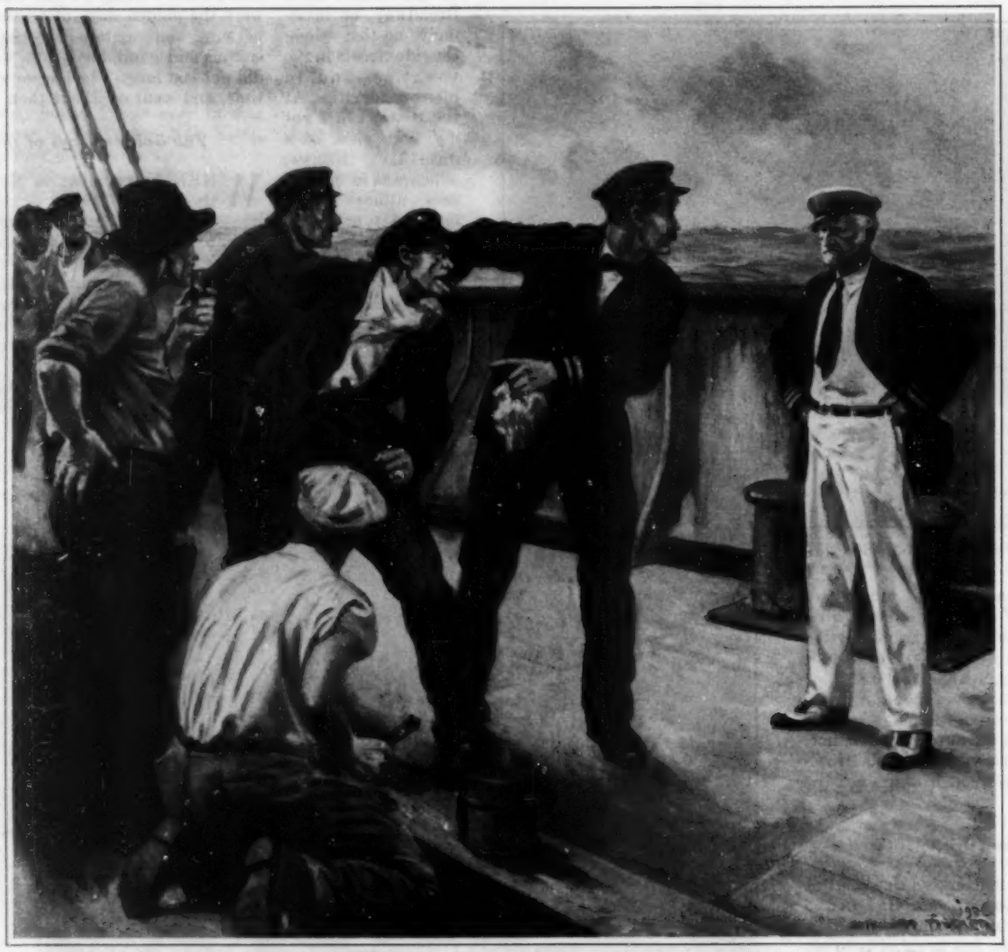
By Norman Reilly Raine

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE managing director of the Maori Line's chief rival, Max Abelman, at luncheon in the Sydney Maritime Exchange, looked over his paper and surveyed his partner with indignant eyes.

"Sore? Sure I'm still sore, Benny. Every time I look at that dolled-up little cockroach over there, I get me a pain in the gizzard. And let me tell it to you, Benny; I ain't finished with him yet!"

He turned to glare at a man lunching with a companion four tables away; a hard, neat, weather-beaten little man, whose wrinkled mahogany face, frosty blue eyes and sun-darkened hands seemed oddly out of keeping with the sartorial perfection of his attire. The lapel of his coat, cut in smart, youthful lines, was adorned with a pink carnation, and had he been wearing a hat, it would no doubt have been donned with a definitely dashing rake. Captain Peter Trumpet, master of the Maori Line flagship, Arapahua, was known in ships' forecastles the world over as the Dandy Man. He deserved the name.



He Saw the Burly Figures of the Chief and the Third Engineer Dragging Between Them the Struggling Form of Barker, the Fireman. The Chief Growled. "Here's the Swine What's Been Cutting Capers, Sirr!"

Mr. Garfeld counseled: "Leave the Dandy Man alone, Max. Remember what he done to us last time, in the Island fruit trade—tricked us into carrying his freight for two years for nothing. And his company has growed some since then. The Maori Line's branched out. They're on the United Kingdom general-cargo run now, and getting along nicely, I hear."

"Too nicely! But they ain't big enough yet to fight me," Abelman rumbled. His choler increased. He exploded: "I got a good mind to go over and tell the little wart what I think of him!"

Garfeld laid a restraining hand on his sleeve. "I'm just as anxious to crack him one as you are, but it's no good acting foolish. Our turn'll come."

Abelman relapsed, muttering, into his paper; eating abstractedly with one hand. Presently a piece of tuna fish, impaled upon his fork, paused halfway to his capacious mouth and Mr. Abelman concentrated on an item in the paper. Into his prominent brown eyes swam a flicker of inspiration. His fist struck the table.

Mr. Garfeld looked up. "What ——"

"Benny," said Mr. Abelman impressively, "I see by the paper here that they're putting up a city around the new government buildings at Canberra. They're advertising for bids."

"Well, what of it?"

A diamond flashed as Mr. Abelman held up a massive hand. "Don't bother me a minute. I want to think."

Presently Mr. Abelman s thought process seemed to terminate. He smiled largely, laid aside his paper and lighted an opulent cigar. Then he turned again to his partner.

He said good-humoredly, "You're right, Benny, my boy. It don't do to hold no grudge against the Dandy Man. It ain't good business."

Mr. Garfeld, noting that in his companion's eye which belied the pacificism of the words, brightened. He said eagerly: "Max, you old fox, what you got up your sleeve now?"

"Five aces," Mr. Abelman replied.

They finished their meal. When they arose to go, the Dandy Man and his companion, old John Constable, president of the Maori Line, were still eating. Constable was a big man, round and red of face, with a fighting jaw and shrewd, kindly eyes. Abelman, about to pass their table, halted.

He said affably, "Good morning, Mr. Constable, Captain Trumpet. I hope you both are keeping well?"

The Dandy Man looked up. He said, "Gosh, John, the ventilation in here's terrible—or is it the ventilation?"

Mr. Abelman strove to control his temper.

"Now then, Captain Trumpet, there's no sense holding bad feelings. Let bygones be bygones. Why not be friends? You licked me once, but I ain't holdin' that against you."

"That's too bad," the Dandy Man told him. "I was hopin' ye was. Furthermore, a man is known by his friends, and I got enough handicaps now."

Mr. Abelman's urbanity slipped its moorings.

"You think you can high-hat me, you little tailor's dummy?" he rasped. "All right, Captain Dandy Man, have your fun! He laughs last that laughs last; and I'll show you yet that I can still play that game you was bragging about once—able wickets, or whatever it was!"

"Wackets—able wackets. It's an old foc'sle game, Abelman," the Dandy Man told him comfortably, "and as I p'inted out to ye on a previous occasion, it's the loser that gets his knuckles rapped. There's Garfeld over there, lookin' as if he'd swallered a wildcat, so don't let us rob him o' your company."

The Dandy Man paused until Abelman, rumbling with fury, had disappeared with his partner through the far door; then he turned to his chief, tiny lines puckering his sharp eyes. "There's something festerin' in that bullethead o' his, John. He's up to some of his old tricks."

"Looks like it," Constable grunted. "When he holds out his olive branch it's a fishing pole. But he's smart, Peter. Don't underrate him or he's liable to hook us."

"I ain't worrying. Abelman is like a volcano. He can't help spittin' a mite o' smoke and gas afore he pops off. We'll prob'ly hear further from him." Captain Trumpet brushed the crumbs from his knees, pushed back his chair and crossed his skinny old legs with due deference to the trouser creases, in order to admire the pattern of his socks. "Is there anything more to take up afore I sail for the Islands tomorrow, John?"

"Nothing, Peter. The Islands business is in good shape now, thanks to you, and the European trade is coming on well." He hesitated. "Sure you wouldn't prefer to stop ashore as marine superintendent and trade adviser for the line, instead of keeping on at sea? The job's yours if you'll have it."

The Dandy Man looked alarmed. "Not by a damn sight! I ain't at home ashore. Been too long afloat, I guess. John, you ain't aimin' to ——"

"No, no, Peter! If you're satisfied, I am. By the way, when you return here I'll have a full European cargo for the Arapahua—wool and rabbit skins and canned fruit for the Continent and London."

"That's fine!" The Dandy Man's old eyes snapped. "It'll give me a chance to lay in some new duds in Bond Street. And I used to have a sweetheart in the

East India Dock Road. That was years ago. Still, she might be there yet."

"You'd better grow a set of whiskers, Peter. She might recognize you," Constable suggested gravely.

Captain Trumpet's diminutive chest swelled. "P'raps I'd better," he said, highly gratified. "Women's affections lasts a mighty long time."

Upon her return from the Islands with refrigerated fruit, the Arapahua came alongside the loading wharf and commenced to take cargo for Europe. She was a smart ship. The Dandy Man took pride in his command and kept her so. Paintwork glistened, glass shone, brass twinkled. The steel decks were well oiled, and from her red boot-topping to the rope-encircled palm tree which was the Maori Line insignia on her salmon-pink funnel, she glittered like an admiral's barge. Cargo was tallied painstakingly on loading and discharge—none of your happy-go-lucky, Jack Shalloo methods for Captain Trumpet—and although the Arapahua's officers resented the grind and sometimes cursed him for an owner's man, they knew that his meticulousness was for their protection as much as in the interest of the company.

Winches clattered, stevedores shouted and the cargo booms swung hundreds of bales of wool and rabbit skins, thousands of cases of canned goods aloft and dropped them in her cavernous holds. Ship chandlers and provision people arrived, discharged their stores and departed. Hourly the vessel's draft deepened.

John Constable's car threaded the dust-filmed water front and he descended at the Arapahua's loading shed. Out on the wharf, dodging the swinging cargo nets, he noticed that she was nearly down to her marks. He climbed the gangway. No need to ask the whereabouts of the Dandy Man, for he could be heard, enjoying brassy-lunged altercation with the boss stevedore in the waist.

"There was a smashed case in that last sling that went into Number Three hold, mister," he bawled appallingly, "and I seen two o' your baboons suckin' fruit juice out of a can around the corner o' the shed there! One was a swivel-eyed whelp and the other a ginger-headed Dansker wi' no seat to his pants. The Maori Line's not providin' free refreshment for the likes o' them; so wipe that case off the tally! . . . Oh, hello, John!"—as he saw Constable. He lingered to polish off the stevedore, then joined his chief. He grumbled: "Ye've got to watch them tomcats. They're supposed to be workin' cargo, but it's twice around the longboat and a pull at the scuttle butt, most o' the time. . . . What's your cry today?"

"A shipping agent was in to see me this morning. I knew you'd be busy, so I came down to tell you about it. Fellow named Hambley."

"Who?" The Dandy Man's tone was sharp.

"Hambley."

"He's a shyster!" Captain Trumpet snapped. "What'd he want?"

"He wanted to charter the Arapahua to bring back a cargo from the old country."

"What kind o' cargo?"

"Cement."

"Who are his principals?"

"Undisclosed principals, he said. They've bid on a job that they don't want made public yet. But they've bought the stuff in England. Twenty thousand casks and load in London River. It's a nice piece of business, eh, Peter?"

Captain Trumpet seemed anxious. "He didn't sign the charter party yet, did he?"

"No, not yet; and we didn't talk terms, either. I put him off until this afternoon to give me a chance to see you."

"Any objection to the usual charter-party exception clauses?"

"He didn't mention any."

"Did he want any special concessions?"

"No."

"Hambley, eh?" The Dandy Man considered deeply and at length. He said finally: "He's coming back this afternoon, you say? Fine! Cement is dirty cargo to carry, so stick him 20 per cent over usual freight rates."

Constable stared. "What's the idea? He'll go to another company. We can't afford to lose that business."

"We can't afford to be hung up by a weasel like Hambley, either, especially when he's actin' for undisclosed principals. He may be foursquare in this, but he's got a reputation for sailin' near the wind."

"What makes you suspicious of this?"

"I ain't suspicious. But there 's no harm blowin' a little smoke into the woodpile to see what comes out. It's a peculiarity o' mine. I want to see just how anxious he is to have the Arapahua carry the stuff."

"I don't want to offend him."

"Never mind. It's a precaution, and I ain't been to sea more'n sixty years without learnin' the wisdom o' heavin' the lead in strange waters. You do as I say, John; and here —— Got a pencil?" The Dandy Man tore a leaf from his notebook and wrote in his neat, decisive hand. He gave the leaf to Constable. "Sound him out, and if he agrees to sign the charter party at an increased freight rate, slip this little clause into it. Make it casual, but don't give him time to discuss it with his principals and don't let him sign without it."

Constable looked at the penciled phrase doubtfully.

"This don't seem so important, Peter. Why not come to an agreement with him in the usual way?"

The Dandy Man grew peppery. "Dang it all, John, ye asked my advice, didn't ye? Well, that's it! Now I got lots to do afore we sail tomorrow at noon, so you go along. And telephone me at the shed here what happens."

(Continued on Page 119)

In the Channel There Was Fog, With Snow Flurries and Chill, Green, Boarding Seas, and the Coast Was Obscured Until the White Beacon of Cape Gris Nez Light Flashed Through the Windy Darkness on the Starboard Bow

THE COVERED STAIRS

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

The Staff Adjourned to the Dressing Station, Whither Rooge and Wally Went Also, to Forestall Any Inquiries as to What They Were Doing Away From It. "Ah, Barrie," They Could Hear the Colonel Say, "This is a Fine Night's Work!"

THE early spring twilight began to soften the outlines of a rolling, ugly countryside, where ragged woods destroyed the symmetry of hill and meadow, and wretched, ruined houses, huddled together as though in terror, seemed to warn the traveler that no hospitality might be expected of them, for they had none to give. The hush, the gentle quiet that comes with twilight in the country, seemed frightful here. It was not the peace that follows labor well performed, but rather the horrid stillness of death. Then suddenly, as though a gigantic sleeper sighed and awoke, the spell was broken. The hush was gone. Instead, that wilderness of tree and wild, uncultivated field became alive. There was no sign of movement, but there was a tremendous murmur, as of a distant sea. A hundred thousand men had stood to arms. The click of a bayonet being fixed, a sleepy soldier's yawn, the clatter of a mess kit knocked from a shelf by an unwary arm, the thump of hobnails on dugout step and duckboard, multiplied a thousand times, made up this murmur that was like a universal sigh.

This countryside was not dead, but alive. As the twilight deepened, far away could be heard the rumble of wheels, the roll of trucks starting up toward the Front, the clatter of wagons bringing in food or ammunition, now that the darkness would hide the roads from hostile eyes. From somewhere a German shell shrieked overhead, to fall upon a crossroads in the rear with a crash as if a pile of crockery had fallen from an upper shelf.

"Hush-hush!" said something overhead that hurried by and died away in the distance. A red glow. Bong! Bong!

"There yuh are, Fritz; there's two for one!"

"Yeh; well, don't get all giggled up about it. He's liable to throw back four for them two, and we ain't near no gettin'-down place right now."

"Well, step on her, Wally, old kid—step on her!"

"Button your chin, you; I'm drivin' this ambulance!"

A road, so grass grown that it was barely visible, wandered between two of the hills and into a patch of woods. Along it, rolling like a ship, bumping cautiously from one side to the next, moved an ambulance of the four-passenger, or heavy, type. The driver kept his eyes glued to the road, searching for shell holes that might pluck out a spring by the roots, or an unwary trench that, zigzagging across the road, might precipitate the ambulance headfirst into ruin. Beside the driver, his orderly, a red-headed man, puckered his lips and tried to whistle cheerfully.

"Don't go whistlin' in my ear, you red-headed know-nuthin'!" barked the driver. "It's bad enough havin' you sittin' there on the seat like a millionaire lookin' the town over without havin' you whistlin' or singin' or soundin' off. Pipe down! All I want out o' you is silence, an' damn little o' that!"

"Now, listen, Wally; I'm just tryin' to cheer you up. Don't keep thinkin' about it. It's all over now."

"Yeh, it's all over now! 'Don't think no more about it,' the man says. He havin' done it! No, I would say don't think no more about it if I was you. Take a man's pay, that he give you to keep for him while he was takin' a bath, an' lose it in a crap game ——"

"Listen, now, Wally; you wasn't sore about it till this afternoon! Why, you said to me yourself ——"

"Wasn't sore about it! You bet I was sore about it! But what's the use of gettin' all into a lather with a nit-wit like you? Suppose it was gone—well, it was gone. I couldn't do nuthin' with it, anyway. I can't buy nothin' up here but eggs for a lazy, no-account coffee cooler like you to eat up on me. Yeh, but when I think of where I might be right now, with two *mademoiselles* on each knee and a couple more on either side, instead o' claspin' this wheel ——"

"Not with no six dollars, you wouldn't. You wouldn't got nuthin' but a flock of omelets and a bottle of red ink an' your carfare home. Paris is a long way from these diggin's, boy!"

"Well, I'd 'a' been to Paris, anyway, and that's better than this God-forgotten hole."

"Listen. Yuh had to have fifty francs to get a pass. Where'd yuh got the other twenty? Huh? Answer me that! Listen! Suppose I'd won. How about that, huh? Been all right then, huh? If I'd made my point I'd made a couple hundred francs ——"

"Aw, shut up! Boy, this war is tough on me! I'm gonna have shell shock if I have to listen to you much longer."

The driver, slumped sullenly over his wheel, directed the ambulance deeper into the woods. It was quite dark in there, and the road was no longer visible.

"Get out," said the driver suddenly, "an' earn your pay. I can't see the road."

The red-headed man, with a grunt, swung himself to the ground and ran ahead of the ambulance a few yards.

"Halt!"—a stern, cold challenge.

"Ambulance!" replied the red-headed man in a matter-of-fact tone. "We're lookin' for Santagat Farm."

"Advance to be recognized."

"Yuh don't need to recognize him," muttered a voice. "It's Rooge. You could roll a barrel between them legs o' his while he was standin' to attention. Gee, there ain't another pair o' legs in the A. E. F. ——"

"Silence, men! Who's that just come in?"

"It's the ambulance, sir."

"Oh, the ambulance. Good."

A tall man, from his voice and silhouette an officer, appeared from the trees beside the road.

"Where are you going to put it?" he went on, addressing Rooge.

"I ain't the driver; I'm the orderly," replied Rooge. "We're lookin' for Santagat Farm."

"This is Sainte Agathe. This is Platoon A. They the ones you were supposed to go to?"

"Why, yes ——"

"Well, you've found the place. Stay where you are. And above all, don't make any noise." The officer hurried back into the woods again.

"Come, come," spoke Wally from the ambulance, "make up your mind. This ain't no place to match pennies. We gotta get off this road before we get a watermelon through the roof."

"The officer says to stay here," replied Rooge.

"He does?" Wally promptly got down from the seat. "Hey, worthless, ask one o' them birds where the place is they get under!"

Rooge could be heard muttering, inquiring the location of the nearest dugout.

"He don't know!" called Rooge. "Come up here, Wally; here's Hump MacNally!"

"Hi, Hump! What's the big idea? What's all this, anyway? Marchin' column or what?" Thus spoke Wally, stumbling forward in the darkness.

"It's a raid," spoke MacNally.

"Raid? Well, what the hale are you doin' in it?"

"Carryin' a stretcher."

"Whadda they want an ambulance in a raid for?" demanded Wally. "They think we can go over with 'em?"

"Naw," replied MacNally. "They expect to have some guys need 'em afterwards. Three ambulances to the platoon, I heard."

"Oh, sure!" cried Rooge. "Like the time they had the gas attack, and twelve ambulances goes up, an' we're the only one finds the place, bein' as my driver ain't got brains enough to take the wrong road like the others done. Man, we lugged gas cases all night! Gee, we'd shove fourteen walkin' cases into this old hog crate, and by the time I'd got the curtain down I'd have a new load waitin'!"

"Yeh, you suffer, you do!" said Wally acidly. "A raid! An' won't they shower hardware stores on all the roads, though! Boy, when I think o' what you done to me, it nearly gives me delirium tremens!"

"What's Rooge done now?" asked MacNally.

"Huh! What's he done? Yesterday we get paid. Also it's our company's turn to use the washhouse. Well, I wasn't goin' to leave my francs lyin' around while I was takin' a bath, so I give 'em to Rooge to hold an' then I'd hold his while he was takin' his bath. Gee! No, I really think, ridin' with him all the time like I do, that I'm gettin' feeble-minded too!"

"Yeh? Then what?"

"Oh, he and some thieves from the field hospital goes over to their receivin' tent, where there's a electric light, and starts guessin' seven or eleven. He loses all his pay and borrows mine without askin' an' loses it!"

"Now, Wally ——" began Rooge.

"So, to make it good," went on Wally, "they posts an order this morning that there's two trucks goin' to Paris to be turned in, and anyone that's got fifty francs can go with 'em an' have a forty-eight-hour pass." He groaned at the recollection.

"Here! Cut out this talking!" said a stern voice. The officer appeared from the shadows. "Where's the ambulance driver? Get that thing turned around. You may have to get out of here in a hurry. Do you understand that? Turn that thing around! Get ready for action! Send your orderly down the road to see where the others are."

"Go out in the bushes, Rooge," said Wally, "and stamp around to see is the ground hard enough to turn. I'll go down and bring her up to you."

Rooge obediently went into the darkness beside the road and started stamping about. There was no ditch, and it seemed to him that the ambulance might safely be backed in here without striking the trees.

"I guess I can back her in here all right," he said.

"Back what? Don't back nothin' in here, boy! Whatever you got, keep it outta here!" The darkness had given voice from all sides. Rooge recoiled.

"What is all this?" he demanded. "What are you guys doin' in here?"

"Waitin' for the moon to come up," answered several.

"Gwan!" scoffed Rooge. "Yuh think I never carted meat after a raid before? You birds won't stir outta here till just before daybreak. So you might as well get settled down for the night. Just let me turn this ambulance around in here and I won't bother you no more."

"Wait till we get outta here! There's no rush! We'll be movin' out in twenty minutes. Then you can run circles with your ambulance."

"The moon's up," said Rooge, "and it'll be bright as day around here in half an hour. Anybody that moves a finger will give the party away."

There was a rustling of laughter.

"That's what the boche think too," said someone. "This is a new kind of raid. The trouble with the others is that all the krauts this side o' hell know there's a raid comin' off. When the raid gets to the Jerry trenches, what do they find? Nothin'."

"Yeh, an' then the report will say we didn't get no prisoners, but we showed we could enter the enemy trenches at will. Yeh, there bein' no one in 'em! Yeh. Well, it makes the civilians feel good!"

"This raid, kid," said a third voice, "we just steam right out. Whoop-boop! A coupla Bangalore torpedoes blows up the wire, down comes a five-minute barrage on the machine-gun and listenin' posts, down comes the box around the trenches, in we go, out we come, and every guy that takes a prisoner gets a hundred francs!"

"Say that last again!" exclaimed Rooge.

"Yeh. There's three composite platoons in the raid, and there's a competition on to see which takes the most prisoners. So our looey allows he'll give a hundred francs for every live kraut brought in!"

"Gurp!" said Rooge. "That's twenty dollars! But in the moonlight!"

"Sure!" said several voices. "Didn't yuh ever notice how hard it is to see in the moonlight? They can't see us, but we can see them. A moonlight night, they won't be lookin' for us!"

A motor throbbed on the road, and a hoarse voice could be heard requesting someone of the lowest birth to speak up and say where he was, on pain of having his various parts kicked loose from their sockets.

"'S awright," called Rooge softly. "Pull up ahead an' swing. Careful, fellers; got to turn an ambulance in here."

There was a rustle as the men who had been lying down there hastily got out of the way. Rooge, paying no heed to their profane protest, directed the backing of the ambulance in crisp tones, and when it was finally on the road again, headed in the proper direction, he hurried to the driver's seat.

"Git down, Wally!" said he hurriedly. "The eagle just flew by an' laid an egg!"

"Huh? Whaddyuh mean an egg? What eagle?"

"Kid, in this here raid they pay a hundred francs apiece for prisoners. Well, let's go get a half a dozen."

"Just go pick 'em off the tree like that, huh? You hophead! Gee, the squirrels will have you yet! Jever see a big kraut in his war paint? They got saw-toothed bayonets that'll pluck the giblets outta yuh like a turkey's!"

The Fighting Was Bitter. The Din Was as Near to Hell on Earth as Mortal Ear Had Ever Heard

(Continued on Page 161)

STOCK VALUES

By Albert W. Atwood

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A Given Amount of Certainty is Always More Valuable Than the Same Amount of Expectation

WHAT are the values inherent in stocks, and how are these values to be determined? Here are questions which have agitated multitudes of men and women for a number of years, and continue to arouse the keenest attention and curiosity. That this is the fact is hardly open to argument; it flows from the very extent and prominence of the market for stocks since 1926.

So it follows that people eagerly desire methods of appraisal, or what are variously known as rules, tests, criteria and indices for discovering the values which exist or are latent in stocks. It may be, or it may not be, that the extraordinary activity in the stock market in recent years makes it easier to answer the questions and provide the formulas. We know at least that in the army of those vitally concerned and involved, all too many lack background or knowledge. Thus any honest and reasonably intelligent attempt to treat the subject is well worth while.

The Buyer's Two Motives

UNINFORMED as so many investors in stocks seem to have shown themselves, most of them must be familiar with their own motives, which is the simple and yet fundamental starting point of the whole matter. Of motives there are two, the first being to keep what one has, to preserve, and if necessary to recover in cash, the principal sum. The second motive, of course, is to secure an income or other gain upon the principal. Of these two the security of principal is clearly the more important, because it represents a sacrifice presumably on the part of the owner; it cost him something to accumulate, whereas the return upon it is more in the nature of a clear gain.

But people who study the values of stocks are not much concerned over merely keeping what they have; that can be done in a savings bank or a trust fund. What they want to discover is the income to be had, and in a sense they are right, for if the income is large enough the principal will be returned to them anyway, while if there is to be no income they might as well keep their property in the form of cash. Nor are they concerned merely or perhaps chiefly with what is called a straight return, such as interest on bonds or even dividends on stock. They know perfectly well that return may come to them in quite another and often in a far more generous way—namely, by what is known as appreciation.

But this is merely using a rather technical word to say that the investor wants to participate in growth or in stocks that grow. He knows that stocks, being residual in nature, are entitled to all profits after the contractual obligations have been met, and if profits do not come in the form of actual dividends they will reach him in appreciation, which is merely a rise in the market price. If he buys a stock at $100 a share and sells before long at $500, he need not worry about such details as principal and income; he has them both and to boot.

That growth and appreciation have taken place on a vast scale is a matter of common knowledge; it admits of no dispute. There is hardly a day that some striking case does not come to light, often in court records. I take one at random; it concerns the granting of letters of administration in the estate of Mrs. Ida A. Flagler, divorced wife of the late Henry M. Flagler, one of the founders of the Standard Oil Company. In 1899, Mr. Flagler set aside for her a fund of $1,200,000 in stocks. By 1907 it had grown to $2,071,000, and by January 12, 1930, it had reached $15,247,000. This is a conservative illustration; more spectacular ones might be cited.

But this is after the event. What the investor wants to know is how to foresee or anticipate these growing values, not on so large a scale, of course, but as befits his means. No method or test can be arrived at, however, which neglects the security of principal, and there can be no test of security unless a market exists for the stock.

When you invest money in a stock you hand it over to someone else to use, commonly in perpetuity, and you lose control over it. It is always a commitment, which means to give into another's care, and you cannot recover the money, you cannot regain control over it, except by effecting a sale. Even if the stock doubles or trebles in price you cannot resume control of the principal unless you sell. Perhaps you had no intention of selling, but life is full of uncertainties which may give rise to a need for cash, and cash is the only thing which represents full command over your own property.

The Test of Stock Values

IN A RECENT address on the events of last fall President Richard Whitney, of the New York Stock Exchange, remarked that, "In spite of all the wisdom of economists, statisticians, philosophers and even of the greatest financial authorities, it is still true that at any given time stocks are worth only what one can actually sell them for."

Does the test of stock values, then, lie in the market itself? The idea is not to be dismissed lightly. Market price represents the consensus of opinion regarding a stock; it reflects the average attitude and shows what is in the public's mind. Those who favor this method of valuing stocks speak of the necessity of considering technical conditions as well as, or in place of, what they call fundamentals. As a school of thought it is not in the best odor, because it is so closely associated with the excesses of speculation.

In Many Situations the Real Earnings

But we must not be hasty in condemning the technical-condition approach to stock values. If a study of public psychology or of the technical aspects of the market will enable investors to buy stocks at the right time, the method is to that extent irreproachable. This is merely another way of saying that the time at which one buys or sells a stock is just as important as what one buys. The investor may insist that he is not interested in speculation, but he cannot afford to ignore speculation, because it affects the price which he pays; and if he pays too much, a very long time may be required before his purchase proves to be a desirable investment.

Suppose a man bought General Electric at 400 in August, 1929, to keep as a five or ten year investment. When it began to slide in October he sold it at 350 and bought it back in November at 170. Is that man a speculator? Would he have been less of a speculator if he had kept his stock through the panic and seen his capital shrink by more than half?

No sensible person denies the great economic services performed by the stock market or the connection which it bears to values. But we cannot accept price as the true or ultimate test, and for very good reasons. To begin with, the constant study of price fluctuations has a degenerating effect upon very large numbers of those who engage therein; in other words, they soon become speculators or gamblers entirely. They are drawn into a position where they are influenced not by ultimate results but by current or temporary movements. They are inveigled into trading on margin instead of buying outright, and are sucked into a maelstrom of swift, violent and destructive profits and losses.

Rich Today and Poor Tomorrow

IT MAY be that the man who sold his General Electric a little below the top and bought it back again near the bottom was more of an investor than if he had kept it right through. Unfortunately, most people would have sold near the bottom and bought at another high level, repeating the performance later on in a desperate effort to make up for previous losses.

It should be borne in mind that fairly regular income returns are not only more dependable and certain than the profits from market fluctuations but they give less of a feeling of alternate prosperity and bankruptcy. After all, there is something not only demoralizing in a moral sense in being rich or poor, able to build a new house or yacht or not able to build them, according to the daily changing quotations in the papers but there is a bit of the disgusting about it. In other words, there is more that is parasitical in such income than in other forms. As an incidental matter, there is no reason why a stock investor should not enjoy the benefits of appreciation, but as the main method of procedure, so to speak, it is essentially fallacious.

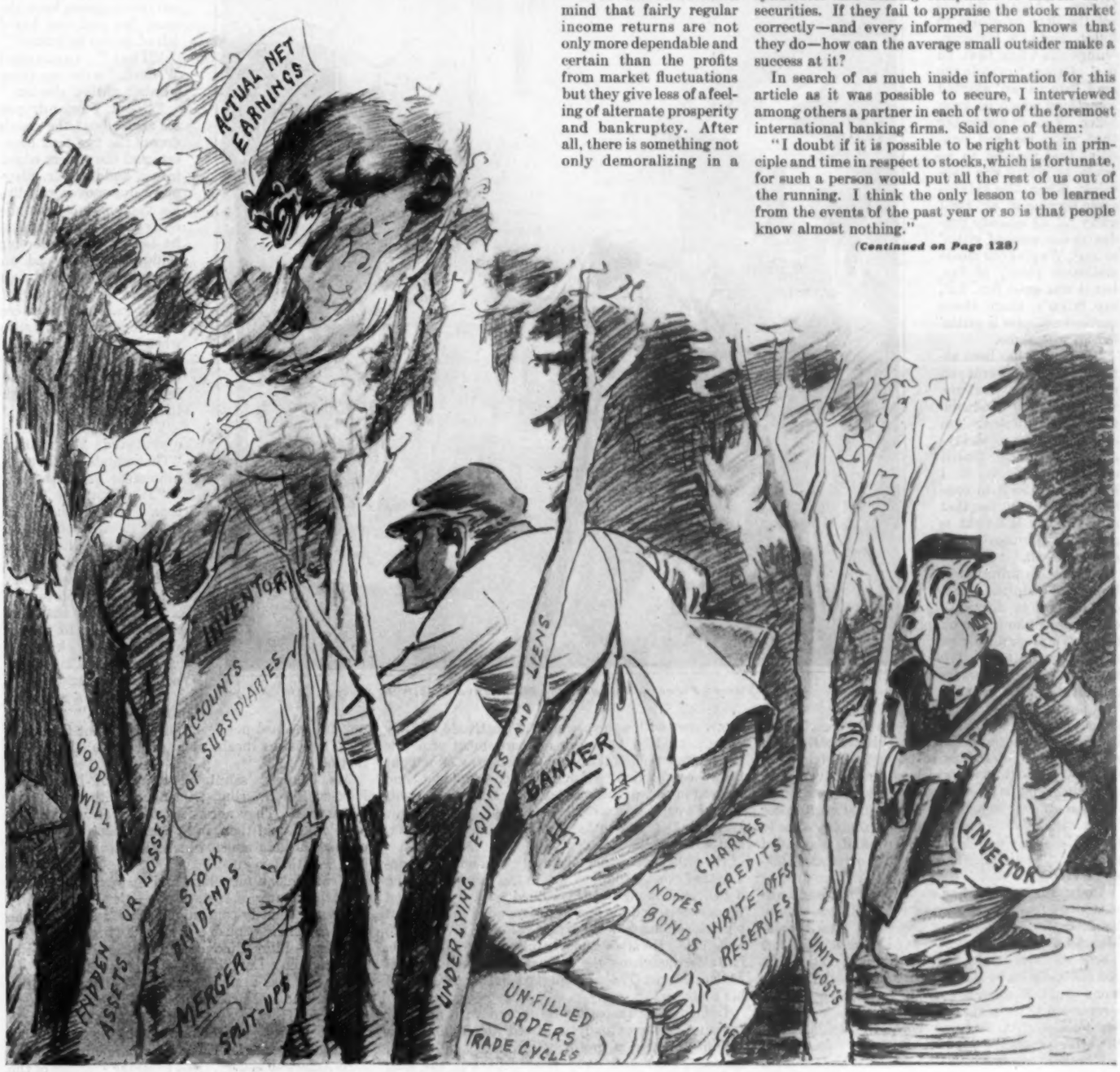
We all know as a matter of common knowledge that the stock market, so called, is not by and large the road to fortune. If it were, a few of the great international bankers, the foremost financiers, capitalists and corporation executives would soon be in possession of all the wealth. In reality they are in error time and time again, and pay for their mistakes by enormous losses.

Yet the very business of these men is to deal in or create stocks and bonds. They put out whole issues of securities, control and sometimes own most of the stock of great corporations, and form and operate syndicates and holding companies to handle such securities. If they fail to appraise the stock market correctly—and every informed person knows that they do—how can the average small outsider make a success at it?

In search of as much inside information for this article as it was possible to secure, I interviewed among others a partner in each of two of the foremost international banking firms. Said one of them:

"I doubt if it is possible to be right both in principle and time in respect to stocks, which is fortunate, for such a person would put all the rest of us out of the running. I think the only lesson to be learned from the events of the past year or so is that people know almost nothing."

(Continued on Page 128)



are Confused in a Perfect Maze of Different Companies and Recapitalizations

CUSTARD'S LAST STAND

By Octavus Roy Cohen

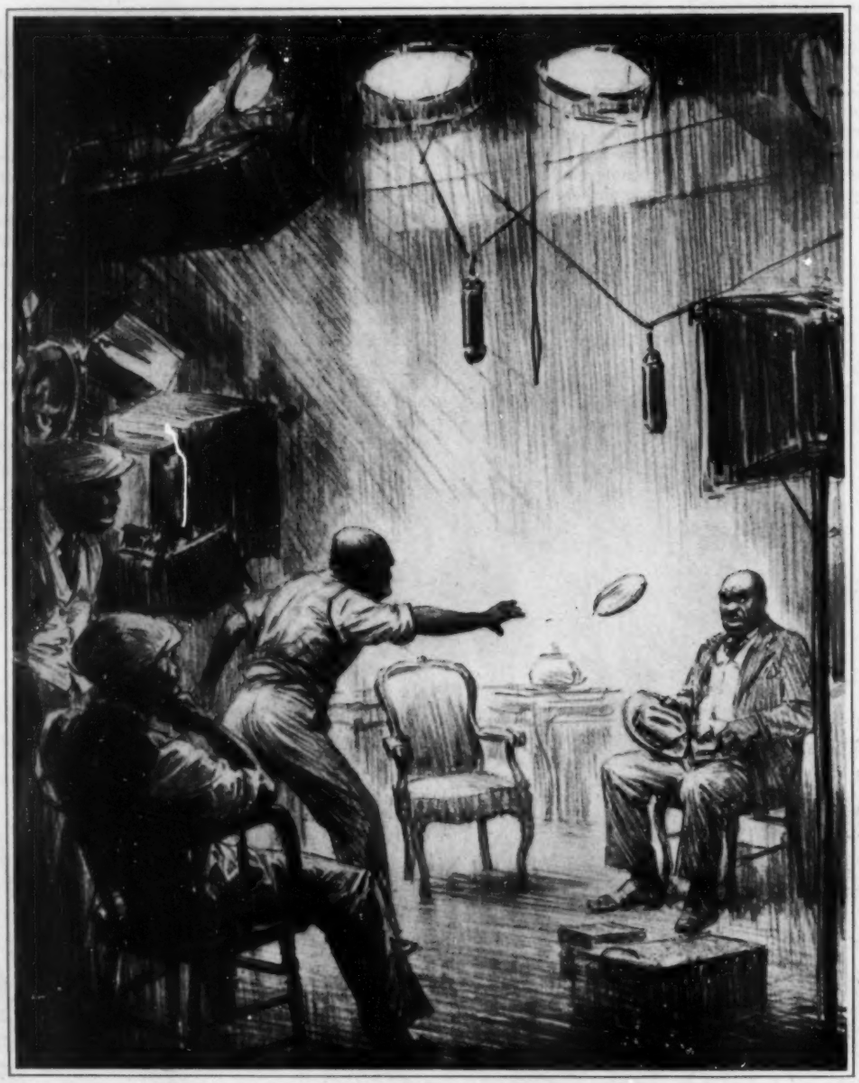
ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

PRES. ORIFICE R. LATIMER was delivering an oration to the department heads of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. He was using the tiny projection room as a lecture hall and his rotund figure moved impressively back and forth, as though, by the very prodigiousness of his tummy, he could impress upon them the importance of his pronouncements.

"Midnight stan's today as one of the forefrontest producers of two-reel comedies in America!" shouted Orifice. "Always we has set the pace fo' others to foller. But now, brethren, things ain't like that no mo'. Others has stole the lead fum us an' started something which us must foller. You all remember that when two-reel comedies fust started to be made, ev'ything was slapstick. Then the talkies come busting in, an' right away all us comedy producers commenced gittin' se'ious. We give our movie audiences plenty of fun, but it was quiet fun. An', my frien's, them there movie audiences is gittin' fed up with same.

"If you-all has been attendin' theaters recent you must of noticed that the white folks are producin' the ol' kind of comedies. Slapstick! On'y nowadays it's mo' slapsticker than it ever was befo'. An' so I has called you into confe'ence to notifry you that fum now on Midnight is gwine be the most slapstickest of all.

"Fum this minute on, brethren, Midnight comedies has got to drip with custard pie, like in the ol' days. We is gwine th'ow things all over the lot. We is gwine slam our actors an' actresses all around, but mos' 'specially we is gwine sock 'em with pies. All the two-reelers is doin' it, an' we is gwine do it the most. I has a'ready hired a feller which knows how to fix just the right kind of gooey pies—the kind which smears all over. An', my frien's, maybe it ain't gwine be as artistic as some of these other things, but it's gwine make audiences laugh, an' tha's the most thing this comp'ny aims to do." He made an elaborate bow and a satisfied gesture: "Tha's all. The meetin' now stands dismembered."



Florian Tiptoed Forward, Balancing the Pie. "Take That!" He Shouted

The spotlight which had enveloped President Latimer in its revealing glow was extinguished. House lights flashed on and the important members of Midnight's executive staff moved toward the door. There was a general buzz of interested conjecture. No one questioned the rightness of President Latimer's stand. They were in general agreement that in a reversion to the early type of slapstick a new mode had been created. It now behooved Midnight to go the other producers one better.

But there was one man who detached himself from the corner of the projection room and emerged into the sunset with an expression of beatitude entirely unwarranted by Latimer's announcement of a new production policy. This gentleman was of a light brown complexion, slender, dapper, confident, and dressed in the ultimate of fashion. His suit of lightweight wool was in a rich, creamy tone, his shirt, tie, handkerchief and socks were of delicate lavender, and he carried a cane.

Even the most casual observer could not fail to notice that Florian Slappey was in the throes of having a delicious thought. He walked with a light and jaunty step, and his lips were expanded to the point where one momentarily expected him to give vent to a chuckle. He stood thoughtfully alone and drew a fantastic design on the ground with the tip of his Malacca cane. Then he laughed lightly and raised his head.

Immediately thereafter he moved with amazing rapidity and eventually gathered about him, in a secluded corner, a group of intimate and trusted friends. First and most prominent was the long and gangling Magnolius Ricketts, only star on the Midnight roster and a protégé of Florian's. With him were the diminutive leading man, Welford Potts; Production Manager Julius Cæsar Clump; Sound Engineer Callous Deech; Julian Fever, the chief electrician; and Exotic Hines, head cameraman. Mr. Slappey surveyed the assemblage with affection and pride.

"Fellers," said he, "I has just schum a scheme."

They nodded and waited.

"It's a swell scheme," continued Florian, "an' if you-all is willin' to he'p out, we is gwine have the most fun you ever heard tell of. Is you int'rusted?"

"That," announced Welford, "is the one thing we ain't nothin' else but."

"Good!" Florian draped his arms about the shoulders of the two men nearest, and the others edged into a huddle. Mr. Slappey's lips moved rapidly, his voice came continuously and earnestly, and as he talked any onlooker could have discerned an occasional convulsive shudder of some pair of shoulders. Then there were more shudders, and finally, when Mr. Slappey stopped speaking, the members of the group stepped back and rent the afternoon sky with their laughter.

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated Magnolius. "That sounds like the most funniment in the world."

"It's gwine be better than that," insisted Florian. "Heaps better."

They agreed that it was. Florian then polled his friends and discovered they were free for the evening.

"Sposin' then that you-all come back to the lot about eight o'clock an' just hang aroun'. Play poker or bridge or somethin' 'til I git heah. I'll make all arrangements."

"The custard pies?" inquired Director Clump.

"They'll be heah. Ise gwine see that feller fust off."

Mr. Slappey sauntered away and his friends looked after the slim, trim figure with unbounded admiration. They agreed that Florian was consid'able feller, and then, in low tones, they fell to discussing the amusement which Florian was to provide for them that night.

Meanwhile, after a long and earnest consultation with the creator of custard pies—those particularly concocted comedy confections which strike with the most resounding squish and spread with greatest enthusiasm—Florian moved toward the civic center of Birmingham's Darktown.

The sun was dropping rapidly behind the houses of West End and street lights were gleaming through the dusk. On Eighteenth Street and along Fourth Avenue shops and theaters were blazing into the beginning of night life. The streets were crowded with Afro-American gentry, freed from the shackles of the day's labor. They lounged in groups in front of the

Champion, Frolic and Castle Theaters; they gathered before the doorway of the Penny Prudential Bank Building; they moved singly and in pairs into the various eating places. But most of the unattached males turned their footsteps inevitably toward Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor.

Bud's place was the Mecca for the cullud gemmun of Birmingham. There one could satisfy the most exacting gustatory cravings on Bud's succulent barbecue and exquisite Brunswick stew. There one could absorb eggs fried to the correct split second, and bacon which had sizzled exactly enough and never too much. There one could quaff huge cups of delicious coffee and inhale tremendous slices of lemon-meringue pie. There were other choice items, too, on Bud's menu—barbecued lamb ribs, rice with thick gravy, crumbly doughnuts and home-baked ham which was unequaled in the whole state of Alabama.

And after stuffing, one could, and usually did, regale oneself with several games of pool on the clean and lively tables which were crowded in the rear beneath a blanket of cigar and cigarette smoke. Truly this was an Eveless Eden, and there were few colored men in Birmingham who begrudged Bud Peaglar the fortune which he was supposed to be amassing.

Into Bud's place Florian Slappey eventually strolled. His appearance was the signal for many shouts of welcome, particularly from table No. 1, where an open game of two-bit Kelly pool was in progress.

Two or three dusky gentlemen at the lunch counter invited Florian to join them in a sandwich or two. But to all these invitations Florian turned a deaf ear while his bright eyes quested through the smoke-laden atmosphere.

Cornelius Fish and Florian Slappey saw each other at the same moment, but recognition did not affect them similarly. Florian's expression became cherubic and friendly, and across the countenance of Mr. Fish there flashed mingled doubt and apprehension.

One could not readily comprehend why a person of such Herculean proportions as Mr. Fish should be afraid of so slender a physique as that possessed by the elegant Mr. Slappey. Florian was small and slight; Cornelius, huge and hefty. A bullet head perched atop massive shoulders and was connected thereto by a bull-like neck. Cornelius' arms were very long and menacingly muscular. Yet Mr. Fish was unmistakably fearful as Florian shouldered through the crowd in his direction.

Florian was smiling, but that did not entirely reassure Mr. Fish. The large gentleman was reputed to be somewhat lacking in brightness, and because his brain moved more slowly than that of Mr. Slappey, Cornelius feared the little man. Faced by Florian, Mr. Fish felt himself overcome by an inferiority complex; and after what had happened the previous night ——

Warily he eyed Florian's approach, and with amazement he heard Florian's opening words:

"Whaffo' you look at me like that, big boy?"

"I-I-look at you like which?"

"Like you thought I was sore at you."

Cornelius moistened his lips. "Ain't you?"

"Sho'ly not. How come I should be?"

"I—I dunno, Brother Slappey. On'y, I kind of thought ——"

Florian gave a gay and carefree laugh. "Shuh, Cornelius, just 'cause you accidentally spilled a bowl of Brunswick stew on my new suit last night ain't no reason why I should walk aroun' Bumminham grudgin' against you. Of co'se, I was peeved up a bit when it fust happened, but afterwards I started thinkin' that it wasn't yo' fault a-tall. An' also I figgered I better had tell you so, because, Cornelius, I like you heaps an' don't see why us shouldn't be buddies."

Mr. Fish was astounded by this display of generosity. His lower jaw drooped and he stared uncertainly at the smaller man.

"You mean I an' you is frien's?"

"Tha's the most thing we is."

"Hot dawg! Shake!"

Florian shook. His eyes twinkled with glee, but one could not accuse him of appearing innocent. He jerked his head toward the lunch counter.

"Et yet?"

"Nossuh."

"Le's have dinner together. My treat."

Seated at the counter, Florian vociferously demanded that Bud supply them with the best in the house, and in whatever quantities Mr. Fish craved. They ate much and lengthily, and before the meal was finished, Cornelius was convinced that no grander person than Florian Slappey had ever graced the earth.

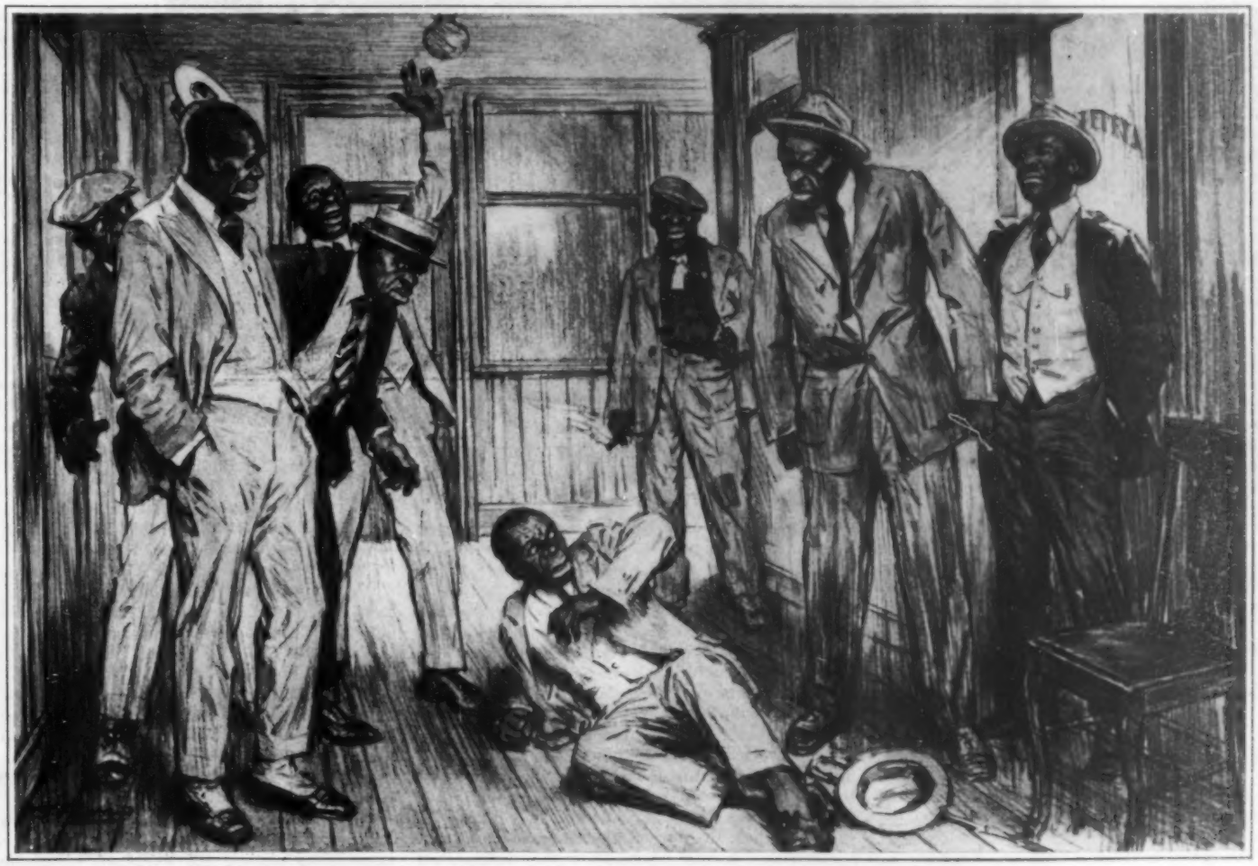
He scourged himself for having believed that Florian was a vindictive person. Of course, he himself had thought this of Mr. Slappey—and since the previous night ——

They had been seated side by side at Bud's counter. Mr. Slappey had been garbed even more gorgeously than he was tonight. And with grossest carelessness Cornelius had spilled a huge helping of Brunswick stew all over Florian's newest, lightest, brightest and bestest suit.

Florian had railed and sworn. Cornelius had been too shocked to reply. Ever since, he had feared Florian—not because of any possible physical reprisal, but because Florian was reputed to approach revenge by circuitous routes.

Now, however, Cornelius' gravest doubts were completely set at rest by Florian's studied cordiality. There was no guile in the eyes of Mr. Slappey, no hint that the embarrassing occurrence of the previous night had left a scar. Cornelius was properly

(Continued on Page 152)

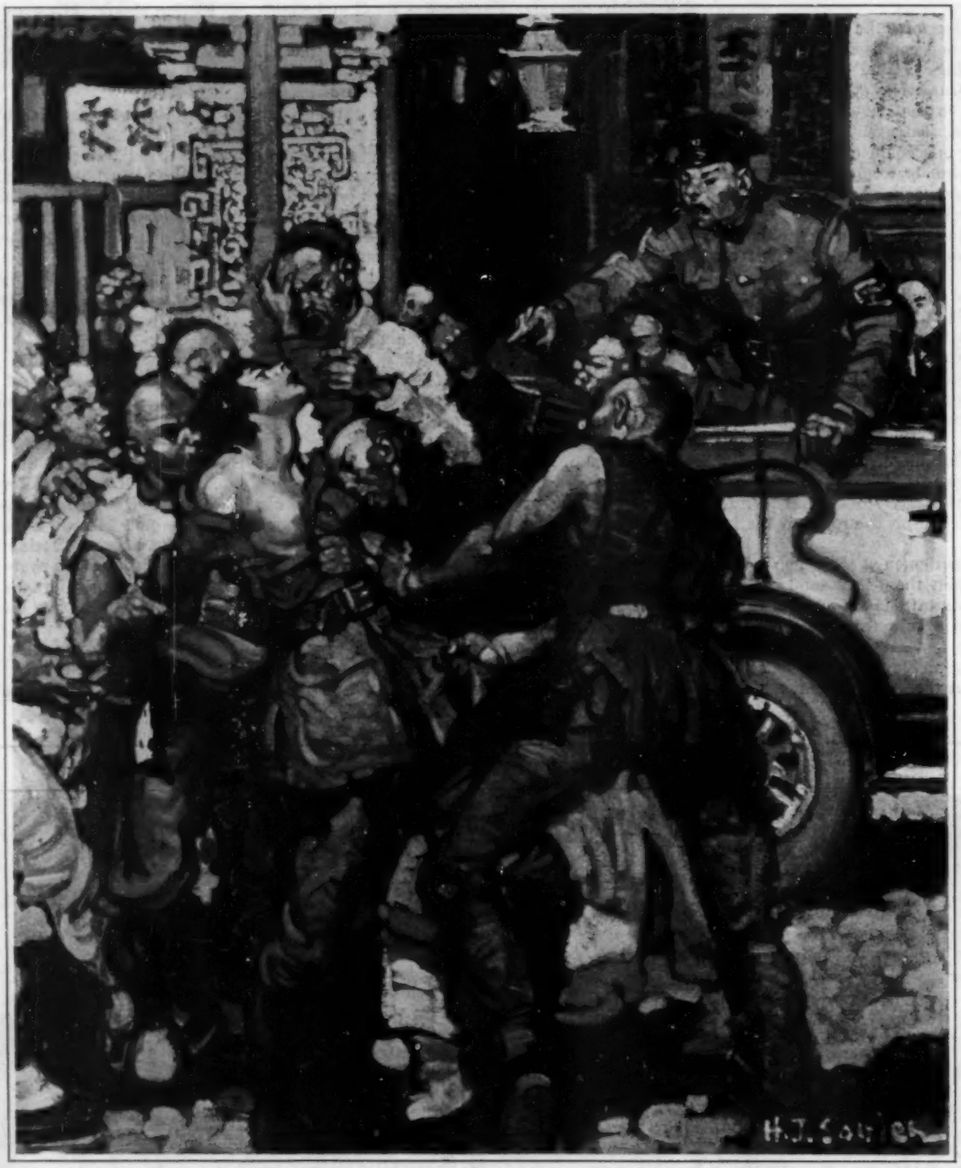


"The Time I Spilt the Stew, Florian, Was an Accident. But I Done This on Purpose"

THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



"A Communist! A Communist!" He Shouted. "Here is Another Communist for the Justice of the People!"

THE DRAGON WAKES

THROUGH the midday heat the Trans-Siberian jogged steadily toward Vladivostok. In the special coach full of young Chinese, Comrades Wang Shih-hui and Liu Ching-chieh had gone to sit and smoke in the compartment shared by the girl Comrades May-ling and Kuei-fei, bobbed-haired, rouged on lips and cheeks in tolerable imitation of their Russian girl comrades. At the open door to the corridor lounged Comrade Korinsky, in charge of the party, cigarette dangling from his lips.

"News bully, eh?" he said, East-Side New York yet clinging to him. English was the easiest medium of conversation with these Westernized Chinese, who had learned but little Russian in their six months at the University School of Revolutionary Studies in Moscow. "Your Chiang K'ai-shek knows enough to do what Comrade Borodin and Comrade Galen tell him. We'll be in Hankow in a month at this rate. And then we kick the British imperialists where it hurts!"

In that summer of 1926 the Kuomintang army from Canton was making its long-advertised northward march of conquest. Commanded by young General Chiang K'ai-shek, Sun Yat-sen's former secretary, with the enigmatic General Galen, or Gallent, or Gallens, or Gallents as military chief of staff, advised by the revolutionary expert Borodin, it was advancing in a series of successes where propaganda and bribery effectively eliminated the necessity for fighting. At a wayside station they had seen a telegram saying that Changsha, capital of the province of Hunan, had been captured almost without opposition from loyal native forces.

Wang Shih-hui replied in what he believed to be an Oxford accent, caressing delicately the brier pipe he had likewise acquired at that august seat of learning:

"Not only the British, comrade, but all the foreigners must go if we are to be successful! Young China must be freed from every kind of imperialist domination."

"Sure!" agreed Korinsky. "But we've got to take 'em one by one. Don't forget the program: First we concentrate on the British. All the other fool imperialists will only grin while the British get kicked. When they're cleared out we go for the Yanks. And after the Yanks, the Japs. But it's the British that matter. Smash the British Empire in China, add another million to the British unemployed, start the revolution in England, and the world revolution begins next day. The entire capitalist world structure will crash. The Polit-bureau's got it all worked out to schedule." He glanced at the others. "I tell you again, you propagandists, never forget the slogan: 'All hate on the British!' Kid those other *bourjoui* fools they're sitting soft. Play up to the Yankee missionaries. They'll believe anything. Sun Yat-sen knew that well enough. It's thanks to them he got going at all. They'll have the shock of their lives when their turn comes." He spoke with dogmatic assurance, with a domineering superiority. "Everything'll be all right so long as you Chinese obey the party orders. Don't forget we're professionals at this job."

Comrade Mayling took the cigarette from her mouth.

"Long live the world revolution!" she said enthusiastically. The daughter of a reformist Chinese official who had participated in the Revolution of 1911, she had been educated at a mission school and afterward at an American university. With her bobbed hair and her feet that had never been bound she was typical of this Young China emancipated from every ancient tradition. Also she was fanatically Communist. "But I'm against even temporizing with the missionaries. They ought to be exterminated in mass. What is the use of smashing all the old superstitions, if we let the foreigner preach another? Religion is the opium of the people, as Karl Marx proved."

Her cultured English was that of an American high-school girl, with but a trace of Chinese intonation. Comrade Wang admired her, with a rankling grudge against her. Attractive in her Westernized smartness, she indeed awed him a little as Western women secretly awed him. He had tried to make love to her in Moscow, but had been humiliatingly rebuffed. These new Chinese girls were by no means the submissive little creatures of the immemorial past. They chose for themselves, in a novel liberty of morals of which, theoretically, he had to approve.

"Don't worry," replied Korinsky sardonically. "We'll wipe out every God merchant in China in the next twelve months. But so long as they keep off imperialist gunboats, they're useful."

Comrade Liu Ching-chieh joined in, blinking behind his horn spectacles.

"The missionary is everywhere the advance guard of imperialism," he said, as though repeating a lesson. "We young Chinese want nothing from the West except its mechanical inventions. Every foreigner must be cleared out except our Russian comrades in the brotherhood of humanity."

"I guess you wouldn't get far if we Russians weren't helping you," laughed Korinsky. "You'd have the imperialists playing the war lords off against one another till hell froze. Only the Komintern knows how to revolutionize a country scientifically. China's

only the beginning, of course. You Chinese comrades ought to have gone to the Oriental Revolutionary Center at Tashkent. That's where the real job is being done. We'll have the whole of Asia ablaze before we've finished."

Little Kuei-fei looked up from the Russian newspaper she was studiously deciphering, smiled to him.

"And when China is completely revolutionized from south to north it will join the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, I suppose?"

Korinsky's face was suddenly expressionless, masklike. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess the Chinese masses will decide that for themselves, comrade. It's not my business. The Komintern exists to help the proletariat of every country to freedom. I've been detailed to help the Chinese proletariat. I obey party discipline and I don't ask questions."

Comrade Wang disliked him intensely. Dissembled under his Oriental suavity, indeed, he resented the dictatorial superiority of all these Russians. Ingrained in him was the old Chinese contempt and hatred for foreign barbarians. China for the Chinese had been the first intoxicating formula of the Kuomintang he had joined even as a schoolboy in the English mission station, with an amusingly unsuspected number of his fellow scholars whispering precocious plots to exterminate these idiotically presumptuous foreigners who educated them. Sun Yat-sen's last words, however, had been the command to work with Russia, and that quasi-divine authority was not to be disputed. In obedience to it he had been one of those many sent to Moscow to learn the technic of revolution from its most efficient professors. The Russians thought to use China as their tool; China would use them. Wits against wits, unscrupulousness against unscrupulousness, with an inbred mandarin subtlety of mind he savored the tricky game that was in prospect. The Russians were certainly essential now. Without their aid the Kuomintang could never conquer China.

He smiled hypocritically.

"You are right, Comrade Korinsky. There can be no success without discipline. As for the future, are we not all comrades in the world revolution which will abolish frontiers? There will doubtless be a universal republic of equality. But first we must organize the masses to overthrow the present system. That is all we have to think about now."

"That's it, comrade," said Korinsky, brightening. "Get the masses going; smash things up. That's our job. Leave the rest to the party chiefs."

"I'm crazy to arrive at Canton," said Comrade May-ling. "Do you think we shall have to wait for a boat at Vladivostok, comrade?"

"I guess we ought to make a sailing at once," replied Korinsky. "Every day they're sending arms, ammunition and propagandists. The revolution is concentrating for keeps on the Chinese front."

Little Kuei-fei smiled in a feminine coquetry.

"I'm going to wear an officer's uniform," she said. "Like a man."

She was really very pretty, was little Kuei-fei, thought Wang. He had never really come in contact with her until they had met on the train. In Moscow she had had an affair with an officer of the Red Army. So she had explained to them with the amazing cool cynicism of revolutionary young womanhood. He promised himself that he would make love to her on the boat from Vladivostok.

Comrade May-ling looked out of the window.

"More Chinese!" she remarked. "Look! They are not Manchus." They were now crossing Manchuria, whither millions of sons of Han had fled from anarchy in China proper. In hundreds those peasants—the "man-who-works-with-his-hands-at-dawn," as they were ideographically designated in Chinese script—were patiently at labor in their fields, not even raising their heads as the train rolled by. Why should they waste a moment on this phenomenon from another world with which they had no concern?

"Those masses must be revolutionized also!" exclaimed Liu Ching-chieh vehemently. "When we have smashed Chang Tso-lin."

"Yes," agreed Wang. "It will be the great battle with Japanese imperialism when we revolutionize Manchuria. But we must not get out of step with the party tactics. First the British. Then the Americans. Then the Japs. And then ——" He smiled.

The eyes of all turned to him, Korinsky's suddenly sharp, suspicious.

"And then doubtless the party will issue further orders," he concluded smoothly.

Little Kuei-fei gave him a quick glance, took her rouge stick and mirror from her hand bag, reddened her lips. Under his impassivity, his interest in her was alertly stimulated. Was there a cryptic significance in that gesture? A friendly warning? Was she, also, perhaps not genuinely a Red?

Canton was close in front of them. The Russian vessel had gone to discharge its cargo at Whampoa, had transshipped its passengers to this river steamer now sliding through the swarm of sampans. In the crowd of Chinese and Russian revolutionaries lining her rails, Comrade Wang found himself side by side with little Kuei-fei. Like himself, she was uniformed in an officer's tunic and breeches of green material. Annoyingly, he had been unable to make love to her on the voyage from Vladivostok. She had associated herself exclusively with Soviet officers, keeping them in uproarious laughter with her quaint mispronunciations of Russian. Comrade May-ling had similarly consorted with a vodka-drinking clique of artillery instructors. It had been impossible to get a minute alone with either of them. He resented it. Contrary to free revolutionary ethics was this picking and choosing on the part of girl comrades; they ought to accept the advances of any and every comrade alike. But he dissembled that resentment, smiled to her.

"It is good to see China again, comrade?"

Her little face lit up.

"China!" she breathed. "I have dreamed of this, comrade. China—free!"

"Yes," he murmured. "China free!"

(Continued on Page 92)

They Marched Endlessly, Singing a Revolutionary Song, Under Banners Inscribed in Chinese Ideograms

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18, 1930

Employment for Americans

IT SEEMS to us not only plain but self-evident that further immigration at a time like this, when unemployment is a factor to be reckoned with, is downright foolish. Last year about 150,000 immigrants entered from countries included in the quota, and about 97,000 from nonquota countries. In addition, there were of course many thousands who entered illegally. This is a small number as compared with the hordes which entered before the policy of restriction was adopted. But the harm of admitting even that many, in view of the growth of unemployment, became clear last winter. President Hoover sought to have the law amended to cut quotas in half as an emergency measure, but a bill to this effect was caught in the eleventh-hour jam of legislation at the end of the last session of Congress. The Government, therefore, shows common sense in seeking to reduce immigration immediately, as far as possible, through administrative measures. Our consuls in foreign countries can refuse visas to laborers, artisans and others likely to become public charges. Prompt employment is much less likely, naturally, when jobs are relatively scarce, and thus a closer administrative scrutiny than in the past is amply justified.

Besides, from the national standpoint we do not want more immigrants. It may appear easy for employers to use the sometimes cheap and docile, and usually ignorant, labor of recently landed immigrants. But it is a policy which has created all manner of social problems in the past; it has left with us a terrible mess, which may take generations to clear up. It has shown itself to be the broad and primrose path.

Surely all this has been proved again and again; the point would seem to require no repetition. Yet it appears that even now American citizens, sometimes even ex-service men, cannot secure work that is given readily to aliens who do not speak English. Strangest of all, large numbers of non-English-speaking foreigners are found holding down jobs on public works, undertaken with the taxpayers' money for the express purpose of relieving unemployment.

Here, indeed, is a fine travesty on sound national policy. Perhaps contractors will say that the less newly arrived or English-speaking native stock do not want these laboring jobs. If that were true in any large measure, we do not see why the labor organizations have so consistently and vigorously advocated a further contraction of immigration. If none of their members are affected by immigration, why is their interest in the subject so consistent and continuous? Will only the newest of ignorant aliens do the manual labor of the country, or is it that these are the easiest to handle and sometimes to exploit? However that may be, the country has far too many ignorant aliens, by many millions, in its midst now. It has far too many alien criminals.

In the past ten years the population has increased by about seventeen millions. If we haven't enough people to do the work of the country, if there is not enough ingenuity among us all to get the work done with the huge population we have, it is high time to shut up shop, to declare the country bankrupt and appoint a receiver for it.

Too Many Laws

THAT the American people are suffering from too many laws admits of no question. The tendency is a serious, a disturbing one. For years an orgy of lawmaking has been under way. No real effort is made to repeal obsolete laws or clear away the moribund enactments which arose to meet social needs which are no longer existent. We have accumulated a great rubbish heap of legal statutes, rules, precedents and traditions which serve to puzzle and confuse the people as well as the administrative, prosecuting and judicial branches of government. In theory, all of our laws should be equally enforced, but in practice many have no real sanction of public opinion behind them.

Many laws cannot be or at least are not enforced except sporadically. We express no opinion as to the virtue or vice of Sunday baseball, but whatever the statute expressions on this offense may be in the abstract, public opinion is less interested in enforcement in the concrete than it is in respect to burglary and murder.

Yet to say that we have too many laws or that some laws are less essential than others does not mean that all new laws are superfluous. The rapidly changing character of our modern, complex civilization requires many new statutes. Habits and customs change so fast that new laws must be devised with considerable rapidity to meet them.

Many people feel that because there are too many laws there is no need of regarding prohibition seriously. They say it is just one more law which need not be obeyed. But what other method of handling the liquor traffic is devoid of a great number of laws? When the states and localities voted on the question as they chose, there were multitudes of liquor laws. If prohibition should be repealed and the Federal Government or the states should themselves sell liquor—a method which so many opponents of prohibition advocate—we would need a whole flood of new statutes and endless, minute regulations.

Thus it appears that the real nub of the question does not lie in the number of laws, new or old, or necessarily in the rapidity with which the legislative machine grinds them out. The sole point is whether a given law is wise, whether it meets a real existing social need that can be met in no other way, and whether it is reasonably enforceable. None but a fool would argue that there should be no laws to meet the traffic problems which have arisen in this country—utterly new in the history of the world—with the advent of some twenty-five million automobiles. It is said that speed restrictions of twenty-five, twenty and, in some cases, as low as fifteen miles an hour make for lawlessness because millions of motorists habitually disobey them every day. That may well be so. The speed restrictions are in many cases moribund.

Here is a specific case where there is insistent need of fitting laws more accurately to engineering facts and social conditions. As with many similar situations, the problem is not to be solved by leaving a lot of unrelated, unenforceable and antiquated regulations on the books or by passing a mess of new restrictions for the mere glory of doing something. The need here, as elsewhere, is clear; it is to have laws which correspond with existing conditions, and which can be obeyed and enforced. Probably there should be fewer separate regulations and more uniformity. The main point is that law should fit actual conditions of life.

Canada and the Tariff

THE British are finding that a free-trade policy is a difficult one to maintain in the face of world-wide conditions today. It may be that out of the fury and excitement caused in British politics by the protectionist wing of the Conservative Party will come a reversion to a modified form of protection, in place of the traditional policy of the open door. Here in America, however, where our politicians seem to have entered into competition with the builders of skyscrapers, we are beginning to realize that the continual raising of tariff walls tends to create conditions that are far from ideal also.

The first effect of the tariff revision which was put over during the last session of Congress has been to stir the Canadian Parliament into retaliatory measures. That the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill played its part in the defeat of the Liberal Party in the recent Dominion election goes without saying, and it could be expected that the new government, firm in its adherence to the policy of high protection, would strike back aggressively.

The first schedule of tariff changes put into effect by the Dominion Government on September seventeenth cannot fail to react unfavorably on our Canadian trade. Canada is our best customer, and the raising of duties on so many of the lines which figure prominently in our trade with that country will inevitably cut into our volume. Nor is there any surety that the new schedule is the last word that we shall hear from Ottawa in this matter. It is within the power of the Canadian Government to put additional changes into effect by order in council, an elastic feature of the Canadian constitution which gives them a great advantage in any give-and-take tariff battle.

It may be, also, that out of the conference of Dominion premiers at London will be evolved some more general and substantial form of Imperial preference which will serve to make the Canadian markets still harder to reach with American goods. Although the new schedule was put into effect with all the official amenities which serve to mask its real purpose, we must accept the action of the Canadian Government as a measure of retaliation for the clauses in the Hawley-Smoot Bill which affected the Dominion adversely. Tariff raising is a game at which two can play.

It is unfortunate that the even tenor of our trade relations should suffer this interruption. Trade between the two countries has been so mutually advantageous that it will continue active no matter what obstacles may be erected by the politicians.

We are inclined to believe that even a continued tariff war would fail to cut too seriously into the volume of trade which flows back and forth, logically and inevitably, across the border. That our tariff sparring will serve, however, to create a less cordial feeling and to ruffle sentiment on both sides of the line into acrimonious exchanges is the more serious danger.

Statistical Law Enforcement

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

I AM quite ready to state that statistical law enforcement is the bunk. Most of the statistical knowledge of crime is the bunk. Voluminous reports indicating that various percentages of prison inmates are cross-eyed, or mentally deficient, or asthmatic, are of little fundamental or curative value. That may shock many well-intentioned investigators, but the facts bear me out. We have had voluminous reports for many years, but our prisons and our criminals increase out of all proportion to our growth in population. Statistics, in other words, might conceivably aid in helping a criminal after he is a criminal, but they have not thus far contributed to preventing that fatal misstep which made him a criminal. At best, they get him after the harm is done. They bar the empty garage; the car already has been stolen.

And here is the danger: The average honest man simply does not know the mental processes of the criminal. He is not geared, so to speak, to mesh with the problem of crime. Suddenly, by the daily press, a presidential statement, or the robbery of his person, he is roused to action. "Something," he says, "must be done. What?"

He reads books, fattens upon statistics. In this he fails to realize that the statistics available are colored by civic pride. He fails to see that prison statistics are compiled with a view to showing the least of the bad condition and the best of the good.

Frankly, the truth about prisons is almost unattainable. But statistics about prisons indicate a genuine progress in their operation and an increasing knowledge of their purpose and problem. Still, the jails remain crowded.

So the neophyte starts off on a false basis in studying what might be called the known criminal—the criminal, in other words, who transiently lends himself to study while under lock and key. This might be called something of a backhand start. In anything less public property than prisons and crime, it would be called that. No man could or would so run his business.

But what about the criminal in the making, or at large? After all, he is the most important. What do statistics say of him? Such statistics as we have look rather encouraging. Civic organizations anxious to attract new business to their city generally compile these, and they do so quite frankly in search of the best angle of reflection in that mirror, Public Opinion. In the compilation they are aided by political parties dependent upon the vote for their continued power and income. Obviously, statistics flourish most which are friendliest. One compiler wants new industries and the other votes. It speaks for itself.

As a result, we get evidence of the fact that great crime centers are rapidly purifying themselves under the curative rays of clean politics. Though murder features the front page of every edition, "things are steadily improving."

Statisticians assume that murder, of course, is the weapon of the gangster. The fewer murders, they reason, the fewer gangsters. Accordingly they establish the rates of killings to population and so "get right down to bare and indisputable brass tacks." The murder rate certainly must tell the story of gang operations and organized crime. It is the one sure barometer. To the average mind this is sound logic. But let me repeat—the average mind is not geared to mesh with the criminal mind. This point searchers neglect to consider. They set out deliberately to overcome public apprehension of crime in their city.

Promptly we receive printed statistics showing an almost negligible murder rate for New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other great cities. In 1928 Memphis, Tennessee, unless I err, had the highest murder rate per hundred thousand of population. Even the crime statisticians sense that Memphis would not attract the great of gangland. Something has obviously gone citrus with statistics. So they point out that Memphis is a murder center because of its geographical location and the type of wanderers its river traffic draws.

The neophyte student of crime is naturally impressed. As a matter of fact, the statistics do look rather convincing. Civic organizations cease fretting on the ground that, though things seem bad, "we're

(Continued on Page 148)

BUT MAYBE WE CAN KEEP MOST OF 'EM

POST SCRIPTS

That's Different!

OI! OI! Another fumble! What do they think they're playing out there, drop the handkerchief? Of all the boneheaded plays I ever saw! Those guys ought to be digging ditches."

"But, Aloysius—all that terrible mud, and it's raining so hard, may be they can't see."

"Horse feathers! It's their business to see. At a time like this a forward pass! And they call it a football team! Take him out! Take him out! He's dead from the neck up!"

"Oh, the poor man, Aloysius! He got kicked in the stomach. He's unconscious!"

"I'll say he's been unconscious all along. Come on now, boys; try that hidden ball again and hand me another laugh. What did I tell you? Sweet mamma! At a time like this they try the hidden ball! What those boys don't know about this game would fill a library."

"Well, my gracious, Aloysius, if you knew so much about football, why didn't you go out for the team when you were in college?"

"Who? Me? Say, I should be a sap like that! Work my head off and probably break my neck or get a charley horse in my leg like a billiard ball just to give a thrill to a bunch of dumb-bells sitting in a grand stand that wouldn't know good football if they saw it? Not for your Uncle Aloysius! Come on, you rummies, get out there and fight!" —M. H.

Compensation

THEY may, some folks who sit in trees,
Have method in their lunacies.
One needs a lengthy rest upon
Winning a dancing marathon.

—Jerome Barry.

"I Shall Report You to the Greens Committee!"

DRAWN BY A. S. FOSTER

The Awakening

THOUGH it now seems odd to me
I was blinded so,
Once you seemed a god to me,
Once—a week ago.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

What is Your Daughter Reading?

"AND the things the young people read, my dear!" said Mrs. Golightly. "Of course, I don't pretend to be much of a judge of literature, but the things they read are—well, to say the least, strange. I picked up a book on my daughter's table yesterday; put out by one of the best publishers too. Well, it seems to be one of these hobo yarns; the hero abandons his wife and children right at the beginning, and then he sets out bumming his way across country, stirring up riots, getting into jail and escaping, and having the most ridiculous adventures, like falling into swamps and fighting and squabbling with all the people he meets."

"What is the name of the book?" said Mrs. Protheroe.

"Pilgrim's Progress, by a man named Bunyan. Certainly a pen name."

"I've heard of it. The sort of books they get hold of is certainly appalling. My own daughter came to me last summer when we were on the boat bound for France and said, 'Mother, I don't know if I ought to tell you, but I've got hold of a book that tells you all the right places to see in Paris—and fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong!' And she winked! Naturally, I was shocked beyond words and I commanded her to give me the book immediately. I glanced at it before tossing it overboard. It was called Baedeker's Guide to Paris."

—Morris Bishop.

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Why, the Little Liar!"

DRAWN BY HARRY S. WEINERT

"There's No Use of Me Going to School—I Can't Read Nor Write!"

Your choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Luncheon by Campbell's famous, French chefs!

WOULDN'T you like a luncheon today with 15 different vegetables combined in one irresistibly delicious and satisfying soup? Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

No doubt vegetable soup has always been a favorite of yours. But until you've tasted it as blended by Campbell's French chefs you don't know it at its highest perfection.

Every spoonful heavy with vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. More different vegetables than you ever enjoyed in one soup before! And of course you realize that in such splendid vegetables are the valuable mineral salts and other precious health qualities we all need.

This is America's great family soup—the most popular hearty soup in the world. Busy mothers appreciate its remarkable convenience—a meal already cooked—on the table in next to no time. Vegetable Soup—one of the 21 fascinating Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

The news that I'm reading
Looks dandy to me,
Like a plateful of Campbell's
Which fills me with glee.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

SIMON PURE

By W. Thornton Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"I Feel Awful, Coach," He Said. Holmes Took Him by the Arm and Swung Him Around. His Fingers Bit Into Moby's Arm

XIII

IN MAY, Rollins moved out of the Varsity House. Moby came in from a movie on the first Monday night following the Spring Athletic Festival and found him folding his belongings carefully and putting them into his battered steamer trunk. Rollins looked at him over an armload of folded shirts and pajamas, and said, "You're going to have a new roommate."

Moby sat down on the bed and watched Rollins dump the armload in his trunk and pick up a varied array of scuffed footgear.

"What's the big idea?"

"Well, it seems I left all my good races and games back in high school. My high-school coach used to put me in three or four events in every meet, and when I wasn't playing football or running on the track team I was a substitute forward on the basketball team. My freshman year here I was almost as good as I was in high school, but since then I seem to have lost the old pepper somewhere. I go through all the motions all right, but when I need a little extra stuff I just haven't got it any more. I've never been as good here at Trent as I was at high school. Doc and Happy are through fooling around with me. They say they are afraid they won't be able to help me out any next year, and of course they can't make room in the Varsity House for a guy who can't place in a dual meet or make the first team in football."

"Boloney! Maybe you're in a slump. Maybe you'll fool 'em and burn up the league next year."

"It would be awfully nice of you if you could just run around to Mr. Holmes and Doc and convince them of that," Rollins said. "Maybe you could arrange with Flannigan to get my tuition paid next year, too, while you're about it, and fix it up for me to have a fourteen-cylinder sports-model roadster for my personal use, and a private car to the games."

Moby didn't blame Rollins for being sarcastic about it. He probably felt low in his mind. Then another thought struck him:

"Where you going to stay?"

"I've got a job taking up tickets at the Little Guild movie house," Rollins said; "that'll pay for my room and board if I don't eat too much. And I've got the campus agency for an automatic pencil that shoots out lead when you push it with your thumb. I lined those up today. The movie house furnishes me with a tux, so I can fit in with the atmosphere of the place and not offend the eyes of those who come to see 'the beautiful, the artistic and the unusual in moving pictures.' If I can make enough working this summer to take care of next year's tuition, I'll be back. If I can't I'll go back home and get a job."

He watched Rollins thoughtfully. It was a tough break for him. He would miss Rollins a lot. Rollins' hard-boiled, cynical reactions to things had given him a sort of protective callousness of his own.

The picture he formed in his mind of Rollins stopping people on the campus and trying to sell the pencils out of which yards of lead popped at the pressure of a thumb depressed him.

He was still depressed the next day when he picked up a copy of the Trent Times and ran through it haphazardly. After that he forgot about Rollins.

In the column labeled Social Notes was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Marcella Paige to Mr. Donald Galt Frazier, 3d.

XIV

FLANNIGAN had luncheon with Doc and Happy Holmes at the Varsity House. When Flannigan ate at the coaches' table all the men down on the list as waiters actually tried to perform their duties. As a result, the pantry was crowded with them, standing around, getting into one another's way, and the tables were more than half deserted. Moby yelled down the dumb-waiter for "Three coaches' lunches" and kept the pitcher of milk beside Flannigan full.

After luncheon Flannigan and Doc went into Doc's office and closed the door. Moby sat on his shoulder blades in the window seat and listened to Firpo and Joe Black playing chopsticks on the house piano and nursed his broken heart. His heart had been broken for more than three weeks now, and at times he found himself forgetting to brood over it for an hour or two. After such periods he tried to make up for his forgetfulness by feeling twice as miserable and blue, but each time it was harder to recapture the mood in all its poignancy, and he wondered if his nature was fundamentally a shallow one and incapable of sustained and deep emotion.

The fact that his track work had suffered, however, was one cheering proof of his ability to suffer. It wasn't quite clear in his mind whether track had lost out in importance compared with the magnitude of the blow to his heart and didn't matter any more, or whether he subconsciously felt that winning a race would be unseemly in one so recently bereft of the woman he loved. In any event, he had finished a poor third in the State meet and had run unplaced in the meet with Bosworth.

Firpo and Joe Black finished the ninth consecutive rendering of chopsticks and went out into the hall, and the door to Doc's office opened and Flannigan came out. He saw Moby and came over to the window seat.

"Well, Bryant," he said, "I was rather disappointed in your showing in the Bosworth meet. Something you ate?"

"No, sir," Moby said somberly. "Just couldn't get going, I guess."

Flannigan put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a sheaf of letters. He selected one, ran his eye over it and looked at Moby.

"By the way," he said, "I got a bill from the Young Men's Shoppe the other day."

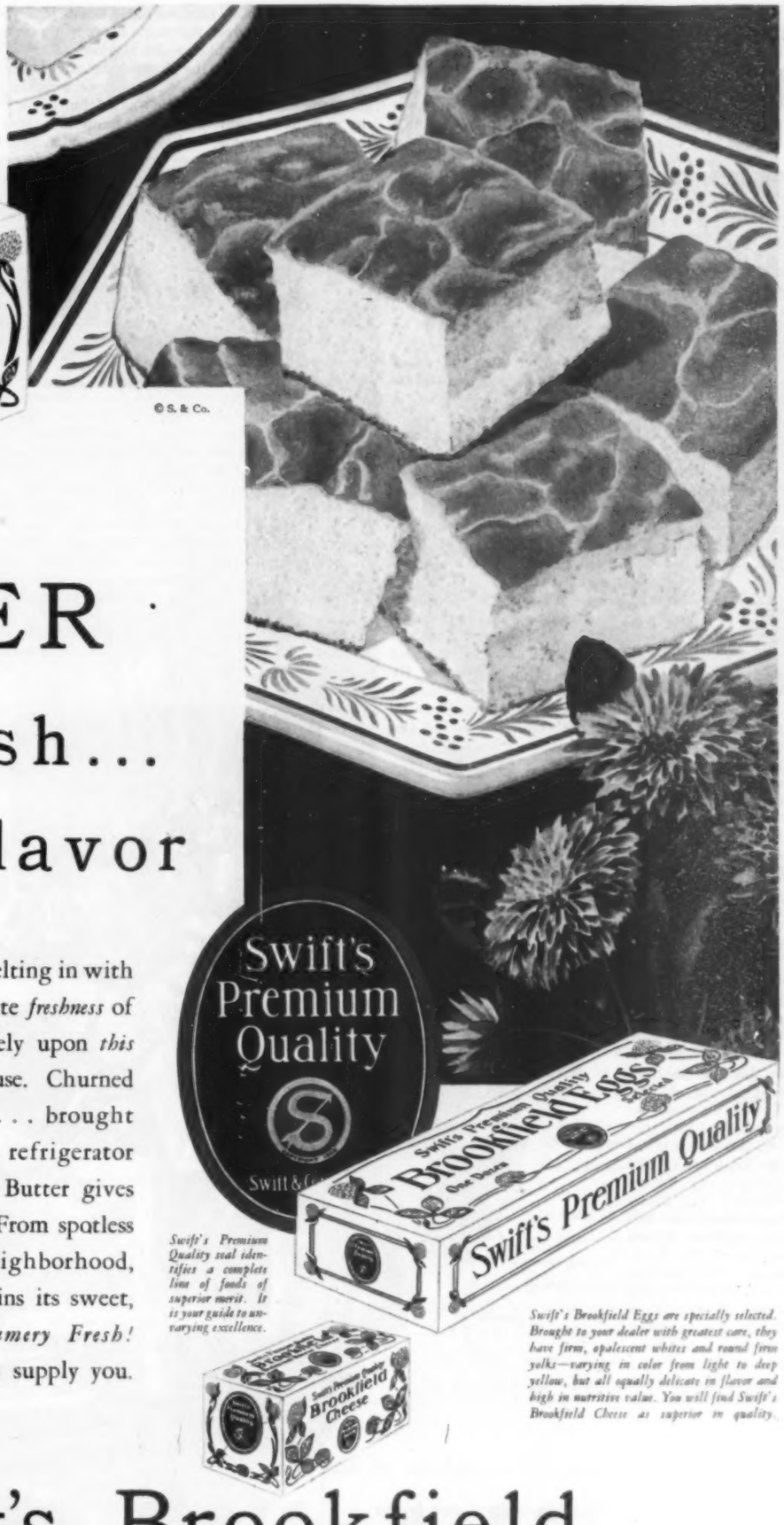
Moby blinked his eyes. When he opened them Flannigan was folding a paper and putting it back into his pocket. He was halfway across the room.

Moby wondered if his ears were playing tricks on him. Maybe too much thinking about the state of his heart was weakening his mind. Maybe he was having hallucinations. Thoughts jumbled in his mind, but before he could say anything Doc came out of his office and joined Flannigan, and they moved away together.

When Flannigan told him to charge the clothes at the Young Men's Shoppe he was sure Flannigan hadn't expected him to pay for them. Flannigan hadn't said anything about not paying for them, but Flannigan hadn't said anything about paying for them either. He had thought, of course, that the clothes were just a part of the gravy, like the tuition, for example. Anyhow, he didn't have enough money to pay Flannigan, at the minute. The expense money from the indoor meets had all been spent long ago, and it would take three or four weeks' salary at the city hall to make a dent in what he owed Flannigan for the suit, topcoat and hat. Flannigan must know he didn't have the money. Why, then, had he suddenly flashed the Young Men's Shoppe bill on him?

The incident scared him, and he stayed scared all that week. By Saturday, when he got on the train with the rest of the squad, bound for the Tristate Intercollegiates, the scared feeling had got mixed up with a feeling of vague formless anger. He had forgotten his broken heart completely.

(Continued on Page 34)



BUTTER

so fresh... sweet in flavor

SPREAD THICK on hot cornbread... melting in with every crunchy bite . . . what delicate *freshness* of flavor! You simply know you can rely upon *this* butter for every cooking and table use. Churned for you in selected dairy regions . . . brought quickly to your city by fleets of refrigerator cars . . . Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter gives you this assurance of quality *always*. From spotless creamery to the dealer in your neighborhood, Swift & Company's rigid care maintains its sweet, fresh flavor. Try it today—*Creamery Fresh!* You'll find a dealer nearby who can supply you.

Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to unvarying excellence.

Swift's Brookfield Eggs are specially selected. Brought to your dealer with greatest care, they have firm, opalescent whites and round firm yolks—varying in color from light to deep yellow, but all equally delicate in flavor and high in nutritive value. You will find Swift's Brookfield Cheese as superior in quality.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS—BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

(Continued from Page 32)

The half-scared, half-angry feeling stayed with him through two heats and the finals of high hurdles, and he won the finals by three yards in fifteen and one-tenth seconds.

As he came out of the Bosworth locker room after the meet someone said, "That was nice hurdling, Bryant."

The man's face seemed familiar, and all at once he remembered where he had seen it before. It was MacNaught, coach of the Midtown Athletic Club. Oil Campbell had pointed him out to him in the hotel dining room before the Carnation Games.

"Thanks," Moby said. "Glad you liked it."

MacNaught took a card from his pocketbook and wrote something on the back of it.

"When you get through at Trent drop me a line," he said. "Maybe we could make a place for you on the M. A. C. team."

On Monday, when Moby got his last pay check of the year from the city, he took it over to Flannigan's office. Flannigan seemed to be surprised to see him.

"I was just kidding about that bill," he said. "Forget it."

XV

IT WAS raining when the train left Gordonsville, and the rain running down the gullies in the red clay banks on each side of the railway cutting was red too. Moby stood on the rear platform of the last car and watched the rain beating on the parched cross ties and the water in the gullies.

The track coming out from under the car wheels and dropping behind the train began to curve now, and presently, after they left Cobham and Keswick, ran along beside the Rivanna. The country rolled away from him on each side in plowed swells. He could almost hear the earth soaking up the rain, and once, when the train slowed down momentarily, with a long "who-o-o" from the engine up ahead, he thought he could smell too the fresh, earthy smell of drenched, tilled land.

Jefferson's Mountain rose against the river on his left and almost immediately the woolen-mills dam splashed red and white water below him and he was home. The rain had stopped when he got off the train, and it was getting dark. Big Moby took his bag and said, "Hi, kid," and put his bag in the back seat of the flivver. The wheels of the car were caked with clay and there was clay at the bottoms of Big Moby's old flannel trousers. Big Moby was bareheaded and the platform lights shone on his forehead. His forehead went farther back over his temples than Moby remembered, and the lights from the flivver came through his hair and outlined his scalp with a fringe of brightness. Big Moby, he realized suddenly, was thirty-two.

Big Moby said, "Supper'll be ready," and turned the flivver up the little hill by the livery stable. Moby saw a taxicab in the doorway and remembered that it wasn't a livery stable any more, and thinking about that and about Big Moby's thinning hair made him sad.

A one-man trolley bumped along beside him, rocking and swaying over the single track in the middle of the street. He could see Joe Haskel sitting on the little driver's stool in the front of the car, thumping his heel on a knob of steel in the floor to make the gong ring for the corners. Joe was a definite link with the past, he thought. Seeing Joe made him think of the old open summer trolleys with wooden benches running all the way across the car and wooden runways up and down the side, on which Joe hung precariously to collect fares. It made him think of the spring house at Fry's Springs, with its green moss-covered shingles and its round cylinder of tangy, iron water set in the damp concrete floor. You dipped tin cups hung by chains into the water and looked down the sides of your nose to see advertisements on the bottoms of the cups as you drank. It made him think, too, of running up the long plank walk from the spring house, heart thumping, to catch the last trolley home, and the ride through the night with the trolley moving in a zone of light, and outside of the zone of light, in the thick darkness, lightning bugs coming up out of the grass, and the cool night air blowing through the cowlick on his forehead.

Joe was peering nearsightedly through the specked sliding window at the front of the car, and Moby wondered if the taxis and the new traffic lights and the big new hotel with the searchlight on top of it bothered him or hurried the slow current of his mind.

The arc light hanging over the street in front of the house sputtered and hissed when they drove under it, and insects beat themselves against it and fell like sparks spinning out of sight as they had done ever since he could remember.

Coming home always filled him with a vague melancholia. All the places he saw reminded him of things he had done and people he had known, and each change, no matter how small, jarred against his mood and closed a door on little rooms full of memories in his mind.

Aunt Patsy said, "Lawd, chile you sho is gettin' tall," and he wondered if Aunt Patsy felt that way because he was really taller or because, with some unaccountable alchemy of the flesh, she had shrunk and was smaller and more wrinkled and mummylike.

At dinner he felt quiet and subdued. He ate his baked ham and hot bread spread with Aunt Patsy's quince marmalade, and listened to Big Moby and Nelly talk about the Tristate Meet and the football prospects for the fall, answering in monosyllables.

After supper he sat with Big Moby on the long shadowy porch that ran around three sides of the house, his feet propped on the balustrade, his eyes half closed, and listened to Big Moby's voice coming through the darkness to him. Aunt Patsy went past the corner of the porch with a bundle under her arm. Big Moby said, "I hope she's left us something for breakfast," and laughed.

"I've arranged with Sam Randolph for you to handle his work at the ice plant again this summer," Big Moby said. "You can start any time you like."

He seemed pleased about it, and Moby realized that he must have been working on Sam for weeks to get the job for him. Local summer jobs were hard to get, and Sam paid better wages than most of the other merchants.

"I'm sorry you went to all that trouble," Moby said. "Holmes has lined up a summer-camp job for me. I've got a chance to be a councilor at Camp Briar Beck up in Maine. An old Trent man owns it."

Big Moby didn't say anything for a while. Then he said, "That's fine. I imagine it sounds more attractive than slaving away at an ice plant."

"I'm lucky to get it," Moby said. "A lot of fellows at school tried to get it, but the owner of the camp seemed to think the kids would look up more to a letter man. I'm to teach 'em punting and organize the big summer track meet."

"Holmes is mighty good to you."

He was, Moby admitted, a good apple.

Big Moby looked at the end of his cigarette a minute.

(Continued on Page 177)

The Half-Scared, Half-Angry Feeling Stayed With Him Through Two Heats and the Finals of High Hurdles, and He Won the Finals in Fifteen and One-Tenth Seconds

CARBON in a copper dish*

instead of in your engine

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Black Hawk	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
De Soto	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

The manufacturing—not the crude—keeps down hard carbon deposits in your engine.

Carbon is a deadly enemy of your engine. It quickly dulls the most brilliant engine performance. Carbon makes your car lag in traffic; makes it knock on hills; makes it waste gasoline.

Just because an oil is made from some particular crude is no guarantee that it will keep down carbon in your engine.

A dozen oils of widely different character can be made from the same crude. Two oils from the same crude may vary widely in carbon content.

In the Mobiloil laboratories, Mobiloil is designed to keep down carbon in your engine. It is designed to keep down engine wear, to prevent gumming, and to resist heat.

Mobiloil is made by the most modern and highly developed oil refining equipment in existence.

A chemist has burned that Mobiloil in a copper dish. He has weighed, measured, and tested the kind of carbon it leaves. It is right for your engine only if that carbon is so soft and flaky that most of it will be blown out with the exhaust gases.

You can quickly find the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car in the chart at the left. Ask for it the next time your engine needs oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

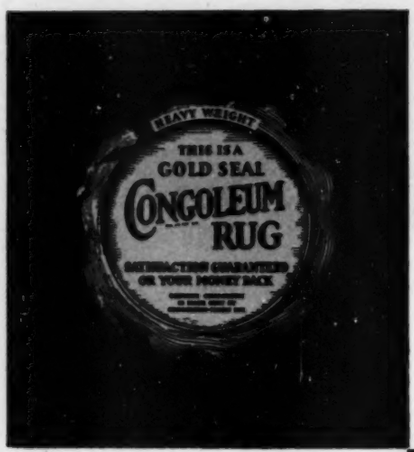
Motor oil is *made* . . . not *found!*

Mobiloil

"That which pleases long and pleases many must possess some merit"

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

.....and if the good Doctor were alive today he would be obliged to add, "And is sure to have many imitators." .....



GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs have pleased *long*—seventeen years to be exact. They have pleased *many*. (We could have written "millions" instead of "many" and still lay claim to modesty of phrase.) In fact, they have pleased so many so well, that for some time certain manufacturers have been making imitations (some even with names ending in "oleum") which unsuspecting purchasers buy—thinking them to be the genuine Congoleum.

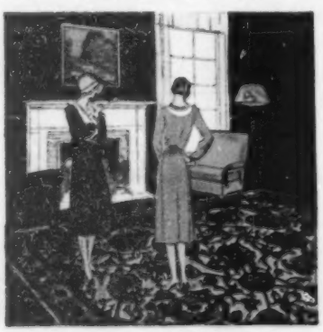
Genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs have earned for themselves a world-wide reputation for quality, beauty and low cost. That reputation has been earned because this company has the resources, the experience, and the will to make and keep Gold Seal Congoleum the biggest value in smooth-surfaced floor-coverings.

There is one—*and only one* Gold Seal Congoleum. Ask for it by name—be sure you get it. Both the rugs and all-over floor-covering may easily be identified by the Gold Seal which is pasted on the face of the pattern. This Seal is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Note how the Gold Seal is pasted right on the face of the pattern. You cannot miss it—nor can you afford to miss it!

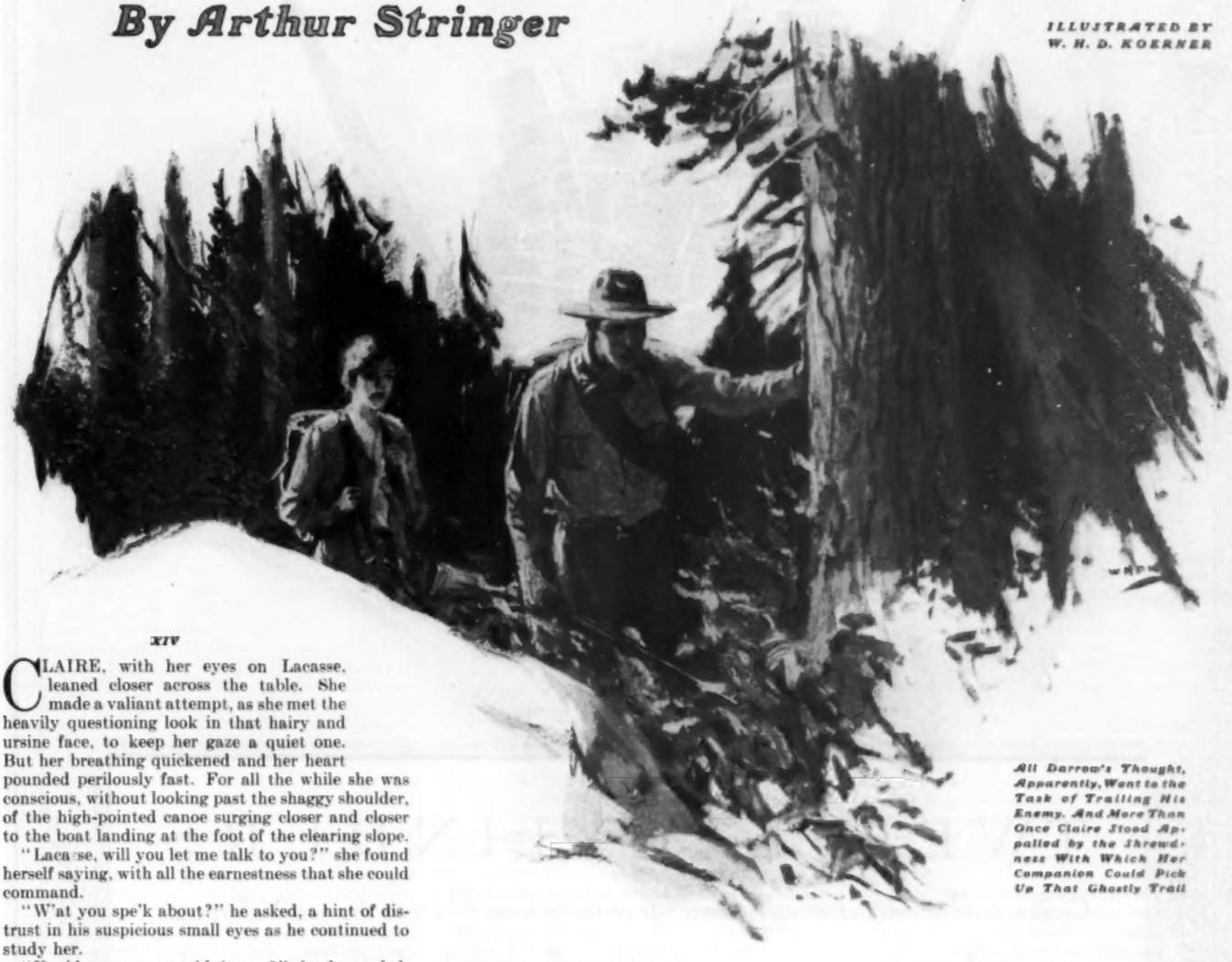
You can beautify any room very inexpensively, with a Gold Seal Congoleum Rug—and at the same time banish old-fashioned cleaning drudgery as well.



THE SQUAW WOMAN

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



All Darrow's Thought, Apparently, Went to the Task of Trailing His Enemy. And More Than Once Claire Stood Appalled by the Shrewdness With Which Her Companion Could Pick Up That Ghostly Trail

XIV

CLAIRE, with her eyes on Lacasse, leaned closer across the table. She made a valiant attempt, as she met the heavily questioning look in that hairy and ursine face, to keep her gaze a quiet one. But her breathing quickened and her heart pounded perilously fast. For all the while she was conscious, without looking past the shaggy shoulder, of the high-pointed canoe surging closer and closer to the boat landing at the foot of the clearing slope.

"Lacasse, will you let me talk to you?" she found herself saying, with all the earnestness that she could command.

"W'at you spe'k about?" he asked, a hint of distrust in his suspicious small eyes as he continued to study her.

"You'd trust me, wouldn't you?" she demanded. But a shadow of suspicion remained in the indolently watching eyes.

"I trus' no woman," he stolidly averred.

"But you believe I've been honest with you?" she questioned.

Yet her mind, as she spoke, was not entirely on the words she was uttering. She was remembering that this strangely troubled summer, in bringing her new enemies, had also brought her a new wariness. And she was remembering, in her desperation, that every minute she could keep Lacasse there in his seat was another precious minute gained for the purpose in hand.

"W'at you mean by all dis?" he inquired, frowning over some faint but inexplicable change in her.

"I mean I want to talk to you, man to man," she persisted. "Will you listen to me?"

"*Mais oui*," he replied, letting his great arm fall lazily to his side. And that, she remembered, was another move in her favor.

"Then let's not have this thing between us," she suggested as she quietly reached out to the rifle that lay along the table top.

But he stopped her, with a gesture that was both abrupt and savage.

"*Mais non*," he proclaimed. "Dat ol' gun, she stay weet' me. She stay weet' me all de tam!" He passed a dark and hairy hand along the worn barrel, where the metal showed paler from its countless caresses. "She ees my on'y fr'en'."

"Aren't you willing to count me as your friend?" asked the somnolently alert woman, forlornly fencing for time. Darrow and the canoe, she felt, must soon be at the landing.

Lacasse shrugged, but essayed no direct answer to her question. For the second time her hand reached guardedly out toward the metal barrel.

"But I am a woman," she protested, "and I hate the sight of such things. They make me think of hate. And there must be no hate between us."

She still puzzled him, apparently, for he inspected her with a querulously narrowed eye. But his fingers remained clamped about the worn walnut stock.

"She ees my on'y fr'en'," he repeated.

"Then unload it," she pleaded, forcing herself to rest a hand on his shaggy arm. He looked condoningly down on that small hand. But he moved his head from side to side, in negation.

"Please," she implored, leaning farther over the table edge as, with an effort at a disarming smile, she caught the sagging lapels of his hunting jacket in her hands. For she knew as she did so that Darrow, unarmed and unsuspecting, was within ten paces of the open door.

"W'at's de matter weet you?" demanded Lacasse, alarmed by an intensity in her face that could no longer be concealed.

She did not release her hold; she did not even look up, as she became conscious of the shadow in the doorway. She knew that the shadow was Darrow, staring in at them with startled eyes. And she knew that it marked some unpredicted plunge into violence, into uncouth and primitive ferocities that were once far removed from her path of life. It would be ugly and primordial and attended with danger, but she could discern no way of escaping it. And she owed that hour of violence to the man who had protected her.

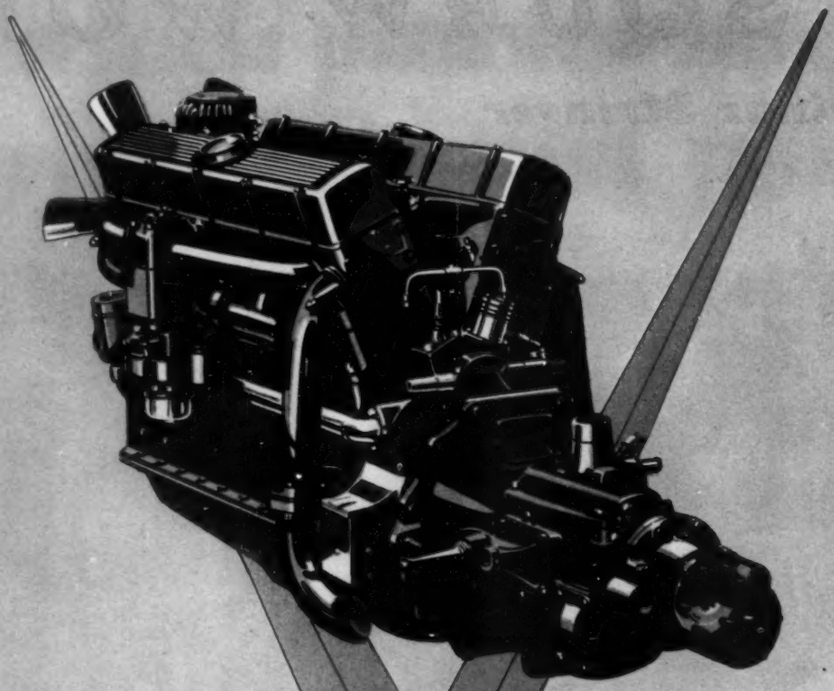
"Go back!" she cried in a voice shrill with terror. "Go back, or he'll kill you!"

But Darrow, in his bewilderment, made no effort to go back. He found no time, in fact, to make that suggested escape. For Lacasse, with a singularly quick double movement, tore himself free of the clutching hands at the same time that he caught up the rifle. Then he swung about where he stood, in a half crouch that looked singularly feral in its startled ferocity.

And still the wondering Darrow made no effort to escape.

It was Claire, in that emergency, who thought quickest and moved first. She had no time to round the table. But clutching its edge, she overturned it abruptly against the shaggy figure with the leveled rifle barrel. It struck him, apparently, at the same moment that his finger pressed the trigger. For his shot, going wild, shattered the green glass globe of the reading lamp on the side table against the wall. Before he could shoot again, Claire had flung herself

(Continued on Page 39)

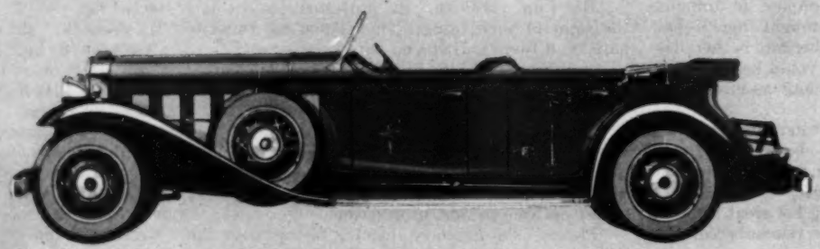


TWELVE CYLINDERS

Cadillac now rounds out complete coverage of the fine car field with the new V-Type 12

+ + a car of exquisite beauty and surpassed in performance by the Cadillac V-16 only

Coachwork by Fisher and Fleetwood—Prices range from $3795 to $4995, f. o. b. Detroit



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Before He Could Shoot Again, Claire Had Flung Herself on Him, Clinging to His Arms, Clutching at the Wavering Rifle Barrel, Calling Out to Her Camp Mate to Get Away While He Had a Chance

(Continued from Page 37)

on him, clinging to his arms, clutching at the wavering rifle barrel, calling out to her camp mate to get away while he had a chance. But still Darrow made no effort to escape. He caught his own rifle from the gun rack, found it empty, and brought it clublike down on Lacasse's shaggy head, who merely grunted as he pushed the woman violently aside. But she was on her feet, a moment later, flinging herself on the long-barreled rifle as it once more wavered and poised in the direction of Darrow. The second bullet tore into the floor boards as Lacasse dodging Darrow's clubbed rifle, tore himself loose from Claire's clinging fingers. Then, falling across a chair and recovering himself, the embattled bush loper bolted for the open door.

"Quick," gasped Darrow, watching the shaggy figure as it crossed the clearing, "get me something that will shoot."

Claire, shaking with an odd revulsion of feeling in the face of such violence, started toward her room door, remembering the pistol hidden away there. But she stopped even as she heard Darrow's frantic cry of, "Don't let that maniac get away!"

He swung about on her, the wine of violence still strong in his veins. "Why aren't you getting it?" he shouted.

She realized, as she heard him, how thin a partition stood between civilization and savagery. He was the brute again, lusting for the blood of a fellow being. Yet she could not hate him for his brutality. It even awakened something dormant and dangerous in her own blood. He looked foolishly heroic to her, for all the anger in his eyes as he glowered at her in her failure to do as he asked.

"I don't want you to kill that man," she said with unexpected quietness. Her hands, however, were still tremulous.

"You want him to kill me," cried Darrow, still in the backwash of his unreasonable wrath.

"I've just tried to keep him from doing that," Claire reminded him.

"But this sort of thing can't go on forever," contended the other, still peering from the open doorway. "He's got to be killed. We can't have that fool hanging about our heels and taking pot shots at us every time we leave this camp. And in country like this, I've learned, you've got to do your own police work."

Still again she realized how thin over innate ferocities lay the veneer of civilization. Never before in her life had she been confronted by such things. And as she stared out over the illimitable forest lands into which their enemy had disappeared, a new and formless sort of fear took possession of her. She even shuddered as Darrow turned angrily away and left her standing there alone. But he was back, a minute later, with a tightened line of determination about his mouth and a box of shells in his hand.

"What are you going to do?" she asked as he filled a stained leather bandoleer with the cartridges and buckled it about his shoulder. This gave him, for some reason, an abrupt note of power, the same vaguely disturbing note which she had caught from the pistol holster and brass-spangled belt of a state trooper who had once stopped her for speeding on the Lincoln Highway.

"I'm going out to find Lacasse," retorted Darrow, "even if I have to trail him to the Pole."

"And am I to be left alone here?" she asked as he took up his rifle and loaded it.

He stopped short at that, his frown deepening as he looked into her quietly questioning eyes. And the silence prolonged between them as he stared at her.

"Where's Singing Pine?" Claire asked out of that silence.

She noticed, as he spoke, a vague look of abashment on his face.

"She refused to come back. She seems to prefer Laird's Point and poverty to us."

Claire started to speak, but checked herself. It was not the time, she remembered, for empty and foolish taunts.

"Then I'd be alone again," she reminded the man with the rifle.

Darrow put down the firearm. Then he walked to the door, looked out, and turned back to her.

"I can't ask you to go through all that again," he told her in a slightly muffled voice. "If we don't go out after Lacasse we've got to abandon Camp Reliance and make our way down to railhead."

She stood motionless a moment, as though arrested by an unexpected blow.

"I haven't asked you for that," she said with forcibly achieved quietness.

"But we seem to get things without asking for them, up here," he answered with the habitual note of bitterness once more in his voice. "There's always something, apparently, to keep you from being too happy."

"And you were happy here," she meditatively observed, "before I came and spoilt everything for you."

"I was thinking of Lacasse," he said with protective curtness. "What I came up here for was peace. I wanted to be sure of myself, and make terms with life again. I wanted an environment that I could master. But you can't have much peace with a malignant half-wit hanging about the edges of your world."

"He may never bother us again," suggested Claire.

"But that's a fact we have to be sure of," contended Darrow, once more at the door. "And I can't ask you to stand much more of this sort of thing."

She stepped a little closer to the narrow doorway where he stood between her and the light.

"But wouldn't it seem like running away again," she suggested, "to pack up and go out at a time like this?"

"I want to make sure of your safety," he said, without looking at her as he spoke.

"But you've been happy up here," she once more reminded him.

"Well, that's over," he said with his curtly ironic laugh. "You think you've got your world pretty well organized, and along comes some outsider to knock everything into a cocked hat."

She nodded understandingly. "But that seems to happen, no matter where we are," she observed as she stepped back to right the overturned table.

He stood watching her as she picked up some broken fragments of chinaware.

"What do you want me to do?" he demanded, with a sharpening sense of isolation.

"I don't want to be left alone," she said with an unexpected quaver in her voice.

"That means, if I'm going to find Lacasse, that you'll have to come along with me."

"I'm willing to," she said with the utmost simplicity. Yet that acknowledgment, with all its implications, brought little joy to his lean and sun-tanned face.

"It may mean considerable hardship," he frowningly explained. "Since Lacasse is traveling on foot,

(Continued on Page 105)

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Hard Times

SALESMEN comment often on the surprisingly large number of highly rated concerns located in very small trading centers. It is not at all uncommon to find a merchant in a town of less than a thousand people, engaged in the implement business usually, who is estimated by the commercial reporters as being worth a half million or more. My first territory included ten counties out in the Wheat Belt, and the largest town was a scant two thousand, but I can remember offhand three implement dealers and one proprietor of a general store on whom ratings had been furnished us of C-1½ or better.

Possessed of an overwhelming bump of curiosity, I was always trying to find the story behind such an enterprise, usually without success. Gray-haired and taciturn, the builders of these institutions are inclined to silence under even the most adroit questioning, or, what is worse, they may tell a long and involved story which leaves the impression of being a little of everything on earth but the essential truth. Just once, time and chance brought about a more confidential contact with old Ed MacWhitten, "the King of Billtown," who operated a hardware store, an implement house, a garage, a wholesale gasoline-and-oil business, a grain elevator—who was mayor and member of the school board in and for the village of Williamstown. Ed also farmed a tract of some two thousand acres of prime wheat land, drew royalties from oil land in Oklahoma, owned important blocks of stocks in several county-seat banks near at hand.

On the occasion mentioned, Uncle Jim MacIntyre and I were both in Ed's office one night, taking advantage of the late hour in the hope of finding our prospect undisturbed by customers in the store. Business was unbelievably bad. It was early July and the hot winds were with us—the wheat was gone and the corn was going. Worse, it was the fifth consecutive year of almost total crop failure in that section. I had found few retailers sufficiently bold to attach their signatures to an order blank in the week since the first scorching blast had come up from the parched Southwest, and Uncle Jim blasphemously confided he had not sold so much as a two-quart crock for ten days.

Ready for All Customers

I was trying to maintain an air of confident optimism. "Listen, Ed," I urged, "conditions look bad to 99 per cent of the business men out here just now, but that opens up a real opportunity to the one per centers who have gumption enough to realize that competition has let down and quit trying. Take my own case, for example. I'm about the only oil salesman left on the territory. Most of the other firms have taken their men off—have given up the scrap. But my house believes in keeping on in spite of difficulties. Some of these tractors are going to run, and some dealer who looks at things the same way we do is going to sell them their oil and make money. I want you to sell a carload of oil this summer, but you can't do it if you make up your mind business is bad and quit trying. Your own case ought to be the best proof that I'm right. You say you have been in business here thirty-five years, which means you were just getting your start back in the hard years from 1890 to 1895. I was just getting born in those days and you and Uncle Jim were young squirts like I am now—but he was making good on the territory and you were laying the foundations of a mighty successful business. Conditions were worse than they are today—you had five-year droughts and grasshoppers and low prices on farm products and general business depressions to fight. But you made the grade—how about it?"

"Well," Ed admitted, "things were worse than they are now. It was 1888, the last year of the boom, when I teamed my first stock of goods out here from Frankfort and set up in the hardware-and-implement business. We didn't have any railroad then, but we had lots of land which was being rapidly broken up by the settlers. I invested eight thousand dollars in stock and equipment, part of which was purchased from Uncle Jim here. You remember, Jim, you come out from Lincoln with a bay team and a rubber-tired buggy. You had an armful of Moody and Sankey song books in your grip and a jug of whisky under the seat. You pulled out whichever you thought your customer liked best."

"Yeah, them were the days," agreed Uncle Jim. "But I disremember which you took to the most. After we had mopped up all my good drinking liquor, you borrowed my rig and went out to No. 11 Schoolhouse to organize a singing bee. You made a night of it and I didn't get the team bedded down until three A.M."

"Plenty of fun," agreed the King of Billtown, "but we mixed it up with a sight of hard work. When the hot winds burned us out in 1889 I was spread all over the county. I had sold enough plows and harness on credit to break half the sod west of the hundredth meridian. To say nothing of breaking a dozen dealers with such limited capital as I possessed. We lived on corn bread and boiled potatoes that winter, varied with an occasional jack rabbit brought in by Bose and Ring, my pair of greyhounds. Dad was living with us and he claimed we used to dip the hind leg of a jack rabbit in a pot of hot water and call it soup. We would use the same hind leg for a half dozen meals. By 1894, though, we didn't even have jack-rabbit meat. Everything was so dry that summer that the jacks all starved or left the country."

Building a Credit Rating

"With things that way, there was just one thing to do, which was to get busy and collect. I got me a horse and buggy and spent the most of the next six months out in the country getting money or good notes from folks who owed me. Every time I persuaded some uncautious Bohemian farmer to dig up his tomato can and hand me some real money, it went by registered mail to the wholesale implement houses. Whenever a good note, secured by a team of horses or a pair of shotes, was extracted from a reluctant debtor, it went to swell the collateral against my own notes in the Kansas City banks, where my creditors had, in their turn, hocked them against their own commitments.

"At the end of the first half year I found I had not only succeeded in keeping my own paper good but had uncovered a surprising source of new sales. Folks may live close to the line of starvation, but when they need a stove or a wagon or an incubator somebody has got to sell it to them. And they always hunt up a place to buy where they do not owe an overdue account. None of my accounts or notes were past due. I drove out and stayed with the delinquent until he gave me the money or a secured note which I could place against my own obligations. Nearly every such two-fisted collection effort resulted in an immediate additional sale of some piece of equipment which my debtor had to have. More than that, they knew they were in the clear with me, were not afraid to look me in the face, so they came into the store and bought more stuff—which would have been sold by someone else, sure as shootin', had I been so careless as to let them get behind in their accounts. I never refused credit to a farmer in my life—nor did I ever let a farmer run overdue on an account or a note given me for a purchase.

"I was able to hold my own by actively continuing this kind of work for five or six years, but did not progress very noticeably. But when we came finally down to the banner crop of 1896, my credit with the implement houses was unlimited and I was able to buy when practically every other dealer in our section was unable to fill up his stock to meet the demand. We sold over two hundred wheat binders that year and not less than a hundred and fifty wagons. The surprise of my life came late that summer when the credit man for my wholesalers came out to check over the account. He showed me where my place was rated at fifty thousand dollars, first-grade credit.

"I have never since been in a position so dangerous as during those first few years. We have had depressions and crop failures and low prices and wars and Wall Street panics, but I stay in the clear and keep the channels of trade open by maintaining my own credit and that of all my customers. It is really a process of taking advantage of the failures of other merchants who won't pay the price in hard work and sunburn—who are so bashful that they won't ask a debtor to pay up or secure what he owes. Maybe you noticed that I have been keeping the store alone today. That's because Joe and Ed Junior are out in the country, chasing down delinquent accounts and trying to dig up a few orders for machinery. The harder times get, the busier we get. The boys haven't been in before ten P.M. a dozen nights this summer.

"We owe all our material wealth to the fact that we live in a country where the going is tough, but have made up our minds we are going to lick it instead of letting it lick us. By the way, young feller, you were talking about a carload of oil a while ago. What sort of a proposition can you make on a carload order?"

—GEORGE BIGGS.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"These Dollar Books are Going to Ruin the Publishing Business"

Buy a Used Buick and Enjoy the Thrill of a Big, Powerful Car

Big, roomy, powerful! A fine used Buick with all of Buick's famed roadability and reliability at the price of a small new car! What other motor car investment can compare with this from the twin standpoints of enjoyment and economy!

To save money is one thing. To save money yet obtain the *genuine luxury* of a used Buick at bargain prices is the height of wise buying. And your Buick Dealer is now offering used Buicks which retain as much as 80% of their original mileage for as little as 60% of their original cost.

You and the family will enjoy the extra distinction, extra comfort, extra roominess and roadability which permit Buick passengers to derive the fullest satisfaction from every mile of travel.

You will rejoice in the virile performance of the Buick Valve-in-Head engine—the thrill of big car mastery—as you sweep smoothly and silently through traffic, over hills and past other cars with that superb ease which has made Buick a two-to-one choice among cars in its price class.

And you can count on day-after-day reliability and year-after-year endurance, of course. A Buick is always a Buick. It has the rare capacity of *remaining young*, as is proved by the fact that many Buicks are serving faithfully with more than 100,000 miles on the speedometer.

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
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Buick

Buy with confidence from the

General Motors Radio Dealers are *Exclusive* dealers.....benefiting by close factory co-operation....and backed by national service.....all to protect your investment in radio.

GM GENERAL MOTORS RADIO

When you consider making an investment in radio, call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community. You will find him the type of business man you like to deal with—a responsible merchant, building his business on the good-will and satisfaction which grow out of the sale of General Motors radios. Naturally, you can expect a more personal interest in your purchase from such a dealer—an *exclusive* dealer.

Standing squarely behind the General Motors Radio dealer and co-operating directly with him is the factory—the General Motors Radio Corporation—providing everything possible in its product to bring continued pleasure and satisfaction to General Motors Radio owners.

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Five distinguished period models. Prices without tubes, the Hepplewhite, $136; the Sheraton, $152; the Late Italian, $172; the Queen Anne radio-phonograph, $198; and the Georgian radio-phonograph, $270. Any model may be purchased on the liberal GMAC plan of convenient payment.

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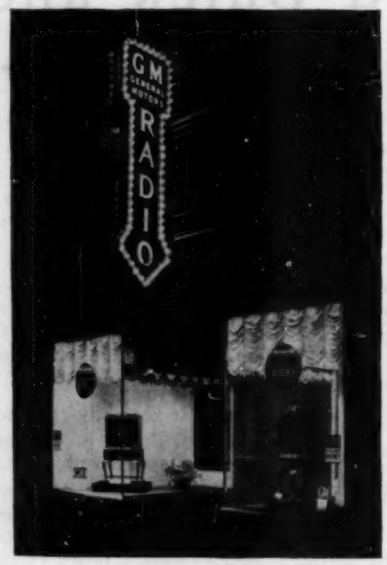
* * *

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO



Authorized General Motors Radio dealers are identified by the large arrow-shaped sign illustrated above, and by signs which are a reproduction of the General Motors Radio trade-mark.

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¶ *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

MIDWINTER

(Continued from Page 5)

of good looks, that she had the right to make her life over again, never occurred to her. She was too busy to think much about herself. When she knew that it would be possible for John to go to Chatham, and then—provided, of course, that the business prospered—to college, it was her greatest happiness.

And John had fulfilled all her hopes. During his first year at Chatham he stood, in scholarship, close to the top of his form. The second year he had fallen off a little, but that was natural, perhaps; he was busy with so many other things. For in the fall, when he was just sixteen, he had won his C in the big game with the Suffolk School, going in as a substitute end in the last quarter. Louise subscribed to the school weekly and thrilled when she read that "J. Blake played a fine offensive game." In the spring he went out for baseball and played through an errorless season in left field; and each week Louise struggled with the box score. That summer John didn't come home. He wrote that one of the masters, Mr. Ethridge, who taught mathematics, ran a summer camp for very young boys and had offered John a job as counselor. It was a great opportunity, John explained, as usually the counselors were college men or boys who had just graduated from Chatham. He would get all his expenses paid for the summer and make a little money too; and he wanted to do his share, after she had worked so hard. Louise cried when she read the letter. She had looked forward to having him with her that summer. At first she thought of writing, urging him to come home, pleading her own case, but she did not, and in the end she was more proud of him than ever.

The next fall John was elected president of his form, played brilliantly through the football season, but missed a week of his Christmas vacation because of low marks in two of his studies. That was because of football, Louise thought, and when he did get home she ventured once to talk to him as a man, a father, would, recalling that he had stood so well the first two years, explaining that studies should always come first. It sounded trite and sententious, she thought, coming from her, and John, for some reason, hadn't taken it very well. For the first time in his life he had been sullen. Evidently he was ashamed of those failures and didn't want to talk about them.

One day, just before the end of his vacation, he suggested that Louise come to Chatham for the winter prom, which was to take place early in February. Besides the dance, given by the two upper forms, the fifth and sixth, there was to be a hockey game with Suffolk, skiing—if there was enough snow—skating, surely, and a play and concert by the dramatic and musical clubs. John was chairman of the fifth-form prom committee and therefore he should escort a lady to the dance Some young lady, Louise told him. But John didn't want anyone but her—not even the pretty girl with whom he had, apparently, had such a desperate affair while he was in high school. Louise wondered why he was so firm. But she was pleased that he should want her. No one but John would have thought of such a charming thing. She would love to go.

She Hesitated. The Slope Was Perilously Steep. But it Wasn't Only Because of the Steepness. It Was Because of the Height on Which She Stood

It was a queer stroke of fate, she thought, that on her way to this dance at her son's school she should be dining in the same room with Donald. During the past six years she had scarcely ever thought of him. The memory of the old, unhappy days came sharply back to her.

She finished her dinner and ordered coffee. If she left the dining room before Donald he might recognize her as she went out. What would he do if he did recognize her? Nothing, probably. Pretend not to know her. Or bow, in the old casual manner, as if nothing had happened. But she didn't want him to know she had been there. If he did, then, for some reason, he would have more of a place in her thoughts. Now, still the invisible ghost, she could watch him go and forget that she had ever seen him. Probably they would go soon; they were part way through their meal when she came in. Perhaps they were dining early, before the theater. Though they might sit on, talking. Louise turned and looked over at their table. Donald had a slip of paper in his hand. He put it down on a plate, took a pencil from his pocket and wrote something on the paper. He put his hand in his pocket. Louise looked away. Evidently they had finished; he was about to tip the waiter. Then she thought: "But he didn't pay the bill; he signed it. He must have an account here. He could be traced." If she should ever want to find him for any reason ——

She heard them get up from the table. After a moment she looked across at the door. She saw Donald nod and say something to the head waiter. Then he followed his companion out of the room.

Louise waited for a few minutes and then left the restaurant and returned to her hotel. She went up to her room and to bed; she felt tired from the long train trip and tramping through the shops in the afternoon. But for a time she lay awake, thinking of Donald and of what he had done to John and to her and how it hadn't affected him, apparently, at all. That girl tonight—in a little while he would leave her for someone else; he had no sense of loyalty, of decency, no regard for anyone save himself. He would go on from one to another all his life. He had been that way, she knew, long before she married him—the spoiled, only child of indulgent parents. If, when he was young, they had done something about it —— But they had not, and this was what he had become. Possibly it was their fault as much as his. It was a terrible responsibility. And then, suddenly, she thought of John. Tomorrow she would be with him. She resolved to put the incident of Donald out of her mind. And thinking of

John and of the good times they would have together during the next three days, she fell asleep.

III

LOUISE dropped her book to her lap and gazed out of the car window. The bare patches on the low hills had gone; all the countryside was an even white. The roads, which near the city had been black and glistening or rivers of brown slush, were now scarcely distinguishable under the deep snow. The sun glittered in a clear blue sky. She looked at her watch. They were getting near Chatham. The train ran slowly through the high hills. She turned her chair away from the window and was conscious, suddenly, that someone was looking at her. She glanced up, straight into the eyes of the man sitting across the aisle. For a brief moment they stared at each other—and the feeling came to her, so strongly she almost inclined her head in his direction, that she had known him before. Then he looked away, and she saw he was a stranger. She raised her book and fixed her eyes on the page. She had had a fleeting impression of a dark, lean face—dark perhaps because of the strong light behind it—slightly arrogant, and eyes of a light, cold blue—cold as the winter sky. She had noticed him when he entered the car, partly because almost all the other occupants were young girls, bound, presumably, for the same destination as she; partly because she had a vague feeling that he was someone to be distinguished from the common herd. A rather thin man, of medium height; about forty, she thought. Out of the corner of her eye, now, she could see his foot, a long, thin foot incased in a black polished shoe and a woolen sock—heavy, patterned, such as men wear in the country. The foot moved suddenly. The man got up and went along the aisle.

The porter came in for her bags. They would be at Chatham in a few minutes. The young girls crowded ahead of her into the vestibule. A door clanged and a blast of cold air struck her as the train stopped.

Louise stood shivering on the station platform, scanning the faces of the crowd of boys, looking for John. There was much shouting and laughter. A tall figure swept up, and she felt two arms around her and John's kiss. She clung to him, saying: "John, dear! John, dear!"

"I've got a car around back," he said. He had grown, even since Christmas, it seemed to her. He must be nearly six feet. He had on an old gray tweed coat over a white sweater, long trousers tucked into heavy socks and his black ski boots. He picked up her two bags, and Louise followed him through the crowd.

As they came around the building to the rear platform, John suddenly set down one of the bags and snatched off his cap.

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning, Blake." The voice was curt. Louise looked up and saw the man who had sat opposite her in the train. Seeing that Louise was with John, he raised his hat, looked at her intently for an instant. Louise bowed as she went by.

Sitting beside John while the car climbed, chains rattling, up the snow-covered road to the inn, she felt a queer constraint. She had looked forward so to seeing John, and now she was tongue-tied. The curt, cold voice saying "Morning, Blake," had something to do with it. She had never thought of him as being anything but John to everyone. Here was a world with which she had nothing to do, where John had his own way to make.

"It's much colder than New York, John," she said at last.

"It snowed some last night," he said. "How about skiing after lunch? It's good snow. I brought some skis down to the inn for you."

"I'd love to. Who was the man you spoke to at the station?"

"That was Granny," John said in a different tone.

"Granny?"

"Mr. Grannis, the new head master."

"Oh." She remembered, now, that Doctor Underhill had retired about a year ago and a much younger man had been chosen to fill his place. "He looks very young, after Doctor Underhill."

"He's around forty," John said.

"That's very young," Louise said, smiling.

"Sure." John grinned at her. "He's been down in New York making a speech at some dinner."

"The boys like him, don't they?" she asked in a lower voice.

John didn't answer. She thought he hadn't understood and glanced around at him, repeating the question.

"Oh, yes."

"He sounded rather—cold," she said.

"He and I don't hit it off very well," John said, not looking at her.

"Why? What's the matter?" She felt suddenly frightened.

"Oh—nothing." John nodded toward the driver.

"You're not in any trouble, John?"

"It's nothing, mother." After a pause he said, "I wrote you about him."

"What?"

"He got the D.S.C. in the war," John said. Even if they didn't hit it off, John would pay tribute. "He was at Cambridge—England—and went into the Royal Flying Corps."

"Oh, yes," Louise said vaguely.

"I wrote you all about it," John said in a tone meaning: "Good Lord! You'd think people would remember a thing like that!" "He transferred to our service when we went in. He had eleven enemy ships to his credit, then he was shot down behind the German lines."

"Oh, he was captured."

"He wasn't captured long," said John, with a contemptuous laugh for the German failure to detain Mr. Grannis. "He escaped through Holland."

"He's English, then?" Louise asked after a moment.

"English!"

"You said he was at Cambridge——"

"He went to Cambridge after he left Harvard. He rowed on the Harvard crew three years an' then on the Cambridge crew. He was first marshal of his class an' Porcellian an' ——" He paused, at a loss for further distinctions.

"But you don't like him?" Louise said, smiling. The car drew up to the inn door.

"I didn't say I didn't like him," John said gruffly as he got out.

At lunch the subject of Mr. Grannis came up again. They were alone in the inn dining room. Louise asked:

"Where are all the pretty girls?"

"Oh, they're parked out at different masters' houses," John said.

"How do they decide who goes where? Does Mrs. Grannis get first choice?"

"There isn't any Mrs. Grannis," John said.

"Oh."

"So, of course, he can't put up any ladies. It wouldn't be proper."

"You should have asked some young, pretty girl, John."

"But I have." He leaned forward, elbows on the table, his hands flat against each cheek, and gazed at her—a gay smile on his lips. A vision of Donald leaning urgently across a table flashed in her mind. Smiling a gay, lover's smile.

She said sharply, "Sit up straight, John!"

"You're better-looking than any of 'em!" John said, still smiling.

"Thank you," she said evenly. "And take your elbows off the table."

"But the trouble is you're old-fashioned." He shook his head and removed his elbows to make room for the soup which a waitress placed before him.

Calmly Louise buttered a piece of bread. The picture of Donald kept coming back to her. But John wasn't like Donald. He was exclusively hers. He had her fair hair and gray eyes, not the liquid, brown eyes of Donald. His features were spare and fine, with a good, wide, strong mouth—not round, pursed up like Donald's. John was tall and strong and hard from football and baseball and the open air. Donald was soft from eating rich dinners and lingering in dim dining rooms. John didn't resemble him in any way. Not in any way.

They ate quickly. The snow was waiting, and winter afternoons were short. After lunch Louise went to her room to change. In the collection which Alice Ogden had sent her from Paris that fall was a skiing costume of horizon blue. When John spoke of the visit to Chatham the costume was still unsold, and the next day she bought it for herself. She put it on now; in the mirror it looked very gay and smart—perhaps it was too gay. She drew her fair hair tightly over her ears and pulled on a béret.

John was waiting for her in the snow beyond the inn porch. He stared at her, round-eyed.

"It's supposed to be invisible," Louise said, laughing, "like the French uniform."

"Not against snow," John said literally. He examined her. "You look like a boy." He indicated a pair of skis lying in the snow with two sticks stuck in beside them. "Those are yours—they belong to a second-former. He's in the infirmary."

"That's cheering."

"He's got pink eye." He knelt and adjusted the bindings to her boots. She bent each knee in turn until it touched the ski. John fitted his on quickly, gave himself a shove forward with his sticks and coasted down a gentle slope. Louise followed. He stopped and she slid up beside him. Her skis ran with scarcely an effort on her part. The snow was just right.

"How do they feel?" he asked.

"They're fine. But they're faster than mine at home."

"I waxed 'em yesterday," he said, grinning. "Well—there're the nursery slopes, on the other side of the school ——"

"You insult me."

"If you want a real run, there's one on the other side of the river."

"All right."

They went across a long level field of virgin snow toward the trace of a stone wall which marked the road. Behind them stretched and swiftly lengthened four shallow grooves, with the marks of the sticks every few feet along the grooves. Everything was still, frozen. There was no sound, save the hiss-hiss of their skis cutting the snow.

Skiing was like swimming, she thought, in a way—when you swam out, way beyond where the earthbound stayed, out toward the white line of surf on a far reef. You were in a different world, then—of quietness, with only the lap and wash of the waves, and peace. And by dipping below the surface and opening your eyes you found still another world—a queer, dim, blue-green one, so deathly still that it seemed that you yourself must have died. If you turned over and looked up through the water, you could see the light of that world—a misty, shivering globe, which was the sun.

And when a long, steep slope fell away below your ski tips and you leaned forward and dropped—that was like flying, only better. In a plane you had the noise, and the plane itself, which were of the earth. Not the way a bird must feel. But skis were really wings.

They crossed the road and ran down a long slope toward the woods at the edge of the river.

"There's the school," John said, glancing over his shoulder. Louise looked back and saw, set on a low hill, the red and white buildings of the school and the chapel spire rising from the center.

The river was a wide plain of snow. As they crossed it, she heard the sound of voices. In the distance, toward the school, she could see people skating. There was a hockey game going on. She heard the clash of sticks, sudden shouts, and the thud of steel on the hard ice. They climbed the opposite bank and went on across a long field and into woods again. Then it was uphill all the way. Gradually it grew steeper, but not steep enough to stop John from going straight up. Occasionally Louise's skis would slip suddenly backward, due to the recent waxing and the dry snow. It was tiring, straining to keep them in place, and she fell behind. She dug the sticks in hard at each step; the rawhide loops cut into her wrists. John went steadily on. She wasn't going to suggest resting—not yet, anyway.

And then John turned abruptly to the right and presently they came out of the woods. He stopped. Just ahead of him, she saw, the snow also stopped. Beyond was a void.

She slid forward, cautiously, to look over the edge. It dropped away so suddenly, so steeply, she could not see the slope of the hill, only the bottom, far below. It was a higher, steeper run than any she had ever taken.

"I wonder who that is," John said. "I thought Freddy Young was the only other one who knew about this place, and he had to take his girl skating."

In the field below Louise saw a dark figure moving slowly in their direction. There was no sign of anyone else in the white expanse at their feet or along the ridge on which they stood.

"You can go down over there, if you'd rather." He pointed with a stick to their right, where, she saw, the slope was much less sheer. Then he slid forward, dug his sticks in and heaved himself over the edge.

He vanished—as if he had dropped suddenly into an abyss. The next instant she saw him shoot out toward the other figure. For a split second there were two, close together—then John was far beyond. He didn't turn, but kept on and on. He looked a mile away.

She hesitated. The slope was perilously steep. But it wasn't only because

(Continued on Page 48)

CHRYSLER SIX

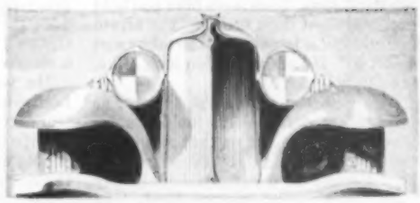
4-DOOR, 3-WINDOW ROYAL SEDAN

$845 F.O.B. Factory

Heir to Six great years of Chrysler achievement

FOR six years Chrysler has definitely led the industry in six-cylinder engineering—so much so that there has consistently been little or no comparison between Chrysler performance and other performance. Today the full force and results of that leadership are summed up and concentrated in this latest Chrysler Six—by six years a better car than the first Chrysler Six—and *at less than half the price!* To produce a Chrysler Six so fine as this at so low a price—*actually the lowest-priced Chrysler Six ever built*—is an accomplishment that even Chrysler had to achieve slowly, by logical steps. Six years of improved design—six years of discovery in scientific engineering—six years of precision craftsmanship—six years of developing the famous Chrysler speed, pick-up and smoothness—all find their full expression in today's Chrysler Six. This price class never before had so fine a car or so great a value. Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to prove it to you by actual demonstration.

CHRYSLER SIX PRICES: *Coupe, $795; Touring, $835; Roadster, $835; Royal Coupe, $835; 4-Door, 3-Window Royal Sedan, $845. All prices f. o. b. factory (wire wheel equipment extra).*



NEW CHRYSLER EIGHTS

Two new Straight Eights have won among eights that same leadership that Chrysler has long possessed among sixes.

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Standard Models—Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (6 wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*5-passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; 7-passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan Limousine $2895. Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, trunk rack and bumpers. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

Chrysler Eight and Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Chrysler Six models will be equipped on order.

(Continued from Page 46)

of the steepness. It was because of the height on which she stood, because the bottom was so far below, because John had dropped with such appalling speed. If she waited a moment longer she would never go down. She moved up to the verge, a little to the right of John's tracks. The tips of her skis ran out over nothing. She leaned forward. The tips cut down into the snow ——

As she dropped she crouched and, in an instant of panic, bore down hard on her sticks to abate her speed. It was no good. There was a blast of wind. Her breath left her. To keep her balance, to keep the skis straight—she struck the level with a jerk, swayed, recovered herself. Someone shouted. She saw, just ahead, a mound of snow. Instantly she twisted her body to the right, advancing the right ski, pressing her right heel hard to the left, throwing her weight to the right. She edged the right ski, and then the left, rounding out the swing until she stopped, facing almost up the hill. She kick-turned around. Over to her left she saw the mound which had lain directly in her path—a large rock almost covered with snow invisible from the summit.

"Well done!" a voice said. She turned her head farther to the left and saw the stranger. He disengaged his hand from the loop on one stick and raised his cap. She saw then that it was Mr. Grannis, the head master.

"Thank you for shouting," she gasped. "I couldn't see anything."

"Thank you for turning right," he said.

She saw then that if she had turned left she would probably have crashed straight into him. She laughed.

"That would have been"—she hesitated—"lese majesty, wouldn't it? You're Mr. Grannis."

"Yes."

"I can't claim any credit—I mean for turning right," she said. "I never could do it properly to the left. I'll always be one-sided."

"You do it very well to the right," he said. "You're Miss Blake, aren't you?"

She looked at him. He had said "Miss" distinctly.

"I'm Mrs. Blake." Was it possible that he was attempting the old, cheap compliment—pretending that he thought she was John's sister? She said, "I'm John's mother."

"I assure you," he said, "that the mistake was unintentional." His eyes never left hers. They were blue and cold under straight dark brows. "I'm afraid I should fail miserably at the other sort of thing." He added, "You look alike, you know."

He made the statement simply, as one stating a fact. His coldness repelled her; so much so that she could find nothing to say. His dark hair was clipped quite close and receded sharply from the peak on his forehead. The mouth was clean-shaven, broad and unsmiling. She wondered how he looked when he smiled—if he ever did. He turned his head to retake his stick, and the line of the skull and jaw, the rather prominent nose and high cheek bone, against the white snow, were like a head on a coin. In profile his face had a somber look. It drew her strangely.

He seemed lightly clad against the weather, she thought—an old brown tweed coat with leather buttons, khaki-colored shirt and a knitted tie to match, gray flannel trousers. His heavy skis and boots looked old and worn. She was conscious, suddenly, of her own brightly colored costume. She had a vague feeling that he disapproved of her, as being too smart and fashionable, and showy. And that, too, kept her silent.

She thought, "Well, anyway, I got down the hill and didn't fall down." She said, for something to say, "The snow's perfect for skiing."

"Perfect," he agreed. He put on his cap. It was dark blue, with a visor; the ear flaps, which were up, were tied in front with string. He looked younger with the cap on.

"I am caught playing hooky," he said, and smiled, showing white, strong teeth. It made him look entirely different. He added, surprisingly, half to himself, "On the hills of the moon."

It seemed a strange thing to say. She was silent. She glanced up the slope.

"Is that the name of it?" she asked. "We apologize for catching you. I assure you it was unintentional." Over his shoulder she saw John coming toward them, slowly.

Mr. Grannis smiled for the second time. "I came out here one night last month. After 'lights out,' breaking all rules. You should have seen it. The moon was a part of it. Another world."

It was strange—she felt that way, too, about the snow. She wanted to tell him that, but the right words wouldn't come. After a pause she said, "John said only he and another boy knew about the place."

The smile left his face. It was as if the mention of John's name had erased it. She felt that unmistakably, and the vague fear she had known that morning came back to her. And she felt, suddenly, that John did not want to be in that place while Mr. Grannis was there. Else, why had he run out so far? Why was he coming so slowly toward them?

They were silent as John approached. Mr. Grannis glanced at him as he came up, and nodded briefly. John pulled off his cap.

"Afternoon, sir." He began: "I don't believe you've met my mother ——"

Louise interrupted nervously, "Mr. Grannis saved me from a sudden end." She pointed at the rock with her stick.

"I forgot about that rock," John said. "I'm dreadfully sorry, mother ——" There was a pause. He said, looking at her, "Shall we try it again?"

"Oh, yes."

She thought: "If the three of us could spend the afternoon here. . . . Perhaps he would be more friendly to John, perhaps it was only his manner ——"

"I'll say good-by, Mrs. Blake," Mr. Grannis said, lifting his cap. "I've got a meeting at five ——"

He was not going to stay, then. Louise bowed and said nothing. It was still early. He could stay, if he wanted to. He nodded at John and left them, sliding easily, negligently, over toward the more gradual slope to the left.

Louise bent down and loosened the clamp of the binding around her right heel and then tightened it again. It did not need adjusting. She examined the bindings on each foot, taking her time. Then she stood erect.

"That's the best way up," John said, pointing in the direction Mr. Grannis had taken. They turned and went slowly toward the slope at the left. Above them Mr. Grannis climbed quickly, steadily. Louise climbed very slowly. When she and John reached the top Mr. Grannis had gone.

She went down twice again without mishap, and waited while John went down a third time. But for some reason the thrill had gone out of it. And presently the sun was going down. It grew colder. She rested, leaning on her sticks, and watched John shoot out across the field below for the last time. She felt a little tired from the climbs, and the sudden rushing drops had taken something out of her. Well, she wasn't as young as she once was. Certainly that was true.

He had wanted to get away from them. As quickly as possible. If it had been only for herself she wouldn't have cared. But John was involved in some way.

Then John came up over the crest and they started home. The going was easy down the hill through the woods. The skaters had gone from the river. It was getting dark when they crossed the road.

"I thought I'd better have supper at school," John said, as they started across the long field to the inn. "The play's at 8:15 and I've got to change an' everything. Do you mind?"

"I'll miss you."

"Will you be ready a little after eight—better make it eight?"

"That's all right for me."

They went on in silence for a few yards. Then John said, "We're going with Mr. and Mrs. Ethridge."

"Who?"

"Mr. Ethridge ran the camp last summer," John said.

"Oh, yes."

Suddenly he blurted out: "Mother, I thought I'd go back to that camp next summer."

His voice sounded strange. She glanced around at him.

"Oh, John! Not come home, again!"

"Well, it means I get everything free for three months, and the money ——"

"But you don't need that now ——"

"And I get a chance to play some ball ——"

"You can do that at home ——"

"It's not the same, mother. You don't understand."

Louise didn't say anything for a space. She watched the tips of her skis as they cut the snow—left, right, left, right.

"Are some of your friends going too?" she asked.

"Oh, one or two, probably."

She felt a sudden anger at Mr. Ethridge, that he should take John away another summer. She said, trying to keep the note of jealousy from her voice:

"You must be very devoted to Mr. Ethridge."

"Sure," John said, perfunctorily—not the way, she thought, in which he had spoken of Mr. Grannis. And yet he and Mr. Grannis didn't "hit it off very well."

"Is Mr. Ethridge old or young?" she asked.

"He's pretty old—fifty-five or so."

Louise smiled. Then she said sadly: "Then you won't get home at all this summer."

"Well, you see they go straight up to Maine after commencement."

"They?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Ethridge."

"Mrs. Ethridge is at the camp too?"

"Of course," John said carelessly.

The lights of the inn were close, and he increased his pace. And suddenly it struck her that in answering her question he had tried, too hard, to make his tone careless, and casual, as if Mrs. Ethridge's presence in the camp should be taken for granted. After a moment, she said:

"I just thought that for an older woman a boys' camp wouldn't be very comfortable."

"Mrs. Ethridge is—younger," John said.

Something in his voice, the way he hesitated, made her look around at him again. In the darkness she could see only the outline of his profile. He was gazing straight ahead.

She heard herself say, "How young is she?"

"Twenty-eight," he said, in the same strange voice. He added, instantly, "I don't know, about twenty-seven or eight, I guess."

She felt her heart miss a beat, and then begin pounding in her throat. Sudden, unaccountable fear seized her. There was something wrong, he was keeping something back. She said, forcing a laugh, "That is young."

"The play's pretty poor, I think," John went on quickly. "Some of us sneaked into the dress rehearsal yesterday. But everybody has to go to the thing ——"

A strained silence fell between them. They ran up alongside the inn porch and she knelt down quickly to loosen the bindings of her skis.

He said: "We'll come for you at eight, then. Mr. Ethridge has a car."

"All right, John." She stood up and kicked her feet free from the skis. He made a vague gesture with a stick, turned and struck out toward the hill which led to the school. She watched him until his tall figure vanished in the darkness. She thought of the evening three years ago when they had walked up the hill together, the first night he was to spend at school. They had spoken scarcely at all, but he had clung to her for a moment before she left him at the gates, a lonely little boy of fourteen. And now —— She shivered violently in the cold air. She was afraid—of what, she could not say. She could not explain it, but she felt that some danger threatened her son.

IV

LOUISE put on the simpler of her two evening dresses and went down to dinner. Evidently she was the inn's only guest; there was no one else in the dining room. All through dinner her mind kept returning to John and to what had happened that afternoon, and the feeling grew, until it obsessed her utterly, that he was in trouble of some kind. Yet when she tried to analyze it, her fears seemed baseless. There was no reason why Mr. Grannis, head master of the school, should be anything but perfectly formal with one of the boys, and if he had gone beyond that in John's case and was, as he had seemed, actually unfriendly to him, perhaps it was because John had had those low marks this year, after he had stood so well before. As for the other thing—John's wanting to go back to Mr. Ethridge's camp next summer and the strange way he had spoken of Mrs. Ethridge—that was all in her imagination. It was natural that he should want to go to camp again to be with his friends. There was nothing, really, to cause this worry. Last night had upset her—seeing Donald in that restaurant, after six years. That was the reason.

She finished dinner and went upstairs to get her evening wrap. John and Mr. and Mrs. Ethridge were coming for her at eight. She didn't want to go to the play, for some reason. And it struck her, more forcibly now, that she should never have come. John should have invited some young girl. She was thirty-seven and John's mother—and couldn't pretend to be anything else. There was nothing more terrible than an older generation stepping down. And yet, regarding herself

(Continued on Page 50)

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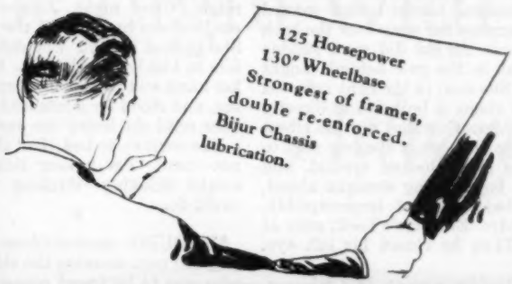

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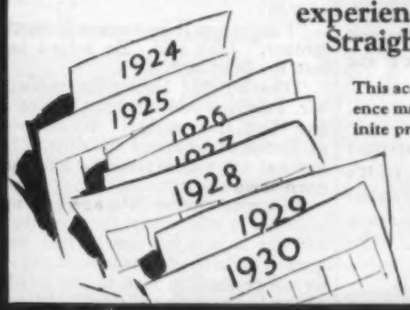

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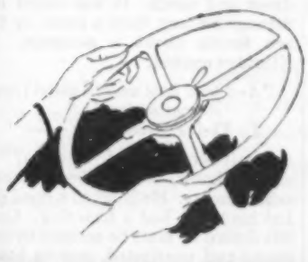

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•

"Si Harned, who claims to understand economics, says it's on account o' the lower cost o' high livin'.

•

"But Al Winters who runs the cigar store and ought to know, says no it's on account o' rocky fords. He claims they give a feller more fer a nickel than he has any right t' expect.

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(Continued from Page 48)

in her mirror—and shaking her head at her vanity—she didn't look a proper age to be his mother. Even Mr. Grannis had called her Miss Blake, and he wasn't given to cheap flattery, as he had, very coldly, explained.

John was waiting for her in the hall, high wing collar and black tie and stiff white shirt front showing above the collar of his overcoat. He had put on years since that afternoon. At the porch steps stood a small closed car, and beside it a short, thickset man in a heavy overcoat and a very new brown hat.

John said, "I'd like to have you meet Mr. Ethridge, mother."

Mr. Ethridge grabbed off his hat and seized Louise's hand. "Glad to meet you, Mrs. Blake," he said, with a hearty smile. He pumped her hand up and down, awkwardly. He had a broad, smooth-shaven, rather ugly face, with kind eyes shining through large, round spectacles. His hair was bushy, rather unkempt and heavily flecked with gray. He opened the rear door of the car.

"Mrs. Ethridge is trying to keep warm. Dear, here is Mrs. Blake."

"How do you do?" A measured, sweet voice came from the interior of the car. "You'll forgive my not getting out ——"

"Of course," Louise said, leaning over.

"I guess you'll be warmer in front, mother," John said. He helped her into the front seat.

"That's right! Nearer the engine," Mr. Ethridge said laughing. "Not a bad thing, these nights!" He beamed at Louise as he closed the door. The new hat was a little small for him and gave him a slightly comic air.

All the way to the village he kept up a stream of talk; about the car—they had got it that fall and he had just learned to drive—it was secondhand—no use pretending, look at the speedometer!—or, rather, "used." "Used car" was a sort of euphemism for "secondhand"; it sounded better—he wondered why. Louise couldn't say. Then about the play—Mr. Pierson, the English master, was the author, producer and coach. It was called How Strange a Story, from a poem by Horace Smith about a mummy. Mr. Ethridge quoted:

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three ——

or was it two thousand years ago?" He should know, he laughed, being a schoolmaster. He laughed a good deal, but his laugh had a true ring. Louise felt drawn to him; he seemed to be so genial and unaffected, and to have a vast capacity for enjoying things.

At the town hall, where the play was to be held, she saw Mrs. Ethridge clearly for the first time. They stood waiting, under the single glaring light, for Mr. Ethridge, who had gone on to park the car.

"I've heard so much about you from John," Mrs. Ethridge said in her low, sweet voice. Louise smiled politely, taking her in at a glance. Mrs. Ethridge was pretty. She had enormous dark eyes and a white, smooth skin. Her mouth was curved and rather full, and very, very slightly touched with rouge; perhaps, Louise thought, because of her position, she doesn't dare put much on. She had straight, dead-black hair, cut short in back, parted in the middle and falling just to the lobes of her ears.

Mr. Ethridge joined them and they entered the hall. At the opposite end was a stage; the curtain was still down. The rows of wooden chairs were almost filled, and a loud buzz of talk filled the room. As they followed the small boy usher to their seats, which were within a few rows of the stage, the lights in the hall suddenly went out and the curtain rolled up.

Mrs. Ethridge, standing in the aisle, said in a whisper, "Fred, you go first, then Mrs. Blake."

Mr. Ethridge nodded and squeezed by. Louise followed and sat down next to him. John, on her other side, passed two programs to her, and she gave one to Mr. Ethridge. Beyond John was Mrs. Ethridge. Louise turned toward John to arrange her wrap over the back of her chair. As she did so, a sudden movement in the row behind caught her eye. She saw, in the light reflected from the stage, a boy sitting directly back of Mrs. Ethridge dig his elbow gently into the side of the boy next to him. The latter looked around, and the first boy, gazing straight ahead, nodded twice, almost imperceptibly, once at Mrs. Ethridge's back, once at John's. Then he closed his left eye, slowly.

Mr. Ethridge's voice, in a whisper, came to her from a great distance. "'Act One. The Egyptian Room in the Oppidan Museum, 1930.'" He was reading from his program. Louise looked at the stage. Some figures were moving about, speaking. She tried to concentrate on what they were saying.

But she could not. Why had that boy nudged the other and nodded his head toward Mrs. Ethridge and John, and winked? There was a sudden burst of laughter from the audience. Mr. Ethridge slapped his knee and turned toward her, his glasses glinting. She managed a smile—at what, she did not know. What had that boy meant? And, suddenly, some force outside herself, stronger than she, made her glance down, to her right. She saw John's white cuff and his darker hand. And Mrs. Ethridge's white arm ran down to meet it and her hand was inclosed in his. Instantly she looked up. Vaguely she saw figures moving across the stage, heard their voices. There was another burst of laughter. She heard Mr. Ethridge's great hearty laugh. She sat, as if in a trance, staring at the stage.

The play dragged on. It seemed that it would never end. Again and again she tried to follow the action, but she could not. She comprehended nothing. And she had to sit there and see it through, and talk politely to Mr. Ethridge between the acts. To herself she prayed, over and over, "Let it end quickly, quickly!"

And then, at last, it did end.

They stood outside, waiting for the car. It was snowing again, and a bitter wind had come up. John stepped forward to help Mrs. Ethridge into the car—and at that moment Louise saw Mr. Grannis standing a few feet away. He was watching John and Mrs. Ethridge. Then, abruptly, he turned away and saw Louise. He bowed and, for an instant, looked straight into her eyes. And Louise knew that he knew.

"This looks like a real storm!" Mr. Ethridge laughed as the car shot forward. "You may get snowed in for the winter, Mrs. Blake."

"Yes," Louise said. She listened; John and Mrs. Ethridge were not talking. They sat there together, silently, in the darkness. The boy who had nudged the other. . . . They knew too. Didn't the whole school know, and smile and wink when they saw them together?

Mr. Ethridge talked about the storms they had had in other years. Louise said "Yes" and "Yes" and "Yes"; and she thought: "I could leave tomorrow and go home, on some excuse. I cannot face tomorrow and Monday—but that would be running away. I cannot do that. I must stay and do something before it is too late."

As the car drew up at the inn she opened the door quickly and jumped out.

"Please don't get out, anyone," she said. "It's freezing and I'm going to run. Good night, Mr. Ethridge, and thank you. Good night, Mrs. Ethridge. Good night, John—don't get out!" John had opened the rear door. She pushed it shut. She did not want him to kiss her good night. She waved her hand and ran up the steps into the inn, and stood for a moment inside the door until she heard the car move on.

She went up to bed. But sleep would not come. For a long time she lay awake thinking—thinking what she could do.

v

AS LOUISE came out from breakfast the next morning the elderly clerk who was to be found occasionally behind the desk in the front hall called to her:

"There's a letter came for you, ma'am." She went over to the desk and he gave her the letter. On the envelope was written "Mrs. Donald Blake." She didn't know the handwriting.

"It came down this morning, from the school," he said.

She thanked him and went into the sitting room, where a fire was burning. Standing by the mantel, she opened the envelope and unfolded a single sheet of note paper. The letterhead read Chatham School, and below, a little to one side, Office of the Head Master. There was a short note in longhand. She read:

My dear Mrs. Blake: If convenient to you, will you come to my office at the school after the morning service today, Sunday, at about twelve forty-five? I suggest this time because I shall be engaged all afternoon and must leave Chatham tomorrow morning to attend a trustees' meeting in Boston and because the matter I want to discuss with you is important. Very truly yours,

S. GRANNIS.

Mechanically she folded the note, put it back in the envelope and placed it on the mantelpiece. She went over to a window and looked out. Dead white everywhere, and a gray, bleak sky. No hope of sun. Last night's wind had stripped the branches of the trees bare. She turned back toward the fireplace and saw the letter. She could not bear to look at it. She wanted to put it out of her sight, as if by doing so she could banish it from her mind. But she could never do that. It had been written and she had read it. A letter was so much more deliberate and terrible than spoken words. "Because the matter is important," he had written. What did he mean? What else could he mean? The way he had looked at John and Mrs. Ethridge last night—and then at her. That was what he wanted to talk to her about. About John and that woman —— Blind, fierce hatred flamed in her. Mrs. Ethridge was the cause of it all—if, by wishing it, she could put her out of this world! She took the note from the mantel and threw it into the fire. She stood watching it until it dissolved into ash.

John was coming for her at 10:30 to take her to chapel. It was after ten

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

now. She would have to tell him that she could not go, say that she had a headache, give some excuse. But she had to go to Mr. Grannis' office after chapel. The thought made her heart drop. She would have to see Mr. Grannis. Possibly—oh, possibly!—it was something else he wanted to talk about. About John's studies, for instance. It might be something else entirely. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Grannis did not know. "But," she thought, "I know. As his mother, I should speak to him: 'Last night, John, I saw ——'" But she could not. She could not bring herself to say it.

She went up to her room and put on her hat and heavy coat and galoshes. As she came out on the porch, a few minutes later, she saw John coming down the road. She went to meet him, and he put an arm around her and kissed her, smiling. She wanted to kiss him this morning, because, whatever happened, he was her son, her own, and because he was in trouble, though he did not know it. She saw that he was dressed up for Sunday. He had on his dark blue overcoat and blue suit, a white shirt and starched collar, and a tie she had given him that Christmas.

"The play was better'n I thought it'd be," he said as they turned and started toward the school.

"It was fine," she said. She kept her eyes fixed on the crest of the hill. "John, I had a letter from Mr. Grannis."

"From Granny?" he asked casually. "What'd he want?"

"He asked me ——" she began, and couldn't go on.

"Is he giving a tea or something? He usually does this time ——"

"It wasn't to tea," she said. She burst out: "He asked me to come to see him in his office after chapel ——"

"Oh!" There was a new note in his voice. Then he said quickly: "It's about History and French, I suppose. Last term—you remember. He spoke to me about them when I got back after Christmas ——"

Louise looked up at him. The color had left his face.

"Is that it, John? Are you sure?"

He glanced at her and then dropped his eyes. "Of course. That's it. Well, I'm working harder this term. It'll be all right, mother." He took her arm and squeezed it. "Don't let's worry about that now. What d'you want to do this afternoon? Ski again?"

She did not answer, and John did not repeat the question. In silence they went on up the hill.

Louise had not been inside the gates since that September three years ago. The school wore a different aspect now. That other time it had been all color, red brick against the red and yellow of the changing leaves, and the bright green grass of the quadrangle, the brown tennis courts and the ivy on the chapel. Now the buildings stood out starkly against the snow and the gray lowering sky.

Little groups, dotting the quadrangle, converged upon the chapel. The chapel bell began to ring, a high, clear note. At the door a crowd was entering slowly, young girls, in little groups, each shepherded by a master's wife, boys all dressed like John, in dark suits and white collars, very quiet and dignified this morning, with solemn-looking faces.

Inside the door John whispered, "You have to go upstairs, you know," and Louise remembered, from three years ago, that the ground floor of the chapel was inviolably reserved for the school. It was a tradition that no female had ever sat there; even the masters' wives were placed, with the visitors, in the gallery. So Louise followed the others up the winding stairs. At the top a boy ushered her, with some girls and an older woman, to one of the pews in the front row.

Below her the school was streaming in. The organ was playing softly—she could see the organist, bent over the keys, at the right of the pulpit. Behind the lectern she saw Mr. Grannis and another man, an old man with gray hair, in a gown, sitting in two high-back seats against the wall. Above them was the window in memory of the graduates who had died in the Great War. Eight names. She read the names over to herself, and the words below, beginning "*Dulce et decorum est . . .*" It had thrilled her, three years ago, when she had first seen the window and read the names. She stared at it now, remembering. It meant to her—rather strangely, since death was the occasion for it—the deathless quality of the school. Wars would come and go, but this chapel would stand for all time. Other schools would spring up and last their little seasons—dependent upon the personality of some head master, or a new theory of education, or the whim of a rich man. Chatham would go on. It had gone on now—how many years? She tried to remember when it had been founded. It was as old, almost, as some of the older colleges. And that was quite old, for a country where so many things were new and change was the fashion.

And suddenly, for no reason that she could name, a picture of Donald came to her—Donald leaning across the table in that restaurant, looking into the eyes of the girl—and it seemed to her, for a moment, with Donald in her mind, that she had been presumptuous in sending John to this great school; as if there were some stain on him, as if she had tried to play a trick on the school and the other boys and the parents, and the trick had been exposed. And then, quickly, she remembered what John's record had been, in his studies, how popular he was—president of his form—and on the football and baseball teams, and how, yesterday, she could have faced any other mother proudly, yielding nothing.

She could not bring her mind to follow the service. Not after Mr. Grannis spoke, shortly, about the award of some prize and to welcome, on behalf of the school, the clergyman who was to preach to them that morning. Coming after the oratory of the prayer, with which the visiting clergyman had opened the service, his low, clear, matter-of-fact voice chilled her. She had, again, an impression of remoteness, of austerity. Her eyes kept returning to his dark, somber face. All she could think of was that in a few minutes she must see him, alone, and hear what he had to tell her. She stood up, when the others stood, and found her place in the hymnal, and bent in the attitude of prayer; and she longed for the sermon to end, because it held no meaning for her.

As she came out of the chapel John left a group of boys and walked over to her. She said at once:

"I'm going to Mr. Grannis' office."

"It's over in Shafton Hall," he said. "I'll show you."

They went through the crowd to the rear of the chapel and over to one of the larger buildings. At the entrance John stopped.

(Continued on Page 54)

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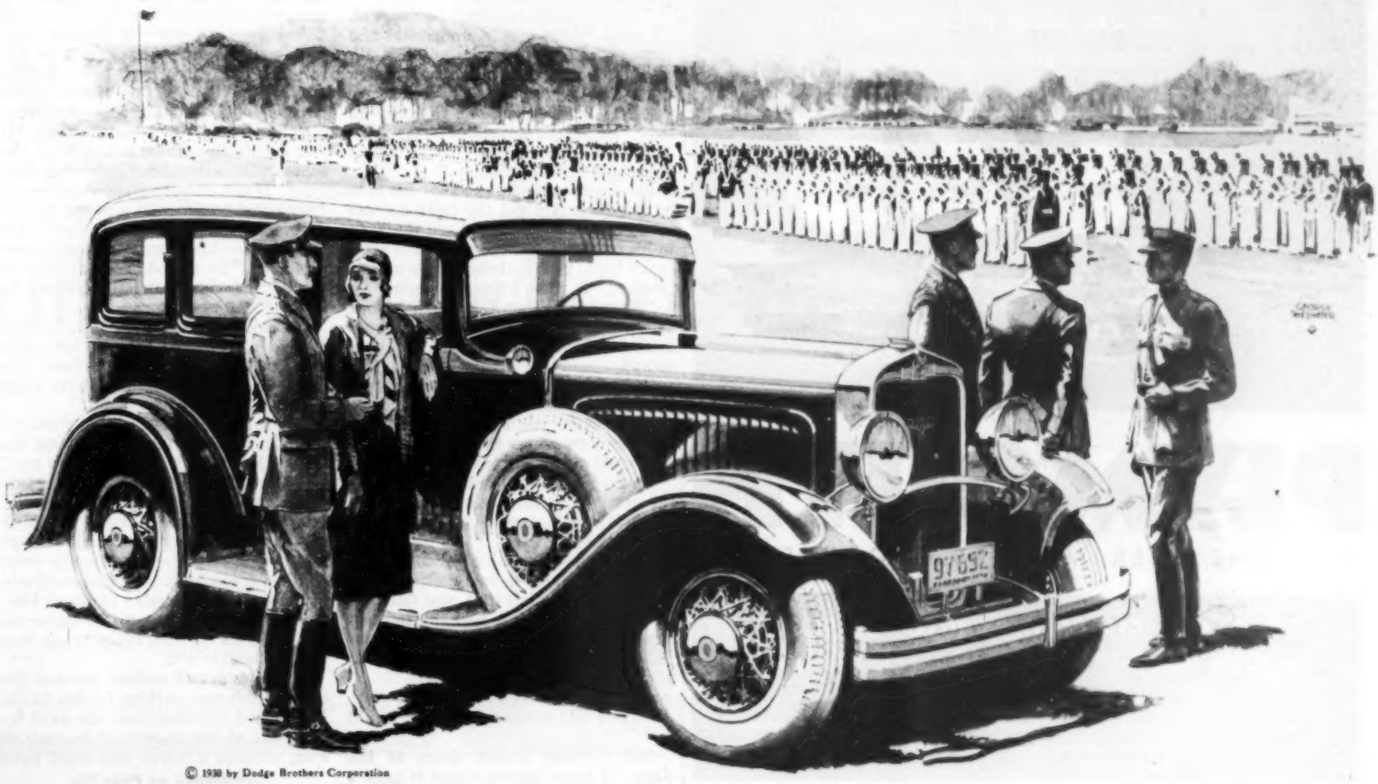

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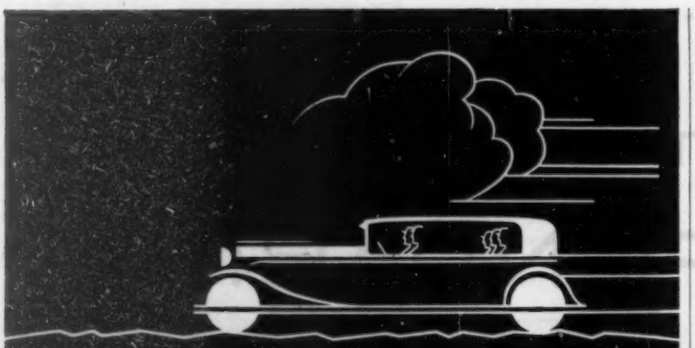

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(Continued from Page 52)

"It's the first door on the left," he said. "Look, mother, I'm sorry, but I can't come to the inn for lunch or supper. I'm monitor at our table today. I'll come down right after lunch though."

"All right, John. Don't wait for me now," she said, as he hesitated.

He seemed relieved. "I'll be down right after lunch," he repeated.

Louise went up the steps into the building and knocked on the first door on the left. A voice called "Come in." She opened the door and saw Mr. Grannis standing by a window. He left the window, came toward her and stopped by a flat desk.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blake." He bowed slightly.

"Good morning." She closed the door behind her and came a little way into the room.

"I must explain why I asked you to come here," he said, "instead of my going to see you. It's not because of any—any privilege that may be attached to my office. Won't you sit down, please?" He indicated a chair on her side of the desk.

Louise sat down, facing the light from the window. Mr. Grannis took his seat on the other side of the desk. He leaned forward, his arms on the desk, one hand over the other, looking down at them.

"It concerns your son, Mrs. Blake. What I have to say I could not very well say to you at the inn." After a moment he said, "It's not a pleasant thing I have to tell you."

Louise stared at the square white of window. Each word was a separate stab. With those few, quiet words he had destroyed her life. She had known that it would be so, from last night, when he had looked at her. Deep down inside she had known all along. She had tried to persuade herself that it was something else, but it had never been any use.

"Mrs. Blake," he said, "your son had involved himself in ——"

"You need not tell me," Louise said. "I know." Her voice sounded flat and strange, not like her own voice at all. She clasped her hands tightly together in her lap. He looked up at her.

"You know what I am going to say?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes," Louise said. "It is about John and—Mrs. Ethridge."

He did not speak, but kept his eyes on her face. Against the light his was in the shadow; she could see the lines in his forehead and the clear blue eyes. Some boys, passing below the window, laughed. It wasn't their concern.

"You know, then," he said. "Your son, presumably, has confided in you." His voice held the faintest note of contempt.

"Confided in me!" Louise whispered. "Why—no! How should he confide in me? What do you mean?"

"You were aware that I knew. How else could you know that?"

"Why ——" she began. Then, looking straight at him, she said, simply, "When you looked at me last night, then I knew."

They stared at each other in silence. For a moment it was as if neither could look away. She felt that, and felt that he must feel it. She had the impression, again, that she had known him before, somewhere, that indeed she had always known him. She said:

"I found out last night—at the play. John has told me nothing. How could he?"

Mr. Grannis looked down at the desk. "I have known about it only a short time," he said. His voice was cold. "I was as ignorant as, apparently, Mr. Ethridge is still. Whether or not the rest of the faculty know of it, I don't know. Most of the school, you may be sure, do."

She clenched her hands more tightly together. This was John—John he was talking about. She must say something. He went on:

"The affair—I call it that for want of a better term—has been going on since last summer."

She cried out suddenly, desperately, "Have you spoken—have you said anything to John?"

"Yes," he said. "Not in so many words." He looked up at her. "But he understood what I meant."

"I—I will speak to him," Louise said.

"I think you must," he said, more gently. "As I said, it is not a pleasant thing to have to tell you. But I think you should know the truth, so that you will be forewarned, if he goes to another school."

She stared at him. For a moment she felt nothing. The blow was so sudden it left her dazed and numb. Then, slowly, the full import of his words penetrated.

"You mean ——" she whispered.

"I mean," he said slowly, "that I am asking you to remove your son from the school. Voluntarily, of your own free will. Otherwise I shall have to recommend to the faculty that he be expelled, and give them the reason."

"Oh, no!" she said. Involuntarily she put one hand on the desk, stretched it a little way toward him, as if by touching him she could change that terrible decision. "Mr. Grannis, no!" she heard herself say. "You don't know what it means—I will talk to him—I will explain ——" Then she caught herself and stopped. These were weak, pleading, hysterical words and she would not use them. She could not go on that way.

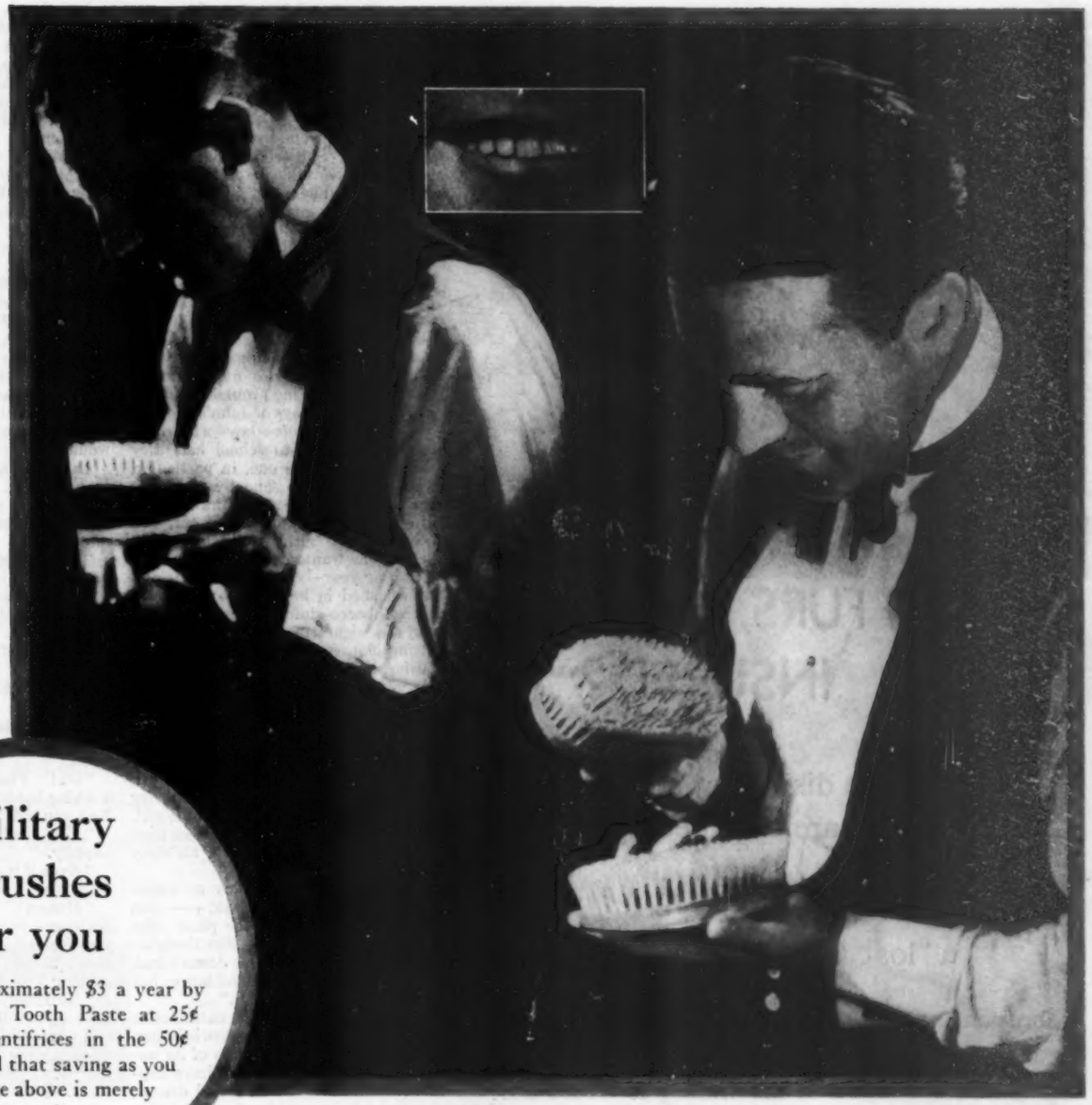
"I am sorry, Mrs. Blake," he said, but there seemed to her no shadow of sorrow or any other feeling in his voice. "Perhaps I should say frankly that your son has shown himself to be not the type of boy we want here. Saying that, I have said everything." He stood up. "I will be in this office from nine until ten tomorrow morning. If you decide to withdraw him from the school, please telephone me during that time. If you do not act, yourself ——" He paused and moved a pencil on the desk. "I have no alternative." He looked straight at her. "I should have preferred," he added, "to say this to the boy's father, but I understand he is—not available."

Louise rose from her chair. "Yes," she said. She tried to keep her voice steady. "It is entirely my affair. His father has nothing to do with it. I am separated from my husband."

In the hall outside a bell rang loudly. Mr. Grannis moved from behind the desk. "I must ask you to excuse me," he said. He stood quite close beside her. Louise looked up at him dumbly, trying to collect her thoughts, to think of something to say that would change him, to save John—quickly, she must think of something. She had suddenly an overwhelming desire to touch him, to seize hold of him, as if by doing so, she could soften him, could break that cold, inflexible will.

He turned and walked toward the door. There was nothing for her to do. He opened the door, and she went by him, out of the room, not looking at him, without a word. She must have

(Continued on Page 56)



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(Continued from Page 54)

crossed the quadrangle and gone out the school gates and down the hill to the inn. But she had no recollection, ever, of that walk.

VI

IT WAS after one by the clock in the inn hall. She felt no hunger, but she went to her table in the dining room and ordered lunch, and sat staring, unseeing, at the rows of empty tables. She would have to tell John that afternoon. How should she ever tell him? Tell him that he must leave Chatham. Where would he go? Come home with her and go back into the high school? Back to all the influences that he had gotten free from? The set he had gone around with, with their girls, and their cars, and the movies at night and dances, and hanging around the town. She knew some boys of John's age who had stayed at home—boys who could have gone away to school had they wished, There was one, in particular, who had given up school and college and gone to work—an admirable thing in other circumstances. But this was because of his "girl," so the story went, because he wanted to get married the following year—at eighteen! His picture flashed in her mind—pale-faced, with tobacco-stained fingers and always a cigarette, and natty, tight-fitting clothes, and the glib jargon of business on his lips, so much older than his years. And she remembered, suddenly, that Donald had not gone to boarding school or college—although his family could have well afforded to send him—but had preferred to stay at home. And he, too, had gone to work before he was twenty, but not for work's sake, but because of some girl. He had told Louise about it, after they were married, laughing over an early conquest.

No, John could not stay at home. He might become like Donald —— She put her fork down on the plate. She could not eat the food. She thought: "John is like Donald. He doesn't look like him, there is no resemblance, but he is going to be like him."

And then, because the catastrophe had been so sudden and overwhelming, she had a momentary sense of its unreality. This thing couldn't have happened to John. It was a bad dream, from which she would presently awake. She couldn't have come, thus, to visit the school, to attend a dance and a play. . . . But it was true. Last night it had happened. She saw again, in her mind, John sitting beside her in the darkness and the white-faced woman next to him, and their clasped hands.

Why should John be the one to suffer? Why hadn't Mr. Grannis spoken to the woman, warned her? Why should the woman escape? She was the one to blame. John was a mere boy. She should have said that to Mr. Grannis. But he had given her no chance—she had had no time to think, to say anything. A woman like that, setting out deliberately to fascinate a young boy. . . . And he hadn't spoken to John really—not in so many words. He had admitted that.

She thought: "I will have to see him again before I tell John." These were good arguments. She would present them, calmly, logically, not asking for mercy. She would go to him that afternoon. Then she remembered; he had written he would be engaged that afternoon, and tomorrow morning he was going away. But he must be able to give her a little time that afternoon.

She went into the telephone booth in the hall and called the school. She asked that a message be delivered to John Blake that he was not to come to the inn, that Mrs. Blake had a headache and was going to spend the afternoon in her room. She recalled that he had said he must be at school for supper.

She telephoned Mr. Grannis' house. A woman's voice answered. Mr. Grannis was not at home. He was not expected back until that evening. About nine-thirty.

She went up to her room. She would have to stay there, lest John should come. After supper she would telephone Mr. Grannis. In her mind she arranged the arguments: Why hadn't he spoken to Mrs. Ethridge; she was the one to blame, not John; John hadn't really been given a chance, he hadn't been told, directly. There must be other arguments. He had such a fine record. She went over them again and again, memorizing them. She must not forget one—it might be the very one that would persuade him.

Later in the afternoon John came to her room. He stood in the doorway, dressed in his skiing clothes. He asked, anxiously, "What's the matter, mother?"

"I had a headache," she said. "It's nothing; I'll be all right tomorrow."

He stared at her. She thought: "He knows something has happened. He must not ask." She said quickly, "You run along and have a good time."

"But ——" he began. Then, "What'd Granny want?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Grannis." He looked past her, into the room. "About studies, I suppose?"

"Oh!" Then she asked: "You are working hard this term, John? Really? And you will work hard, won't you?"

"You bet!" He smiled suddenly, happily.

"Even if it means giving up—everything else. You will, won't you?"

"Honest!" He was all smiles now. He leaned over and kissed her. "I hope you feel all right tomorrow. I'll be down about one for lunch. There's nothing you want—books ——"

"Nothing," she said. "Good-by, and have a good time." She closed the door and went over to the window. In a few moments she saw him slide out across the snow. He dug his sticks in joyously. Over by the road she saw two other boys, waiting for him.

After dinner, she went into the room where the fire was burning. A clock on the mantelpiece was striking eight. She must wait for an hour and a half. Then she would telephone. She picked up a magazine and sat down in a corner near the fire. She began to think again of all her arguments. And then she thought suddenly, "Suppose he says that he cannot see me this evening?" Over the telephone it would be easy for him to say that he was engaged and could not see her, and tomorrow morning he was going away. Her chance would be gone. Panic seized her. She could do nothing over the telephone. She must see him that night. She would go to his house, now, at once, before he returned, and wait for him. He would have to see her then.

She went up to her room and put on her hat. In the mirror her face looked like the face of a small, frightened child. It was dead white, ghastly. She took up a lipstick and then put it down again. It would be best to go as she was. She put on her coat and galoshes and went downstairs. In the hall she met the clerk coming from the dining room.

He said, "It's snowin' again, Mrs. Blake."

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Parke, Davis & Company supply a number of other cod-liver oil products also, including Cod-liver Oil with Viosterol.)

(Continued from Page 56)

"I'm not going far," she said smiling. "Only up to the school."

He went over to the door and opened it for her. "It's powerful cold." He stared out across the porch at the veil of falling snow. "This is about the last of the snow, I guess. And the cold weather, I hope. Spring and summer please me most, up here."

"I used to like the winter," Louise said, shivering. "Well—good night."

"Good night, ma'am."

She went down the steps and struck out for the road across the soft snow. Always, from now on, she would think of winter and snow in connection with this night. Suddenly she felt old and tired. Winter—winter was the symbol of old age; people spoke, poetically, of the winter of life, meaning that the end was near, with no spring and summer to come. It was midwinter now—the midwinter, perhaps, of her own life. That seemed foolish, as the years went. Yet, if she failed tonight, she would not wish to go on. But she could not say that to him, even though he held her life in his hands. That was the truth. And she had never seen him until yesterday.

She turned at the road and started up the hill. What should she say to him first? She began again to think of the arguments: Which was the best reason? Should she start with the strongest first, or save it for the last?

The snow fell steadily. She could see ahead only a few feet and it seemed a longer way than she had thought. She quickened her pace. He might come home earlier. It was not easy walking. The hill seemed endless. Then, at last, she saw the lights of the school, and the gates rose up suddenly out of the darkness.

The head master's house, she recalled, where Doctor Underhill had lived, was the first on the right, at the nearest corner of the quadrangle. There were lights on the first floor and a light over the front door. Probably he hadn't returned yet. She rang the bell.

An elderly woman with white hair and a broad, wrinkled face opened the door. She stared at Louise in surprise.

"Is Mr. Grannis in?" Louise asked. "Has he come home yet?"

"No, he ain't in." The woman started to close the door.

"Wait," Louise said quickly. "I have—I must see Mr. Grannis tonight. I tried to telephone him this afternoon ——"

"He's away," the woman said.

"I know," Louise said. "But it's important that I see him tonight." The woman made no move. Louise said, "My son is in the school."

"Oh!" The woman peered out at her, blinking. "Well ——" She opened the door, looking hard at Louise.

"I'll leave my galoshes outside," Louise said. She took off her coat and hat and shook the snow from them.

"Here." The woman's tone was more friendly. "Give them things to me. I'll put them in the kitchen to dry." She was staring at Louise's hair. She said, doubtfully, "You're quite a young lady to have a son in school."

Louise smiled wryly. "Well, I honestly have."

"All right," the woman said. Louise followed her through the hall to a dark doorway. The woman pressed a button. Louise went down some steps into the lighted room.

VII

AS SHE sat waiting, Louise realized that the room was not as it was three years ago, when she had first come there to see old Doctor Underhill. She remembered the signed photographs of famous people, the framed degrees and orders, the ancestral portraits—as she supposed—on the walls. Now the room looked plain, almost severe. She went over to a bookcase and took out a book at random. It was about mountain climbing. On the inside cover was written: "Stephen Grannis. Chamonix, July 1926."

She looked up. She heard footsteps in the hall and then the noise of a motor. She put the book back and stood waiting, facing the door. Then she saw him. He came down the steps toward her. The old woman who had admitted Louise followed him into the room.

"Mrs. Blake," he said and stopped.

"I wanted to see you, Mr. Grannis," Louise said. She tried to keep her voice steady. She paused, looking past him at the woman. Mr. Grannis turned.

"What is it, Kate?" he asked shortly.

"I thought I'd just light the fire," she said. "It's sort of cold in here." She was looking at Louise, and Louise realized suddenly that she herself was trembling. Not from cold. She held herself rigid.

"You might have done that before," he said. "While Mrs. Blake was waiting. I'll take care of the fire." He nodded. Reluctantly the woman turned and left the room. Mr. Grannis walked to the fireplace.

"Please don't light it for me," Louise said. "I'm quite comfortable."

He struck a match, leaned down and lit the fire. "I might as well admit," he said, "that Kate was once my nurse." There was a faint note of amusement in his voice. "She's very old now and fears she may miss something. She might even stoop to the keyhole habit—eventually." He straightened up and glanced toward the open door. "But I think she has gone." He smiled slightly, standing with his head against the mantel, his hands thrust down in his coat pockets. Behind him the fire began to burn.

"Coming at this hour," Louise said, "I can't blame her for wondering. I ——" she broke off, at a loss how to begin.

He looked at her for a moment in silence. Then he said courteously: "You wished to see me, Mrs. Blake. Please sit down and tell me what it is."

Louise sat down in a chair near the fire. She leaned forward, her arms on her knees, looking up at him.

"It is about John, of course," she began. Her voice was shaking. She paused to get it under control. For a moment she could think of none of the things she had planned to say. "I had no chance to—to say anything to you this morning."

"There was nothing more to be said, Mrs. Blake," he said in a low voice. "You should not have come, like this ——"

"Oh, you are hard!" she burst out. "Have you no feelings, that you can ruin a boy's life, with a word, without a thought?" Her mind cleared. "Why hasn't Mrs. Ethridge been spoken to? Why has no one told her ——"

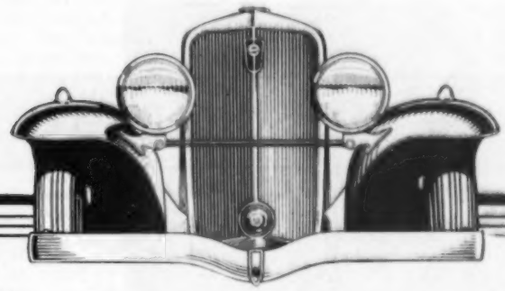
"I have spoken to Mrs. Ethridge," he said. "I said to her, some time ago, that her association with your son might be misconstrued. I asked her to discontinue the"—he paused for an instant—"friendship."

"What did she say?"

"She expressed surprise. She could not understand; they were simply friends. But she agreed with my suggestion."

Louise was silent, staring up at him.

(Continued on Page 61)



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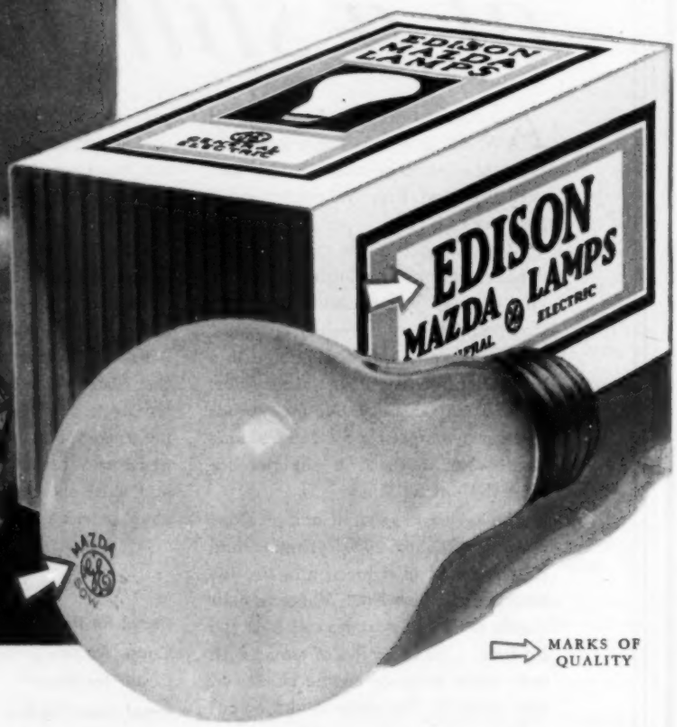

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(Continued from Page 58)

"It did not discontinue," he said. "It became more flagrant ——"

"Then why should John be the one to suffer?" she broke in desperately. "She is the one to blame. Why should she go free? Is that fair?" She stopped, breathless, twisting her hands together.

"I have no way of knowing who is to blame," he said. "Nor can I inquire." He was silent for a moment. "There is another person to be considered. Have you thought of Mr. Ethridge? He has been a master at Chatham for twenty-five years; he taught me when I was here. He has given the best years of his life to the school. Now he is a part of it—the loved, respected teacher, the good friend of us all. And the school is his life." He paused. "He isn't a young man. Four years ago, during his sabbatical year, he met and married Mrs. Ethridge. He brought her back to the school to live. I've held my present position a little over a year. But I know this—that he is devoted to her ——"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sorry, too, for Mr. Ethridge," Louise broke in. "But how do you know what she has done before?" The words came tumbling out. "You haven't been here long. You said today that you didn't know whether the rest of the faculty knew now about this or not. How do you know what she has done before? They mayn't have known. Naturally she would go about it secretly. And because she is married to him she can do as she pleases, and no one can touch her ——"

"No," he broke in, "that doesn't hold. Had Mrs. Ethridge made a practice"—there was a fleeting ironic twist to his mouth—"of ensnaring the young, if her conduct had been—well, notorious—that would be another story."

"But you don't know," Louise persisted.

"No, I do not know," he admitted. "That's true." He paused, and then said abruptly: "But I am going to put an end to an intolerable situation. I have done what I consider fair to both parties concerned. I have spoken to Mrs. Ethridge, I have spoken to your son ——"

"Not directly," Louise said. "You yourself said, 'Not in so many words.' You haven't given him a fair chance ——"

"You mean that he didn't understand?" Mr. Grannis said, looking at her. After a moment he asked, "Have you spoken to him?"

"No," Louise said.

"Does he know that I asked you to come to my office today?"

"Yes."

"And you believe that he doesn't know what it was about? That he didn't understand what my warning meant?"

"I ——" Louise began, and stopped. "He had done so well here," she said. "In his studies—in everything ——"

"That is true," he said.

"He was going to college," she said.

"He can still go," Mr. Grannis said. "I ask simply that you withdraw him. You can send him to another school ——"

"Where could he go?" she asked hopelessly.

"There are a number of schools ——" He broke off. "I wish that you could understand my position, Mrs. Blake. Perhaps that is too much to hope for in the circumstances. I have the school to think of first. And then I have Mr. Ethridge. I tell you that even if Mrs. Ethridge alone is to blame, I see no other way out. I am going to end the affair. I see no other way to do it but that either your son or Mrs. Ethridge must go. She cannot." He paused. "There have been cases before in this world where the less guilty of two has suffered because greater—because higher interests were involved. That is unfortunate, but it must be so."

Louise stood up suddenly, facing him. "John has had no chance." She put all her strength into the words. "Warning! Suggestion!" she cried out bitterly. "Why couldn't you say it to them outright? 'I asked her to discontinue the friendship'—'their association might be misconstrued.' Why didn't you say to her, 'You are having a love affair with a young boy and it must stop!' Why couldn't you say to John, 'If you want to stay here you must give her up!'

"No," she went on, "you said nothing to him directly. And he understood! He understood that you did not wish to mention it—that it was something secret and shameful—that you did not dare to name ——"

"Did not dare?" Mr. Grannis said. "Well"—he hesitated—"was it not—secret and shameful?"

"Don't you admit that such things go on?" she asked in a low voice. "People are human, you know. They have feelings. Can't you understand? She is a young woman, married to a much older man. There have been cases of that, too, in this world. John is a young boy, impressionable, susceptible ——"

She stopped suddenly. What was she saying? She had never meant to say these things. She was excusing them, pleading for them. "Isn't it natural that it might happen?" She must go on and finish. "Her husband is old ——" She broke off again. She did not want to say these things. She said: "Sometimes it is stronger than we. Is it so terrible that they should ——"

"Yes," he said, "I think it is just that." He turned toward the fire and pushed a log farther into the flames with his foot. He said, as if to himself: "There is discipline, a decent restraint. They are what we strive for, or should be what we strive for." He was silent. Then, still gazing down into the fire, he said, "Do I sound full of righteousness?"

"Oh," Louise said, "I couldn't hope to make you understand! You are above all that."

He made no sign that he had heard, but pushed the log farther into the fire.

"I must go, then," she said, with a hopeless gesture.

"I'll get you a taxi." He went over to the telephone.

"No, I'll walk down," Louise said. "I'd rather walk."

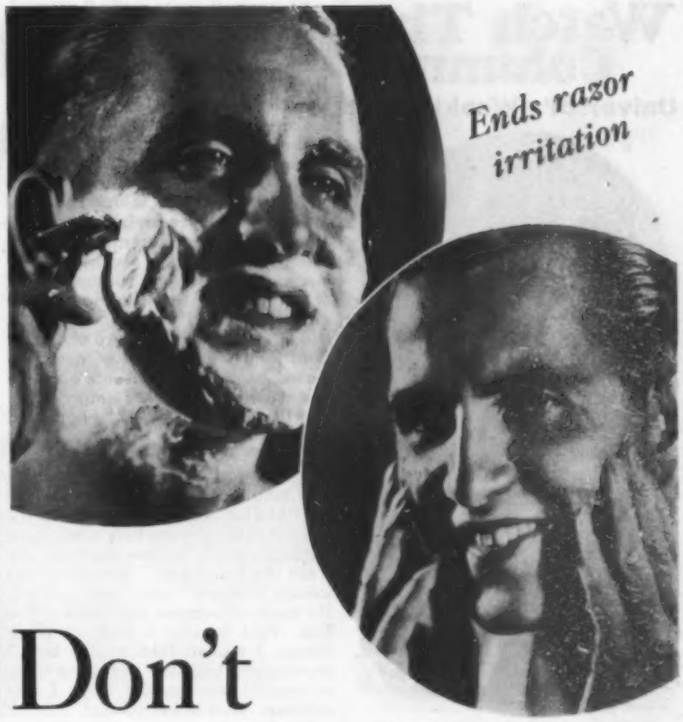
He spoke a number into the telephone. "You can't walk," he said. "It's been snowing hard all evening."

"I walked up," Louise said. She moved over to one of the windows and pushed the curtain aside. The snow was piled thick against the sill and on the cross frames. She heard him at the telephone:

"None there? When will you have one? Not till after ten?"

"Please!" Louise said. "I am going to walk down."

He put the receiver on the hook. "Their cars are all out," he said. "There's a toboggan run on the other side of the village and most of the sixth form are over there. They'll be back at ten. I'll get you one then." He came over to the window where Louise was and stood beside her. She turned and looked at the clock on the mantel. It was 9:20. He said, in a matter-of-fact way, "You see, it's still snowing hard."



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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

IN "EAST IS WEST"

It is a pleasure to announce that the Radio Keith Orpheum Circuit has selected all of Universal's pictures for 1930-31 for its chain of fine theatres which honeycomb the United States.

I have already told you that Universal's new program would be Quality rather than Quantity. The selection of Universal pictures by R. K. O. is just another proof that Universal has reached the highest standard in production, for R. K. O. presents only the finest pictures in its houses.

Universal has struck this year's keynote of quality pictures demanded by a discriminating public and now leads all others in presenting photoplays with the most popular stars, the most entertaining stories and the most perfect direction.

With the constantly increasing list of big theatres and theatre chains throughout the country contracting to show Universal product, you now will be able to choose the finest theatre near your home to see the pictures mentioned in these columns.

Among the first to be shown, following these great specials, "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The King of Jazz" are "Little Accident," a merry mix-up of brides and babies, with ANITA PAGE and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr. Directed by William James Craft.

"Outside the Law," the most amazing American melodrama of the underworld, with a heart throb that stirs the depths of the emotions; with MARY NOLAN, EDWARD G. ROBINSON and OWEN MOORE. Directed by Tod Browning.

"The Cat Creeps," that intriguing, mystery play which created a furore on the stage as "The Cat and the Canary"; with HELEN TWELVETREES, RAYMOND HACKETT, JEAN HERSHOLT, LILYAN TASHMAN, NEIL HAMILTON and MONTAGU LOVE. Directed by Rupert Julian.

"East Is West," the most colorful stage success; with LUPE VELEZ, LEWIS AYRES (the Paul Baumer of "All Quiet on the Western Front") and EDWARD G. ROBINSON. Directed by Monta Bell.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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"I can walk quite easily," she said. She glanced at him. She said suddenly: "I did not mean to defend them. I know that it is—wrong and shameful! Horribly wrong. It was because I wanted John to stay here. I want him to be—different." She paused. She forced herself to go on. "Different, I mean, from—his father."

Mr. Grannis moved suddenly.

"On Friday," she said, "I saw his father for the first time in six years. In New York, in a restaurant, dining with some girl. Six years ago he left our house, without a word, without a word of any kind, for the same reason—because of some girl, because of women. I had never seen him or heard of him, or from him, since. We were never divorced because no one knew where he was and—well, because I simply didn't take the trouble to get one." She paused again.

"I see," Mr. Grannis said.

"I had work to do," she said, "and I had John." After a moment she went on: "And last night at the play, when I saw—it came over me today that John might be, might become like him. He is not like him, really," she said. "You wouldn't know they were related. He must not—must not become like him. That is why I said all those things. I wanted John to stay here." She stopped, and then added, for some reason: "I was married when I was eighteen. That is too young."

She turned away from the window, and, as she did, she felt the tears come into her eyes. She did not want that. He must never see her cry. A drop ran down her cheek and she put up her hand to brush it away. And then, suddenly, she felt his arms around her, and her cheek was pressed against the rough cloth of his coat. He did not speak, but drew her close—closer to him. She put her head back and looked up, and his dark face came down to hers, and he kissed her, once.

Then he released her and stepped back. He stood staring at her, not saying anything. His eyes were a bright, unearthly blue.

"I must go," she murmured. It sounded ridiculous, after what had happened.

"I will walk with you, then," he said.

She went across the room, up the few steps, and out into the hall. In the front hall she stopped and said: "My hat and coat are in the kitchen. The—Kate put them there to dry."

He went to the kitchen and got them. She pulled the little hat down over her hair. He held the coat for her.

"Your feet," he said.

"I left my galoshes outside."

He leaned down and pulled on his own, put on his coat and hat and opened the door. Louise went out on the little porch and picked up her galoshes and shook the snow from them.

"Can I help you ——"

"No, thanks. It's easier if I do it." She knelt and buckled them on. She said: "There is no need for you to come."

"Really," he said, as if amused, "I'd like the walk."

She stared at him an instant and then went down the steps into the snow. In silence they walked down the path to the white hedge which, in summer, marked the edge of the lawn. There they turned and went along the road toward the school gates. A little wind blew the falling snow gently against her face. The flakes got into her eyes, but they were cool and pleasant on her hot cheeks. She walked straight along, as quickly as she could. She thought of John again now. She had failed—just as she had feared she would fail. And a few minutes ago she had forgotten about John completely; she had had a vague, momentary thought that she would be married again and start on a new, strange life.

That was a crazy thought. She was married now. But she could get unmarried—if he had meant such a thing—now that she knew where Donald was.

Outside the gates they turned and started down the hill. The snow was quite deep and the going hard. She could not yet see the light from the inn. There were no lights anywhere, no sound except the swish of their feet through the snow. They were alone in a desolate, soundless world. Then, suddenly, he broke the silence:

"It couldn't have been easy—walking up."

"No," she said.

"But it was worth it," he went on, "now that you are"—he hesitated and then added lightly—"crowned with success."

She stopped. "What do you mean?"

He had gone a pace or two beyond. But she stood motionless. He turned and faced her.

"Could I do anything less, now, than give John the chance you ask for?" he asked. "Since you have proved your point."

She stared at him through the falling snow, uncomprehending. She said, after a moment, "I don't understand."

"You proved it to me," he said. "That even I am human, have feelings—as you put it. It was a complete success."

"Oh!" she cried out, as if from a blow.

"If I considered myself immune," he went on, in the same light, amused tone, "if indeed I did—I succumbed. The power of allurement is strong—stronger sometimes than we, as you so well said. You showed me a bright example. So I, for my part, must show mercy. Yes, John will be given his chance." He turned, as if to resume their way down the hill.

She did not move, but stood looking down at the snow around her feet. "You thought that was the reason," she said in a low voice. "That I tried to make you—that I set out to ——" She could not finish.

He turned again, facing her. She looked up and saw the dim outline of his face in the darkness, under the hat brim.

"Oh," she said, almost in a whisper, "I never thought of such a thing! I never thought of it!" She shook her head, full of despair. "You are wrong, wrong! It wasn't that."

"What was it then?" he asked harshly.

"Why," she began, "I thought ——" She stopped. How could she say it, break down the thing that was between them? She looked up at him and said, simply: "It was because I loved you. I thought you loved me."

"Ah!" A harsh, broken cry came from him, as if he had cried out, at last, from some long, intolerable pain. The dark figure moved swiftly toward her. She felt his arms around her again.

"You do, then?" she said. "You do love me? Oh, tell me so!"

He held her closer, in answer, and kissed her. For a long time he didn't speak.

"Tell me," she whispered.

"I do, I do," he said at last.

She gave a little cry and put her cheek up against his; it felt cold, and

(Continued on Page 65)

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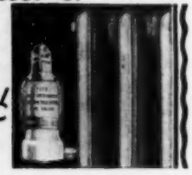

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Count the Cost of the SNOW BLOCKADE

Good Work at Barron, Wisconsin

A McCormick-Deering-powered snow plow, owned by the County Highway Department of Barron, Wis., opened miles of snow-blocked roads in that county last winter after what was claimed by farmers in the vicinity to be the worst snowstorm in 15 years.

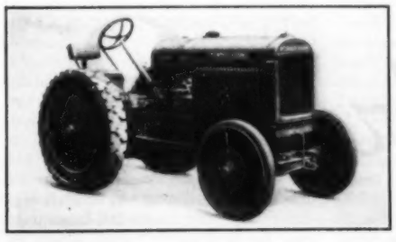
The snow had been packed hard by teams driven over it for several days. Some of the drifts were 3 miles long and 4 feet deep, but the tractor snow plow had no difficulty in breaking its way through. In one day the outfit opened an 8-mile road from Cumberland to Barronett.

The scenes above show two of New York City's 100 McCormick-Deering-powered snow loaders and sidewalk plows at work in the metropolitan area. This equipment saves much of the labor cost and gets the snow out of the way quickly.

Below: McCormick-Deering power drives these two sweepers, which are used by the Evanston (Illinois) Street Railway Company in keeping its tracks clear. Dyche Stadium in the background.

The New Model 30

An easily controlled, mobile unit powered by a modern 4-cylinder engine which develops 40 h. p. at the belt. In basic design and features of control the new Model 30, shown below, closely follows its power companion, the popular McCormick-Deering Model 20 Industrial Tractor.



BUSINESS Stagnates When Cut Off by Drifted Roads and Streets

COUNT the cost of snow-blocked roads and streets in your community. Consider the loss to business, to the farm, to life, to property, and to the roads, that the snow belt suffers every year—and you'll see why snow removal pays. More and more miles are being kept open every winter but there is still a tremendous lot of work to be done.

The fight against snow demands the best forces that can be commanded. The McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor stands at the top of the list. Its ability as a snow fighter is well known. It is the accepted standard throughout the snow belt. It is used alone and as the power plant for a variety of snow-removal equipment.

The McCormick-Deering is economical to operate—permitting roads and streets departments to make the most of the budget for snow removal. It is powerfully rugged to stand the grind on the roads for days at a stretch when blizzards rage and winds drift snow on the highways. Interruptions for service are few, but when service is needed there are 115 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada and thousands of McCormick-Deering dealers ready to serve the owners of McCormick-Deering-powered equipment.

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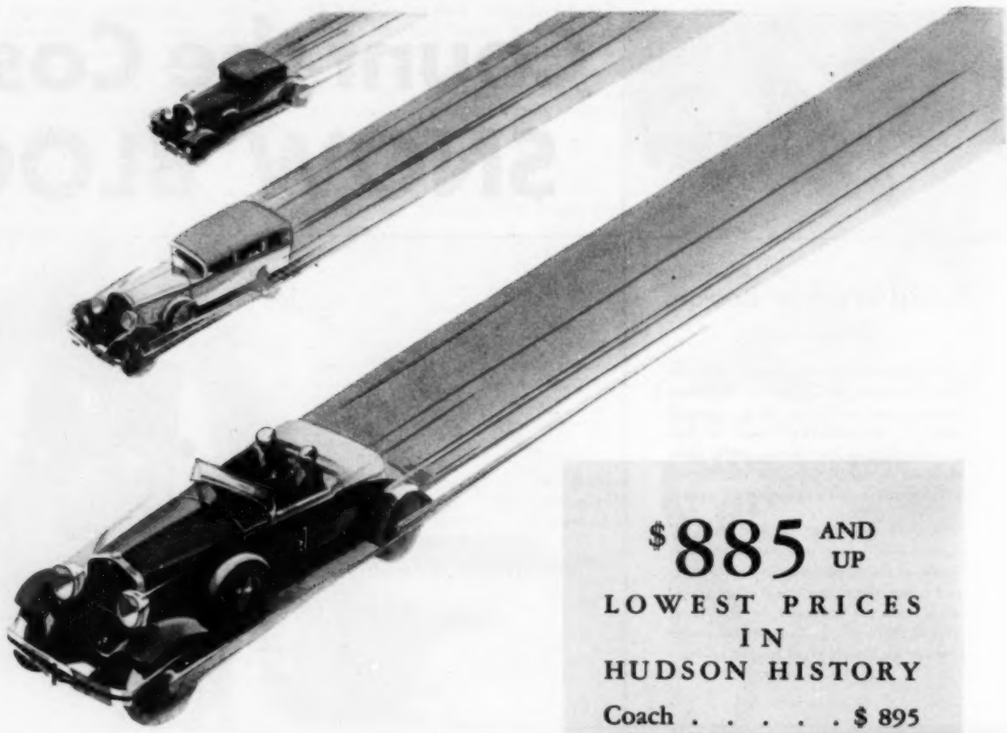

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HUDSON'S *Great* 8

(Continued from Page 62)

wet from the snow. He kissed her again and held her close, and she clung to him as if she could never let him go again.

"You mustn't worry any more, ever," he said after a long time. "John will be all right. Everything will be all right."

"Oh," she said. "I had forgotten about John. But he will be all right, won't he? We will make him be." She added, without reason, "I sat opposite you in the train."

"Yes," he said. "That was when it began—for me."

"And for me. That's queer, isn't it? Oh, I wish I had met you years ago—twenty years ago. I was seventeen then."

He was silent. Then he asked, "Can you stand being a teacher's wife?"

"There is nothing else I want to be!" she said.

Then a thought came to her: "Will they let me, do you suppose—I mean the trustees, or whoever they are? I ——" She hesitated. "You see, I have a past ——"

He laughed. It was the first time she had heard him laugh.

He said:

"The past is a dream. If it was a bad dream, it's best forgotten. That's possible, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said.

THE SKIRTS OF CHANCE

(Continued from Page 17)

in the place and gave the total to our sporting editor with instructions to go out to a pool room and put it all on Jersey Boy, straight. The information was so good that we took no thought of trying to protect ourselves by distributing the money straight, place and show. None of that for us. We were out to make a killing.

The race was to be run at three o'clock. At that fateful hour the entire editorial staff of the paper gathered around the telephone, waiting to hear the good news. Ten minutes or so past three, the telephone bell rang. I grabbed the receiver off the hook while my associates crowded around me.

"Hello."

"Hello. Who's this?"

"This is Jack. Jersey Boy won by a block. We make 1500 bucks."

Loud cheers and immediate plans for a great celebration as soon as the last edition of the paper was out of the way. We went about hustling out the last edition, each elatedly figuring out his share in the loot, when the telephone bell rang again.

"It's Jack!" shouted an office boy to me. "He wants to speak to you."

"Hello."

"Hello. This is Jack."

"Yes; what's the matter?"

"Forget what I said about Jersey Boy winning. He was declared to be a ringer, and we lose all our dough."

That was my second lesson in gambling, expensive, but good. I have never bet more than five dollars on a horse race since, and not many fives, either. Undoubtedly, as that race was on one of the crooked tracks of the day, that tip was spread all over the country and into every pool room, and the amount of money bet on Jersey Boy and lost to the bookmakers was plenty.

A Great American Bird

There were great chains of bucket shops all across the country, where stock speculation was degraded to the level of matching pennies on the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose basis, and even more pernicious variants of this in many cities where no pretense of real stock quotations was made, but a prepared reel of paper, with symbols of entirely fictitious stocks printed on it, was slowly unwound before the betters. These stocks went up and down by eighths, quarters and halves, as shown by the printed figures on the reel, and the game was to bet whether the next quotation was up or down over the previous level—as sheer and stupid a gambling device as the period showed.

Craps was not so popular as it later became, but the gambling houses had hazard, chuck-a-luck, bird cage and similar devices, and there was a contraption known as the American roulette table, where the odds against the player were increased by the addition of the Eagle Bird to the zero and double zero on the usual American roulette layout. The Eagle Bird won against all bets of every description—numbers, colors, columns, and so on—just as the zero and double zero win today; and when it came the operator always shouted, as he raked in all bets save an infrequent one on the bird itself, "The Eagle Bird, king of the air!"

In addition, this American roulette layout had but twenty-eight numbers instead of the regulation thirty-six. The last one of these I saw was in the Last Chance Saloon and gambling house in Key West, Florida, in the spring of 1898, when a large number of newspaper correspondents were waiting there to find out about the deliberations of the United States Court of Inquiry over the exciting question of whether the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor by an outside or an inside explosion.

We broke that wheel one night, when a large portion of the aggregate wealth of the newspaper corps was on No. 9, which obligingly repeated with all winnings parlayed on it, and, to the amazement of all and the intense disgust of the operator, came up for the third time in succession with part of our winnings left on. They paid off with all the money they had, which was not a quarter of what the real winnings were, and that was a large night in historic old Key West.

In addition to all this sort of thing, which was as much against the law then as now, there were hundreds of small poker rooms, stuss houses and similar minor gambling resorts. Policy flourished—a pernicious game where a speculation could be made for as little as five or ten cents—and everywhere there were Chinese, that peculiar kind of Oriental gambling fostered by the Chinese lottery was found. Every center of population, almost, had its quota of race tracks, and betting on the horses was a widespread form of gambling, especially in New York, where the amount of money put into the bookmakers' boxes was stupendous.

These were the days when Canfield ran his palatial gambling house on East 44th Street in New York, next to Delmonico's, and his even more palatial Saratoga Club during the summer season. Richard Canfield was the greatest gambler who ever operated in this country, and, withal, a most engaging and attractive man. I knew him very well. He was an odd combination of gambler, art critic and collector, bibliophile, stock speculator and good business man. He was a close friend of Whistler, the great artist, and the last picture Whistler worked on was a portrait of Canfield. He could talk of porcelains, tapestries, books, pictures and other matters of art with keen and illuminating intelligence. He knew history, philosophy and science. The late William C. Whitney once told me that the restaurant and cellar Canfield ran in connection with his Saratoga Club were the finest in the world. He made $12,000,000 in his gambling houses, lost a lot of it in various stock-market misadventures, and died, fifteen or sixteen years ago, a spring-bottle-stopper manufacturer in Brooklyn, from the effects of a fall down a flight of subway stairs.

An amazing man, and an honest gambler so far as honest gambling paraphernalia were concerned. None of his machines was crooked. He used to say that it was silly to think that any gambler of standing needed to resort to crooked gambling devices to make money, explaining his contention thus:

"All any gambler wants is to have play enough for a long time enough, and he'll get all the money any player has. If you, or any man, can lend, in business, money enough at 5 per cent you think you are going pretty well in these days. Every time a roulette wheel is spun and bets put on, the percentage on a thirty-six-inch wheel, with the double and the single zero and the Eagle Bird eliminated, is 5⅝ per cent against the player. Therefore, you will see that I get an interest on my money of 5⅝ per cent every time a roulette wheel is spun."

High Stakes at Saratoga

"If I have any business at all, you can imagine what interest I get on my money in any one night. Besides, in a gambling house, mine or anybody's, employing as I do a large force of men, the proprietor would have to take every man employed into his confidence to run dishonest paraphernalia. For a crooked gambler to take his employes into his confidence as to his crookedness is to invite blackmail. I have too much sense, to say nothing of honor and honesty, to incite blackmail or to share my profits with anybody."

However, there were plenty of crooked gambling devices operating in all parts of the United States. Faro, which in earlier years had been the most popular gambling-house game in this country, was going into a decline. The gambler's contention as to faro—and he was probably right—was that honestly dealt faro showed the smallest percentage in favor of the house—the splits—of any game. However, though a crooked roulette wheel is a complicated piece of machinery, a crooked faro box is as simple as can be, and its operation by an expert hard to detect. Thus, faro had come into disfavor. There were too many crooked boxes, sanded decks, dishonest dealers, and so on. Roulette had a run, and poker, especially stud poker, which was played for very high stakes, and at just as much hazard to the lay player, for what an expert can do with a pack of cards in a poker game almost passes comprehension.

These were the days of John W. Gates and other great race-track and gambling plungers, the days of high play. The ordinary limit in faro games in the bigger houses was $100 to cases and $200 to doubles, and a game where the limit was $500 to cases and $1000 to doubles was a big one. I saw a game one night, in Canfield's Saratoga Club house, where the limit was $1000 to cases and $2000 to doubles, which is real gambling, and there is a legend that, at the same place, Canfield once gave John W. Gates $5000 to cases and $10,000 to doubles, and that is gambling on the scale of a Crœsus, both on the part of the proprietor of the game and of the man who is bucking it.

All rich men were not so prodigal in their gambling. I was talking to Canfield one night in the Saratoga place when there was a full house and big play. I remember that one faro game was going with the limit $500 and $1000, and in it were a champion pugilist, a big manufacturer, a patent-medicine maker, a newspaper proprietor, a United States senator, a distiller, and one of the big bookmakers of the time. The double-ended roulette tables stretched along one side of the room, each surrounded by jostling groups of players, leaving a clear space back of them.

A very rich mining man from the West, who was in the United States Senate at the time, was observed by Canfield and myself walking rather nervously up and down, and, now and then, stopping to peer over the shoulders of the players at the several wheels. Finally, he edged into a table and, just before the ball dropped, put a crumpled bill on the red. The limit on colors at that table was $1000. We both knew this man as very rich and very stingy.

"What do you think S's bet was?" Canfield asked me.

"The limit, of course," I said. "That must have been a thousand-dollar bill. He has tons of money."

"Let's find out," said Canfield. He stepped over to the table and whispered to the operator. The operator handed him a crumpled bill. Canfield brought the bill over to where I was standing, smoothed it out and held it up. It was a two-dollar note.

Canfield was one of the most interesting men I have ever known. Although he had a gambler's face and great poise, he was, at times, arbitrary, quarrelsome, abusive, and as emotional as a boy. His collection of Whistleriana was second only to that of the late Charles L. Freer, which is now housed and exhibited on the Mall, in Washington. Canfield sold his collection, ultimately, for $300,000. He was a charter member of the Walpole Society, an association of twenty-five of the great art authorities of the country, and served on the ceramics committee. He understood food and wines as well as he did art, and drank more wine, often, than was good for him. He was a big plunger in Wall Street, and lost and won a lot of money in his operations. His moods varied from a gentle suavity to wild excitement. An interesting man.

I had two most diverting experiences with him. One of my jobs, in the early part of this century, was to write a weekly article to fill the first page of the editorial section of the New York Sunday World, which was illustrated with cartoons. I chose my own topics.

(Continued on Page 68)

When you can buy on *Facts*

Perhaps the claims that are made for many tires today are sincerely made. Probably! But that does not alter the fact that they *are claims* . . . nor that, in the majority of cases, claims are the food you are fed on when you seek the truth about tire performance.

For several months, Goodrich has been presenting in these pages certain facts about Silvertowns.

They are facts established by the Goodrich Silver Fleet in its 30,000-mile tour through 46 states. They are plain, straightforward facts, presented as such and uncolored by prejudiced interpretation.

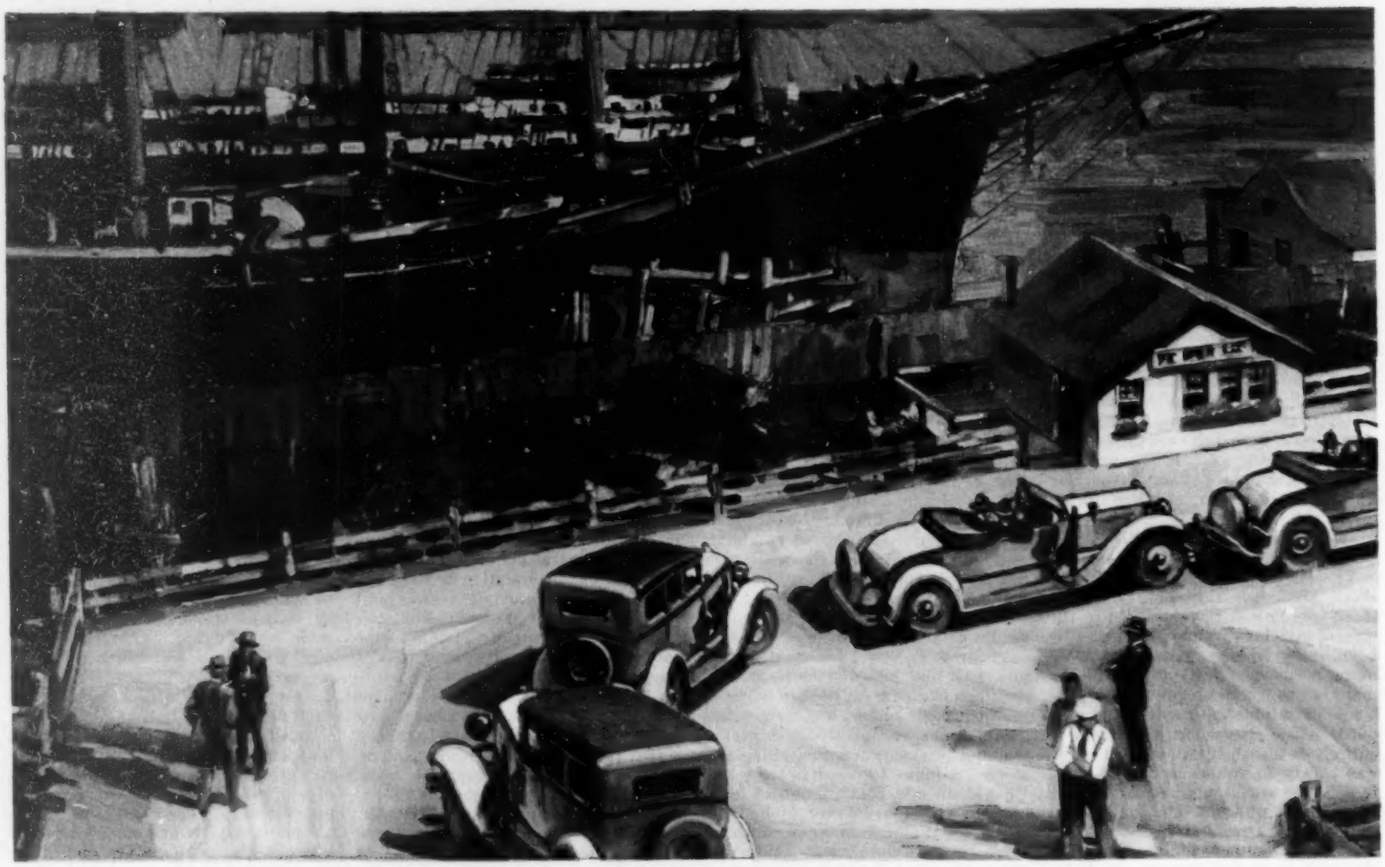
They are presented . . . published here again . . . for one reason only . . . to show you and every other tire buyer how much Silvertowns can do, even when put up against every sort of punishment the whole nation can provide.

Forty million people saw the Silver Fleet writing these facts. Dozens of authorities, of city, state and nation, formally inspected it and examined its tires.

There is no lack of authenticity in these findings . . . no suspicion of bias can be attached. They prove conclusively what Silvertowns have done . . . and can do again.

Goodrich believes that the American public likes to buy on facts . . . and that tire purchases made on the basis of the facts herewith represent both good judgment and sound economy.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.



Goodrich

32,000 RUBBER ARTICLES, representing more than a thousand
Rubber Footwear • Drug Sundries • Soles • Heels •

. . . why concern yourself with *Claims?*

SUMMARY OF FACTS

The record of the
Goodrich Silver Fleet in brief

•

Number of cars 15

Number of tires 62

Average car mileage 30,112

Total tire miles 1,866,944

Original tires in service
at end of tour 32

Number of tires
never off the rim 15

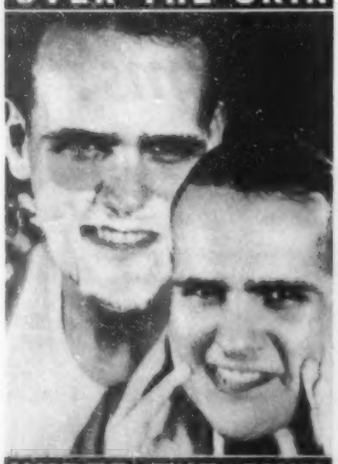
No. of blow-outs . . . . . NONE

No. of tire failures . . . . . NONE

Silvertowns — *another B.F. Goodrich Product*

distinct rubber products — Goodrich Silvertowns • Zippers
Hose • Belting • Packing • Molded and Hard Rubber Goods

OVER THE SKIN



UNDER THE SKIN

The deep-down comfort of

double action

OVER your skin the razor glides with a swift, easy stroke . . . a new feel of smooth action. For the first action of Squibb's Shaving Cream arms your face against the nicks and rasps of the blade with a protective balm. It makes your razor run on ball bearings.

And then you feel a brand-new shaving luxury. For Squibb's "gets under your skin" too. It contains a special ingredient that conserves the vital oils essential to the skin . . . restores *natural* comfort.

What a difference this second action makes! Here's the kind of shaving comfort you often hear about but seldom feel. And only Squibb's Shaving Cream will give it to you.

• • •

Use Squibb's Shaving Cream for shampooing. Double action makes it fine for the scalp and excellent for the hair.

(Continued from Page 65)

Not caring particularly for Big Tim Sullivan, an important New York figure in those days, I filled my page one Sunday with a piece about him. Canfield must have had a quarrel with Big Tim, for he was enthusiastic about that piece and sent me a telegram about it. Then, at occasional intervals for several years, wherever I was, I got a telegram from him still applauding that piece. I remember getting one in St. Petersburg and one in Tokio.

One evening, in Paris, a flunky came to my hotel with a note saying that Mr. Canfield would be honored if I would call on him immediately at the Hotel Bristol, on the Place Vendôme, which in those days was the hotel where many visiting royal personages stopped. I found Canfield in a big suite talking to an oldish man who, when Canfield presented me, I discovered was King George of Greece. The King liked Canfield's cocktails and dropped in every evening to get a couple. So Canfield made a shaker full and we had a pleasant half hour.

The Tidal Wave of Reform

As America's greatest gambler, Canfield will be longest remembered for the world-popular game of solitaire, Canfield, which his close friends and his biographer, Alexander Gardiner, say he did not invent and never played, and by the fact that his downfall, which began in 1902, when District Attorney William Travers Jerome broke into his gambling house in New York, was the pivot on which turned the great struggle for the elimination of vice in New York and elsewhere in the country. At about the beginning of the century the New York Times stated that there were in operation in New York 400 pool rooms, 500 crap games, 200 small gambling houses, twenty large gambling houses, fifty envelope games, with policy and lottery operations galore, and with no estimate of the number of houses of prostitution and similar places. The Times estimated the police and political and underworld protection graft from the gambling places alone as more than $3,000,000 a month.

This condition was not unique in New York, nor unknown. It had been exposed by the Roosevelt, the Mazet and the Lexow legislative investigating committees and by similar investigations elsewhere. Such conditions were to be found in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and dozens of other cities, and in the smaller communities as well. It was a legend that nobody could "get" Canfield, but Jerome got him in so far as Jerome closed the palatial New York place. Other gamblers were similarly intrenched in other cities. Other political organizations and police grafters were collecting in other places. The reform pressure gained strength and popularity. Vice became most unpopular. Canfield gave up the struggle in 1906, when he closed his Saratoga place, and other big gamblers in various parts of the country quit also.

Eventually, pool rooms were abolished almost everywhere across the country. Race-track gambling was forbidden in many states. Policy and the lotteries were driven out. Red-light districts were eliminated. Public gambling of all sorts became anathema, and, theoretically, we were all reformed.

But were we? Apparently not. It seems that the gambling instinct is another of those things that cannot be eliminated from human beings by the enactment of laws against them. It appears to be ineradicable, there to stay. In any event, the facts of the gambling situation are that, after it remained clandestine and nefarious and sternly repressed for a term of years, it began to enjoy a renaissance in all parts of the country, until now, almost thirty years since Jerome battered his way into Canfield's palace of chance in New York, and multitudes of other cities cleaned up, there is more gambling, public, semiprivate and private, than there ever was in the old days, in more forms and participated in by a large proportion of the population.

Many things have happened since we turned into the twentieth century, thirty years ago, and in the course of time left behind us those golden days when there was no income tax, no prohibition, few of the complexities of life entailed by the march of progress, of invention, of civilization, if you like. We have the electric light, the marvelously perfected telephone, the automobile, the airplane, the wireless, the radio, the phonograph, the broadcast, the multiplication of production, the Aladdin machines that make everything, the discoveries in medical and physical science, the wider dissemination of the printed word, the improvements in the processes of living such as the refrigerating machine, the cleaning apparatus, and what not.

We know more about metabolism, anabolism, diathesis, pathology. We are trailing the devastating germs to their lairs. We are trying to understand relativity, and utilizing Hertzian short waves in the cure of our bodily ills. We have diets and dietitians, and our every step along the precarious pathways of life is shepherded and counseled. We know what to wear and what to eat, and the law tells us what not to drink. The great process of standardization and conventionalization is in full swing. Progress—that is the word. We butt into it fifty times a day.

We are finding out about glands. We are digging into the past and speculating about the future. Our government is becoming more and more centralized, and our lives more and more communized. Our legislation is largely paternal, and our information is mostly syndicated. We are merging and combining our industries, and regulating everything, from our transportation to our dentifrices. We move in masses, from one idea to another, and we are intertwined, 75,000,000 at a time, by platitudinous and wise-cracking speakers. Three-quarters of us see the same shows at the same time, and the constant attempt is to dominate and direct every human attribute into ordained and conventionalized channels.

An Inheritance From Adam

However, there is one form of human self-expression that all the laws in the universe have not been able to curb, and that is the gambling form. They thought they had it downed a quarter of a century ago, but that was an illusion. They didn't even scotch it, with all their reforms and laws and crusades and exposures. Not that it should not have been downed. It is a pernicious thing, this spirit of gambling. The point is not whether it should be repressed, but that, so far, it is impossible of repression, and the growth of it, the revival of it, since the days, early in the century, when they thought they stamped the hydra head of it into the mire.

In the course of the year since the nationwide attempt to abolish gambling—in the past fifteen years, to be more explicit—not only has gambling recovered from its discouragement but it has grown to vast proportions, and, in many instances, is looked upon with a leniency that did not seem possible when the crusaders were in full cry back yonder in the 90's and in the early years of this century.

Let us consider this matter of betting on horse races, for example. When I was a boy most of the horse racing in the country was racing between trotting horses, or pacers. The great racing event of the country was the Grand Circuit, where the best trotting and pacing stock competed. Auction pools were sold openly at public places before the races of the following day, and there was plenty of opportunity to speculate at the track. Then, the running horse gradually displaced the trotting horse as the medium for betting on the races, and this sort of betting, which is the sheerest form of gambling, became a great national vice.

A Prophecy for Horse Players

There was large outcry against it, and presently many of the states passed laws prohibiting betting on horse races in any form whatsoever, eliminating bookmakers and open betting and shutting pool rooms. Betting on the horses was made a felony in New York State, for example. It is still a felony, but does that stop betting on horse races in New York? Not at all. Any responsible person who wants to bet on a horse in any race run at any of the New York tracks—at the track, I mean, not with a handbook maker, or privately—and who cannot find ample opportunity for such betting is so unsophisticated that he should be under control. The system is simple and convenient. All that is necessary is to have proper introductions and find one of the many commissioners and record the bet. Next day, if your horse wins, you get a check from the commissioner, or, if your horse loses, you get a bill for the amount of your bet. You do not get a ticket from the bookmaker, as in the old days, or collect your winnings, if you win, after the race, but you can bet as much as you like, and be as sure of your money, if you win, as ever before. And the betting now on the New York tracks is prodigious.

Playing the ponies is one of the most pernicious and futile of all the gambling games. The brightest, most readable and most intelligent racing paper published in this country prints every week the details of a betting system. It boosts the racing game at home and has lively foreign correspondence. It is printed for no other purpose than to advantage racing, and to help the betters thereon, and to report sporting and theatrical events. It offers information as to "good things," and it prints the advertisements of tipsters. And, almost every week it prints conspicuously, in black type: EVERY HORSE PLAYER DIES BROKE.

That is what the astute publisher thinks of the racing game he fosters. That is what everybody with a grain of sense thinks about it. Yet, after a period of years during which betting on the horses was outlawed in all but a few of the states, numerous of the states—Illinois for one—have swung back and have made it legal to bet at the tracks by means of the totalizing machines. The bookmakers are still ruled off, but the machines take their places. You buy as many tickets, for one dollar, two dollars, five dollars, or whatever, as you wish, on the horse you fancy, and the machine makes the

(Continued on Page 70)

SELECTIVITY?

YES! more than ever before possible

FULL RANGE Selectivity!

That annoying saxophone obligato that used to interrupt the enjoyment of your favorite program, or the scraps of statistics that would creep into your musical program, have more than met their match in the FULL RANGE Selectivity of the General Electric Radio.

With a General Electric Radio you get one station at a time—truer and clearer than ever before.

FULL RANGE Performance is the result of combining the super-heterodyne circuit with screen-grid tubes.

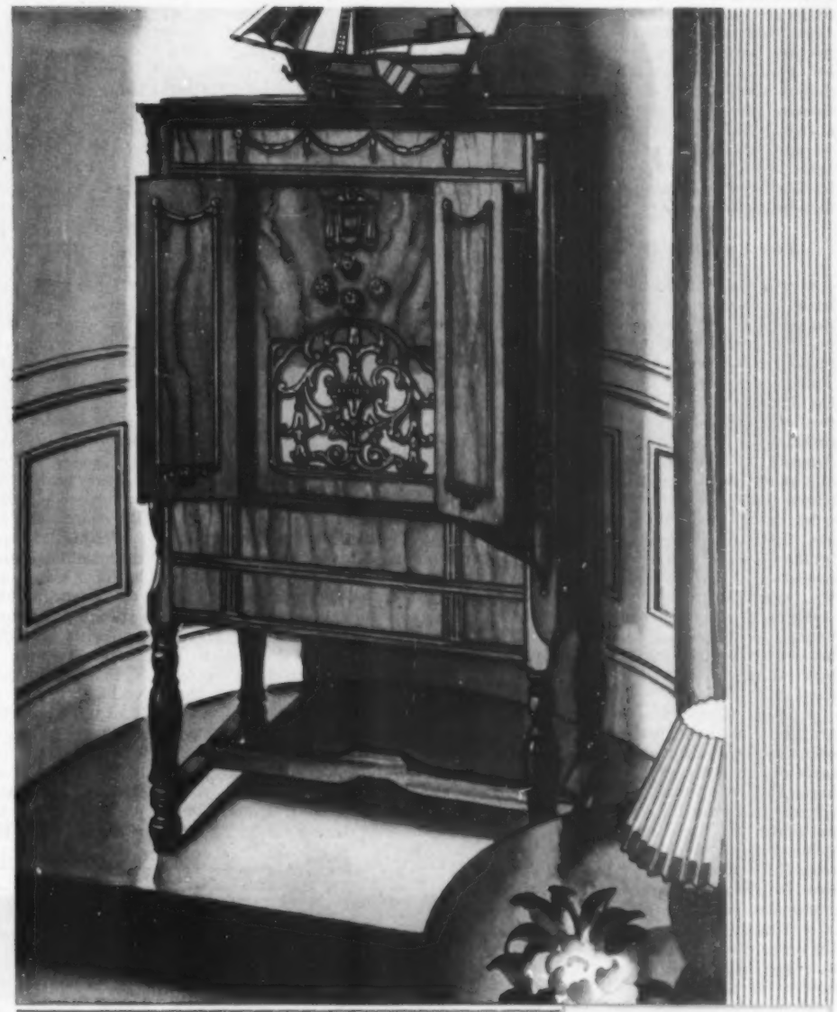
FULL RANGE Sensitivity! Stations so faint either from low power or distance that ordinary circuits cannot pick them up, are easily reached by a G-E Radio.

FULL RANGE Tone—A wider music range embracing both lower and higher notes than brought in by the average receiving set.

LOWBOY—a distinguished example of early American cabinet design. Harmonizes beautifully with any surroundings. Super-Heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. More selective and sensitive than any set hitherto offered to the public.

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—a rich brown walnut cabinet with satin finish. Super-Heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Has *tone control* and new, improved electrical phonograph reproduction. Equipped with special home recording device which records broadcast programs and home entertainment on non-breakable 6-inch records. Remote control optional at additional cost.

Your General Electric Radio Dealer has been specially chosen for his ability to give you the service that has always been identified with General Electric products. Call and ask him to demonstrate this FULL RANGE Radio—a worthy achievement from the "House of Magic."



HIGHBOY—Two-door cabinet of early American design. Dignified, distinctive. Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Super-Heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Several times more selective and sensitive than any set previously offered. Fitted with tone control. Remote control optional at additional cost.

So selective that every line on the dial marks a separate station.

• • •

If you desire further particulars write Section R-6210, Merchandise Department, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

(Continued from Page 68)

odds. If 500 tickets are sold on one horse and only 200 on another, the horse having the heavy backing is naturally the favorite, so far as the machines go. Then, at the conclusion of the race, the machines totalize their entire take and calculate the sum the winning horse pays per ticket, with a percentage deducted for the racing association that holds the meet.

It is entirely mechanical, and perfect as to pro ratas. If a horse with small backing wins, tickets on him pay large sums, but if a favorite wins, the winnings are much smaller. The theory is that the tickets will prohibit large betting because they are usually sold for small sums—not more than five dollars each—but you can buy 1000 five-dollar tickets if you like, and there always is a cozy little arrangement whereby the big better may get certificates showing a large purchase and not be bothered with toting about 1000 five-dollar tickets, say.

The New Era of Gambling

Horse racing and betting on the horses came out of the slump occasioned by the reform wave of the early years of the century, and now there are races and betting all over the place. The gambling done on the horses at the Arlington Park meeting in Chicago this summer, via the machines, was $800,000 a day, and on the day the American Classic was won the total amount of money handled by the machines was $2,400,000. This was at one meet in one city. When we consider that there isn't a day in the year, save Sundays, when several tracks are not operating in various parts of the country, with the greatest number in the summer, of course, it will be seen that instead of stopping betting on the horses, we are fostering it, and that it is now a bigger gambling proposition than it ever was.

Even in states where the machines are not permitted there are workable schemes for getting down a bet. In some places a better buys a share in the horse that is running, and gets a certificate of ownership, which is worth nothing if the horse loses, but has its value if the horse wins. And so on. All with the complaisance of the authorities. Movements are now on in various states that rushed into the prohibition of betting on horses, back yonder when that was the thing to do, to permit machine betting. In due time, no doubt, the permission will be nation-wide. We, as a people, want to bet on horses. It is a form of gambling that is popular and, after its temporary setback, it is returning to its former place in our speculative system with renewed energy and increased increment.

The same thing is true of the gambling houses, the places with roulette and crap tables, faro, if you want it, and other gambling devices. A great deal of the quick-action game known as Twenty-one is offered, with here and there some baccarat, which is a variant of Twenty-one, and *chemin de fer*. There are few cities in the country where a discreet person, desiring to do some gambling of this sort, cannot find ample opportunity. This is especially true in the great resort cities and places. Here, under the guise of clubs, palatial gambling houses operate and get tremendous play. Of course, this is merely a development in line with the trend of the times. We, as a people, never did stop gambling, but now, after the difficulties of the past, gambling is becoming easier to do.

One of the most notable of the recent exemplifications of this situation is the great gambling palace opened a few years ago at Agua Caliente, a few miles across the Mexican border from San Diego, California, and constantly expanded until now it offers about every sort of gambling there is. There has been gambling in Mexico, just across our border for years, at Tijuana, and at Mexicali, and at other places, but that was shoddy gambling compared to the Agua Caliente brand. There the punter can gamble on horse races, dog races, golf, and it is made easy and cordial to play roulette, or any other sort of game desired. Most of the patronage of this place comes from Americans, and it is enormously profitable, being jammed with big and little gamblers every week-end. Furthermore, as another proof that we Americans are keen to gamble, two more palaces of the same sort are being built to the south of Agua Caliente, but not so far away as to present any travel difficulties to visiting Americans.

This sort of gambling, constantly on the increase, is public, or, at least, semipublic gambling. Of course, at Agua Caliente anyone can gamble. All that is necessary is to have the money to get into the games. At the resort places and in many of the city places the club idea is a pleasant fiction. There is some scrutiny of applicants for memberships in the clubs, but it is not very rigorous. Cards of admission are not hard to obtain. The greater the play the greater the profit to the club owners, but, at that, most of these places are discreetly and quietly run.

When policy and lotteries went out, a gambling medium for those gamblers who had but small sums to invest on long chances was eliminated, but not for long. Ingenious sporting men, who were well aware that there is just as much money—probably more—to be made from the dime-to-dollar betters as from the fellows who go higher than that, soon contrived baseball pools, where punters can gamble on the outcome of the professional ball games, and a revamping of the old policy game wherein the speculation is done on the final figures in the daily statement of the New York Clearing House. As little as a nickel can be bet in that game, and its range of guessing is infinite. It permits of all the old gigs and saddles and other systems of policy, and is very popular in the East.

This brings us to private, or personal, gambling, and the growth of that has been enormous since the turn of the century. Of course, there never has been a time in any country, and particularly not in ours, when there was not a vast amount of private betting on all sorts of things. "I betcha," is a universal American phrase. "Put up or shut up," is another. However, since 1900 two games have developed into such betting propositions that they now are gambling games almost exclusively. One of these is bridge and the other is golf.

Forty years ago, the people played whist for fun, with prizes offered now and then at tournaments, and there wasn't any golf. Then came bridge, and then auction bridge, and then contract bridge. Then, also, came golf. Now, practically all the bridge played in this country—and practically everybody plays it—is played for stakes, which may be as low as a tenth of a cent a point, or may go vastly higher. I saw a game of contract not long ago where the stakes were two dollars a point, and one pair of partners got set 1800 points on one hand, or $3600, which to my untutored financial mind approximates big gambling. Plenty of bridge games go higher than that. There are stories of John W. Gates, et al., playing bridge for fifty dollars a point, and other legends of similar character. But they could afford it.

That isn't the point. The point is that bridge offers to men and women an outlet for innate gambling desires, and the way they gamble at it is prodigious, especially the women. Nor is it a gamble with many players, but a sure thing.

The oldest gambling maxim is: If you can't win you can't lose. That does not apply to bridge as we play it in America. There is no game of cards where the poor player is so absolutely at the mercy of a good player, and the feature of it that allows so many good players to make fine livings from bridge is that the poor player generally thinks he, or she, is as good as anybody. The good players capitalize that vanity.

So far as cards go, bridge is our national game. It has superseded poker and all other betting games. Feverish bridge players are gambling feverishly in the United States every afternoon and every night. Stakes constantly increase. If we needed an outlet for our gambling passion that had the *cachet* of respectability, we found it in bridge, with laterals in dominoes, and, for a time, mah-jongg. We have developed dominoes into quite a gambling affair also, and play it extensively. Fancy playing that pastime for $100 a game and ten dollars a point, with doubles for "skunks." That isn't uncommon in high domino circles.

The great increase in golf has come during the present century. The first golf club in this country was organized in 1888. Now there are golf clubs everywhere, with several million players, and, recently, miniature golf courses have appeared in vast numbers, patronized by thousands of people who never had an opportunity to play regular golf. There is no way of telling exactly how many games of golf are played in the United States every day, but the number runs far up into the thousands, and the percentage of these games not played with a betting annex is small. Golf gives us another outlet for our yen to gamble, and we gamble on it everywhere, at stakes ranging from dollar-dollar-dollar, or less, "to make it interesting," to much greater sums. I saw a man make a putt on an eighteenth green one day that had $2000 depending on it, and I know of a thirty-six hole match, played not long ago, where the losers lost $11,000. But they, also, could afford it.

The Doleful Clincher

These two outlets for our gambling spirit have come to their present state of extravagance in stakes since 1900, and have had their greatest development in the past ten or fifteen years, growing as gambling mediums along with the growth of gambling's other manifestations of increase, during that time.

More bridge players learn the game, or think they do, and are willing and anxious to bet on it, and golfers multiply everywhere and gamble on their prowess. These are merely signs of our gambling times.

Finally, there was the greatest gambling demonstration of modern times—probably of all time—recently staged by the American people—gambling in stocks. Thirty years ago, twenty years ago, ten years ago, the stock market was mostly a professional traders' affair, with a small percentage of the public in it. What happened in the way of increased stock speculation—gambling—during the past five years is too well-known and has been too fully commented on to need any extended discussion. No need to labor that point. No need to comment on it at all, save to say that the entire country went gambling mad over stocks, and, as is the case with most gamblers who continue gambling, lost most of their gains. But as exemplification of the rapid increase in the gambling spirit in America, it is the doleful clincher of the argument.

And, in conclusion, to revise an old ballad:

This story has no moral;
This story has no rules;
This story only goes to show
All men are gambling fools—
And women too.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Elmer: "Don't Be Frightened, Anastasia—I Always Carry a Rabbit's Foot!"

Not White Swan, Roasted—nor Oysters in Champagne —but this COFFEE, *now more popular than ever*

THE Old Maxwell House, at Nashville, included in its talented repertoire some 300 old-time Southern dishes ranging from baked 'Possum to Pineapples drenched in Champagne. *Which* delicacy do you suppose aroused the most praise? Wild Turkey, roasted, with Apple Jelly? Legs of Young Rabbits, broiled, in Madeira Wine? White Swans, roasted, with Cranberry Sauce?

Not upon any of these savory specialties of the Old Maxwell House, delicious though they were, was the *greatest* praise bestowed, but upon its coffee—a special blend whose rare and mellow flavor made each cupful a lingering delight. By all who came to feast at the Old Maxwell House, the fame of this coffee was spread —by lawyers and plantation owners, statesmen and river pilots, by hosts of distinguished men and beautiful women.

That same delectable coffee, once the pride of the finest cuisine in the South, now the favorite blend of forty-eight states, awaits you today in a friendly blue tin at your grocer's. Today more than ever, this fragrant blend stands alone in the richness of its aroma —the mellowness of its flavor—the honey-like smoothness of its body. No other coffee seems so exactly attuned to the tastes of the American nation, and so, week after week, millions of families single out this luxurious blend for their own homes. Why don't you try it tomorrow?

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over the National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up

MAXWELL HOUSE

"GOOD *to the* LAST DROP"

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COFFEE

A Product of General Foods Corporation

THE FAUN

(Continued from Page 9)

name, and just above that town designated rather unnecessarily as Andorra-the-Old.

On its terrace two figures were moving, a young woman and a little girl, whose uncovered heads caught the sun in a gleam as of pure red gold. He saw that they were dancing, stepping and curtsying prettily to each other with skirts held out. It was good to him just then to see woman creatures dancing. He dropped closer to investigate.

Never, despite earlier disillusion, had Nacio quite recovered from his racial weakness for fair hair. He still possessed, among his dearest treasures, a long blond English tress culled from a head that had proved unworthy—"Oh, golden head with which I used to play, not knowing ——"

The swooping plane, so close above, attracted the attention of the young woman; who, looking up, waved her hand in a gesture as of invitation. Nacio's heart underwent a pleasant little premonitory thrill. Below the town at the foot of the crag stretched a level meadow beside a poplar-feathered stream—the perfect landing field, not always easy to find in mountain countries.

"Why not?" he said to himself; and as if to humor his mood, the engine of the White Goose began obligingly to miss.

Since the rapidly assembling population of Andorra-la-Vieila seemed too awe-stricken by this visitation from the skies to answer questions, Nacio recommended his plane to Saint Christopher, the never-failing friend to voyagers in any element, and went up into the town to seek information. He got it from a passer-by who had his share of that naïve, inquisitive loquacity of Catalans, so scorned by their more reserved Basque neighbors. They were Americans, it appeared, who had settled themselves upon the barren *tuc* above; for what reason God alone knew—unless Monsieur le Syndic also suspected. No, the strangers associated not at all with respectable citizens of Andorra—"except if persons arrive by the diligence who speak the English, when the male Americano mingles with the rest of us, dressed like some peasant of the hills, listening but never joining in the English conversation—which seems a little odd, no?"

"They receive many visitors?" asked Nacio.

"But there are none to receive, señor! On the *tuc* is a vicious she-dog which gives warning of approach; also it is said that a telescope in the old watch-tower commands the town and the valley. Also"—here garrulity lowered to confidential pitch—"on one occasion the Syndic himself, mounting their path upon some neighborly errand, heard without warning a shot whistle above his head. The señora apologized, explained that her husband was shooting at buzzards, which are always there because of the dead animals thrown over the precipice."

"The lady herself, then, is less unfriendly?"

The other's face appeared to soften. "Ah, that one. Yes, she is different, señor, or was so; coming frequently down to the market, a word or a smile for everyone, laughing out like a child at what amused her—it is a pretty laugh, señor! Now we less often hear it. Andorran winters are hard on women. Up there on the *tuc* one has it perhaps rather lonely."

"You seem," said the Basque severely, "to be bad neighbors here in Andorra."

"But it is thought that the Americanos may have reasons to prefer loneliness! It is even thought that they are perhaps not married, in a proper Christian manner, you comprehend, since the man resembles in behavior an *amante* rather than a husband. Picture to yourself a man of our mountains, *cap de casa* of an establishment, assisting women in the care of his house, of his female child! And coming never to the mass. I will not deny that it gives scandal. However, I myself cannot believe that one so beautiful as that lady can be living in sin; she has a look too sorrowful," said the Catalan innocently. "Doubtless it is from pure jealousy that the husband does not encourage neighborliness; he prefers, as is his right, to guard such charms for his own pleasure. And who can blame him?"

The young Basque lost, naturally, as little time as possible in completing an adventure thus attractively precarious. He climbed the steep footpath along the *tuc* with rapid ease, albeit cautiously, wondering whether his prospective host was likely that day to be shooting at buzzards. Partly by way of reassurance to unseen watchers above, and partly inspired by certain strains of Debussy that came floating rather surprisingly down to him as he climbed, Nacio took out of pocket his old shepherd's *chirilion* which had accompanied many wanderings, and upon it improvised an accompanying harmony; just such an airy threnody of sound as the master may have been fancying when he wrote his immortal reverie of a faun. It was music that suited well the high golden weather of that April day; and a woman came to the door of her house and stood gazing out with eyes of vague expectancy.

Her eyes widened to the apparition of a singularly beautiful youth in an aviator's helmet which might have belonged to Perseus or Mercury or any one of the younger gods, a pipe of Pan at his lips, her child and the savage she-dog following at his heels in tranced submission.

"My word!" she said to herself aloud, after the fashion of those who are too much alone. "I seem to have materialized the Faun in person! And speaking English," she added, startled, as Nacio doffed his god's helmet to wish her a courteous good day.

"I regret, madame, that I am not, like yourself, American," he said in his most careful English speech.

Her eyes filled disconcertingly with tears. "Thank God, no!" she breathed, and called aloud: "Oh, Ned! Ned, darling, come here—it's all right! Just a sort of *deus ex machina*, dropped out of the skies—French, I think; or is it Spanish?"

"Neither. Basque, madame," said the god out of the machine; and added simply, "It was I to whom you waved greeting. . . ."

Nacio was no more given than any of his race to asking questions; yet he came away from his visit to the exotic little foreign dwelling in better possession of facts concerning it than he cared to be. Here was no mere gallant adventure, such as his fellow officers of the flying service had been wont to exchange over the evening camp fire. The woman was less young than she had looked from above; she must, thought Nacio, be nearing thirty. Nor did she prove so lovely as the gleam of the red-gold hair led one to expect; except perhaps in the eyes of a painter such as his artist brother-in-law, John de Maytie, who would have found the faint shadows between her eyes and the slight droop of her wistful lips rather more beautiful than beauty. But Nacio was not as yet so subtle in his tastes; he liked his ladies with the bloom on them. True, her frequent laughter had the charm of his informant's rapt description; yet somehow it hurt an oversensitive ear more than it pleased. *Le courage de rire*, Nacio commented to himself uncomfortably; there seemed more of nervous tension in it than of gayety. And the eyes, even when she laughed, held a hint of fear. Nacio frowned; something within him could no longer bear that a woman's eyes should look frightened.

Nor had the man with her any semblance of the jealous lover virtuous village fancy pictured; he was obviously a husband, and of that complaisant Anglo-Saxon type which always surprises Europeans, quite content to leave his women alone in the company of strange young men. He was also obviously older than his wife, the intellectual rather than commercial type of American, tall but stooping, with a body which no longer seemed quite to fit him, hung on him loosely as if the person within had somehow shrunk. Although his manner was amiable enough, he had a disconcerting habit of falling into a blank stare while others talked—took, in fact, no further interest in his visitor once he learned that Nacio could tell him nothing about present stock-market conditions in New York; and presently went away as if no guest were there.

The wife apologized. "Do forgive him; my husband's rather out of the habit of receiving company!"

"Monsieur will probably receive very little company," suggested Nacio with his grave smile, "so long as he interests himself in—buzzard shooting."

"So you have heard of that? But have you also heard," she retorted with some spirit, "why the Syndic of this pious republic is no longer very welcome at our house? There was—rather too much of him! Does authority hereabouts usually inform strangers that unless they come more regularly to church—we do not ourselves happen to be of the Syndic's religion—they will find their welcome less cordial in the neighborhood; they may even have difficulty in buying foodstuffs?"

Nacio frowned. He wondered indeed what his father, their own alcalde, his hospitable grandmother, kind Père Marcos, *curé* of their parish, would say to such a misuse of authority. "The superiors of Monsieur le Syndic cannot know of this! I myself," he added, "will speak to the prince bishop of the Andorran diocese, who is our good friend."

She caught at his arm in sharp anxiety. "No, no, please! My husband should of course have been more patient; he is getting very irascible; it troubles me. Just nerves, you know. But the less attention that is called to our presence the better. So far we have been safe here, safe and—and forgotten. If I could explain ——"

"But to explain is *inutile*," interrupted Nacio with quick impersonal politeness. "It is not my affair, madame!" And he went away, soberly meditating the word "safe" in connection with that flimsy little habitation set beneath the stark, looming mass of the Puig d'Andar, surrounded by the prejudices of ignorant peasant bigotry, threatened further by some undefined impending peril from without.

He was glad that he should probably never see these unfortunates again; did not in fact know so much as their name, since, on giving his own, the woman had replied only that hers was Rosemary ——

"'For remembrance'!" Nacio had finished gallantly, observing that she hesitated to complete it; rather pleased to display his own acquaintance with English classics.

But when he learned in the town below that Americans had come in by the diligence—quite genuine Americans this time—Nacio abandoned his purpose of returning that day to the bosom of his family, who would doubtless be already concealing from one another a certain stoic uneasiness as to his whereabouts with the White Goose. It occurred to him that these newcomers might bode some harm to their retiring compatriots.

They proved, however, to be merely a pair of tanned and laconic young Western engineers, advance guards of the great railroad tunnel about to be built beneath the Pyrenees; and to reassure those anxious watchers on the *tuc*, he returned later to their house.

The lady did not seem, however, to find his news as reassuring as he had hoped. Her husband had already gone down into the town to investigate. It was always like that, she said. They had made a fresh start in place after place where questions are not asked—South America, the China coast, Algiers—and always soon or late somebody recognized him, because he could not keep away from his compatriots.

"He's homesick, you see," she explained with a little break in her voice; adding that homesickness was worse for a man, of course, than for a woman, whose real home is where her husband is, her children, her familiar things. She tried to check herself, aware that she was talking too freely; but the relief of having at last someone to whom she could talk at all was too great. There were reasons, she told him haltingly, why her husband dared not be recognized here, danger of extradition papers; one never knew ——

"You fear, madame," he asked with the grave simplicity which is easier to bear than tact, "that these fellow countrymen might betray your presence to the law?"

"If not these, then others! This tunnel project means more and more of them to come, since wherever there's engineering going on, there seem to be Americans. And even if no Americans betray us, Andorrans will. They've begun to hate us here, I think, though heaven knows why! It's the beginning of another end; we'll simply have to be moving on—but where? And how?" There was dull despair in her voice. "When we go away again, it will have to be to some even more remote spot than this, which nobody ever visits; even"—she smiled forlornly—"by airplane! And I'm beginning to wonder if there is such a place left in all the world."

Nacio had suddenly his hospitable solution. The Val Caché! He told her

(Continued on Page 77)

Surprisingly increased efficiency in the Two New Hoovers.

Your Hoover dealer will gladly show you these two remarkable new Hoover models, offering greatly increased dirt-removing ability at the same price as former models.

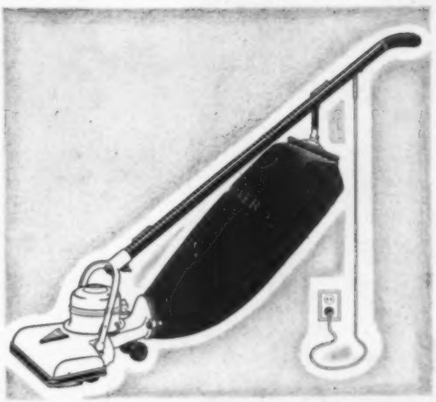
Do you wash "most of the sand" out of the spinach?

IF you do, you'll find that those who eat the spinach think "fairly-clean" isn't clean enough! Nor is "fairly-clean" clean enough for your rugs and carpets.

When you take out—as you do when you use ordinary cleaners—merely the surface dust, you leave in your rug most of the filthy, grease-caked grit that has settled deep in the nap

But one electric cleaner has a special cleaning principle for the removal of this deep-buried, destructive dirt. It is The Hoover. Because The Hoover has this special cleaning principle, Positive Agitation, it removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner—which means it gives the fastest, the easiest and the deepest cleaning.

This cleaning also makes a notable difference in the appearance of floor coverings, gathering up the unsightly lint, restoring the rug colors, lifting and straightening the nap.



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Fortunate — happy – just as he ought to be

Safe

THE time will come when your baby must have cow's milk. All babies must have it—surely at weaning time, often sooner. Then the *kind* of milk means everything. It is unthinkable that you use any but the very best. You want to know that the milk will bring him through his early years safe and sound—free from illness—with sturdy growth and rugged health.

The Proof That Can't Be Denied

A little while ago three prominent specialists in the feeding and care of babies, knowing the scientific facts about Pet Milk, decided to put this form of milk to the test of actual experience in feeding babies. More than a thousand babies deprived of their own mothers' milk were fed in St. Louis, Chicago and Philadelphia. And the babies who had this concentrated, homogenized and sterilized milk did as well, in all respects, as those who, at the same time, had their own mothers' milk.

How Did They Know?

Do you wonder how these specialists dared to experiment with the lives and health of babies? They didn't experiment. They knew what the result would be—knew from scientific facts that are not open to doubt or question. Their experiments didn't *discover* the facts. They only *proved* them. Here they are:

1. Pet Milk is scientifically tested to make certain that every drop is uniformly rich in all the milk-food substances. It has to meet a standard fixed by the United States Government. The specialists knew, as you may know, that every drop is uniformly rich in the substances that build sound bones and teeth and produce sturdy growth.

Here are the reasons

THE large dots in this picture are the fat globules in ordinary cow's milk. They are designed by nature for the stomach of a calf. They frequently cause trouble in baby's stomach.

and Sound-

2. They knew that every drop of Pet Milk is as safe from disease-bearing germs as if there were no such germs in the world. Sterilized in a sealed, air-tight can, it can't be other than safe.

3. The specialists knew, too, that this safe milk, uniformly rich in food content, was more easily digested than ordinary milk. They knew that babies fed on Pet Milk would suffer none of the discomfort, none of the digestive disturbances that ordinary milk may cause.

Why Not For The Children?

Of course that question comes to you if all your children have passed their bottle days. And the answer is plain. The milk that's surely safe; that's always uniformly rich in body-building food; that's more easily digested than ordinary cow's milk, is the best of milk for children as well as for babies.

Another Question

Why shouldn't this extraordinary milk be better for every use? It is! Rich enough to use in place of cream, it's *better* than cream, because it contains all the milk-food substances—the elements that make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods. And because of the extra richness, Pet Milk will give to your cooked dishes a fine texture and rich flavor that will delight you.

It Costs Less Than Ordinary Milk

You'd expect milk with such extraordinary qualities to be expensive. It isn't. The tall can of Pet Milk—equal in food value to more than a quart of ordinary milk—can be bought generally for ten cents, never more than eleven. *The very best of milk for ten cents a quart—that's an interesting close to a remarkable story about the milk you'll want to use.*

THERE are no large dots in this picture of Pet Milk. But all the fat is there. The big fat globules of the natural milk have been broken up by homogenization and evenly distributed through the milk.

The next picture is of mother's milk. The fat globules are similar in size to those in Pet Milk. This is one of the reasons why Pet Milk is so easily digested by babies—why it causes no digestive disturbances.

The Picture of Another Reason

These four pictures are of curds that form in baby's stomach in the course of digestion. The soft flocculent curds of Pet Milk—like those of mother's milk—indicate the more ready digestibility of Pet Milk, as compared with ordinary milk. The soft curds cause no discomfort—no digestive disturbance. The sterilization of Pet Milk—the process that makes it safe—makes it also readily digestible.

Mother's Milk
—soft flocculent curds about the consistency of cooked oatmeal.
Pet Milk diluted with water—curds about like those from mother's milk.
Raw cow's milk—solid, tough curds which can be cut with a knife.
Cow's milk boiled one minute—solid, tough curds can be cut with a knife.

Here Are Two Books That Will Tell You More About It

One will tell you about Pet Milk for your baby. The other is a loose-leaf cookbook. Besides three hundred recipes, it has menus and many illustrations of the usefulness of this extraordinary milk.

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I would like to have these free books:

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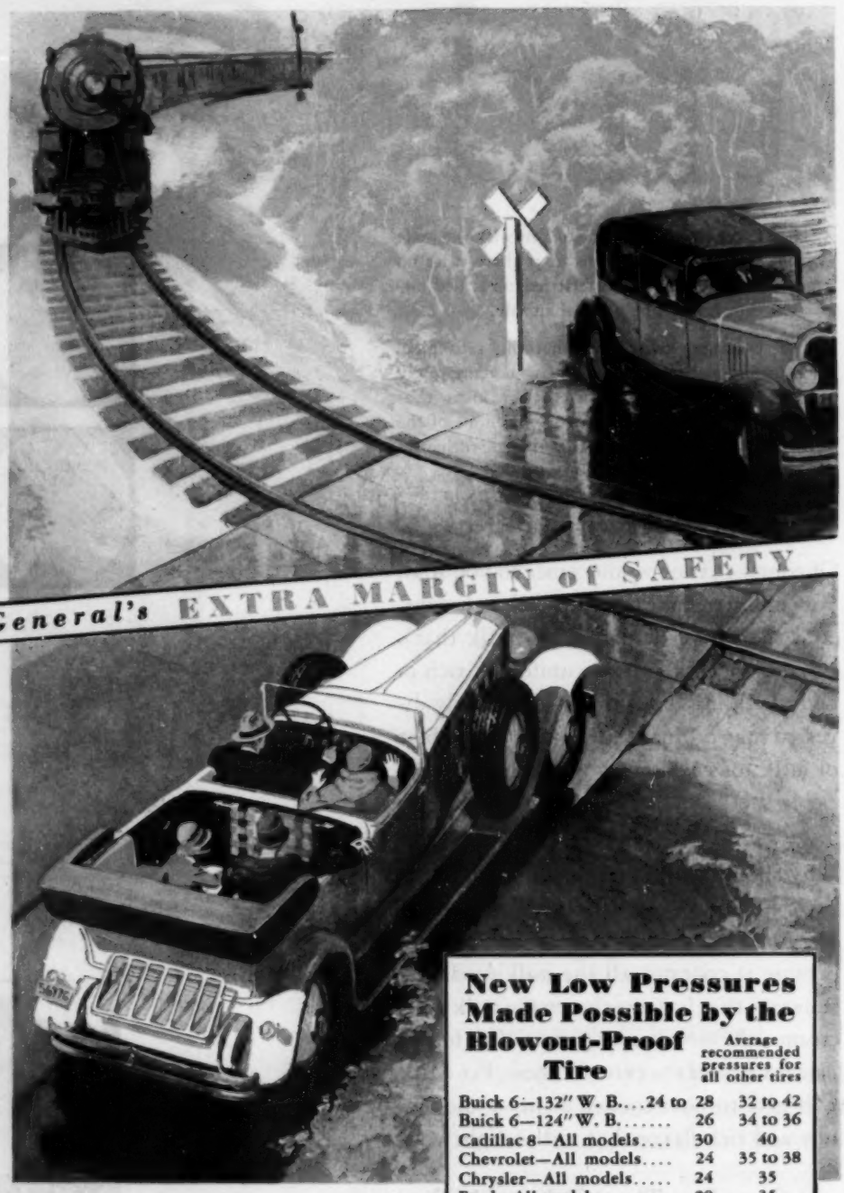

Skid-safe traction far beyond anything ever imagined in motoring

Here again is proof that there is no other tire like the Blowout-Proof Tire. It challenges *any* comparison.

Just look at the astonishing low air pressures permitted by the new General *Dual*-Balloon, the Blowout-Proof Tire.

Standardized tire construction today demands more or less high pressure—but so unique, so different is the patented construction of the *Dual*-Balloon, it lets you enjoy tremendously reduced air pressure with the maximum safety from Blowout.

The result is the smoothest, most luxurious riding ease ever achieved in any tire.

But that is not all. Added to superlative comfort, it fulfills the highest purpose of pneumatic tires—softer, safer, non-skid! More tread on the road to grip and cling. A softer carcass inside and out that lets the whole tire "give" and hold at speeds that would skid the ordinary high pressure tire right off the pavement.

There is no substitute for General's EXTRA MARGIN of SAFETY

Approaching winter is added reason for equipping with this skid-safe traction now. And at all times you need tires that can stand the unavoidable abuse of frequently neglected pressures without danger of flex-breaks and blowout. This ability to run at extreme low pressure is the real acid test of *safe* tire construction. It gives you an easy way to distinguish the Blowout-Proof Tire from any substitutes offered by the industry.

The General Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

New Low Pressures Made Possible by the Blowout-Proof Tire

	Blowout-Proof Tire	Average recommended pressures for all other tires
Buick 6—132" W. B.	24 to 28	32 to 42
Buick 6—124" W. B.	26	34 to 36
Cadillac 8—All models	30	40
Chevrolet—All models	24	35 to 38
Chrysler—All models	24	35
Ford—All models	20	35
Hudson—119" W. B.	22	40
Hudson—126" W. B.	26	40
LaSalle—All models	28	40
Lincoln—All models	32	40
Nash 6 and 8—All models	26	30 to 35
Packard—All models	26	40
Pierce-Arrow—All models	28	40
Studebaker 6—115" W. B.	22	35
All other 6's and 8's	25 to 28	35 to 40

These pressures are for rear tires. In front tires, for easiest steering, use a few pounds more air. The above are a few examples. All General Tire distributors have complete low pressure schedules for every make of car.

GENERAL

BLOWOUT-PROOF *Dual* BALLOON

(Continued from Page 72)

of it eagerly, that ancient sanctuary of his race, well known to himself, since his own family happened to be the titulary guardians of it; the hidden entrance of which, indeed, emerged upon Urruty property. It was the *plan*, or bed, of one of those high lakes in which the Pyrenean peaks were but islands during prehistoric times, he told her; so sheltered and guarded round by precipices, thick with their primeval growth of stone pine and deodar, as to be invisible except from the air itself. Its sole entrance was through a carefully hidden twisting underground tunnel, wide enough only for the passage of laden pack animals in single file; but once inside, a *jasse*, or pasture land, revealed itself, which offered not only abundant forage for cattle but for man as well, since the little waters of it teemed with fish, and wild game had bred there undisturbed for centuries. There was even ample shelter provided in the form of caves, shallow, dry hillside chambers in the living rock which had served many times before the needs of man; even from prehistoric days. Nacio, warming to his theme, described one of the subterranean caverns discovered lately there by himself and his neighbor, the savant, Etcheverray, which contained certain picture writings rarer than those of the Mas d'Azil or Altamira; with various other records to prove what manner of man had lived in them—oddly marked pebbles, crude stone implements, shards of that pottery which is of all human products the easiest to break and the hardest to destroy, tiny harpoons of bone, fine retouched flints ——

"What period of flints—Azilian or Aurignacian?" demanded a voice behind him; and Nacio turned in surprise to see the apathetic husband standing in the doorway, listening quite eagerly.

"*Tiens!*" he murmured. "Monsieur is perhaps like ourselves an amateur of prehistory?"

"Not quite an amateur—I taught archæology before I gave up university life for business," replied the American briefly; and there ensued talk bristling with phrases strange to the wife's vocabulary.

But that it was at last a rescue became more and more probable to Rosemary as she listened, finally venturing a quiet suggestion: "Ned, dear, how would you like to go over to the Basque side of the mountains, and see these things for yourself? If you find the place interesting, Mariflor and I could easily follow you; make a sort of summer camping trip of it, like—like old times."

His answer was slow in coming. "We should probably not be very welcome, my dear," he hesitated. "A find like that is too valuable to share with the general public. Though perhaps, in strictest confidence ——"

Nacio assured them with eager courtesy that the Val Caché and its prehistoric relics, also his brother's plane, were entirely at monsieur's disposal.

Then, said the exile, on a long quivering breath of relief, they would not wait for summer, they would go at once!—the next morning, perhaps, very early.

The Oie Blanche made thereafter several successful flights between Andorra and the Val Caché; became, in fact, a moving van of sorts. One journey took over their servant, a half-witted but faithful Catalan, gibbering like a monkey in his terror and clinging fast to the wool of the unconcerned young sheep dog, whose affair it was merely to guard her family with her life, in any element. The last flight conveyed Rosemary and her child; the latter, a docile little elfin creature usually far too quiet for her years, beguiling the sky journey with sudden clear birdlike warblings of pleasure, while the former prayed wordlessly, with closed eyes.

But when she opened them at last upon a high hidden meadowland flowing with wind, green as only the northern slopes of the Pyrenees are green, where a cascade of liquid crystal came floating slenderly down from snow-capped heights, and caught itself, and fell again, and wandered musically away among willows—when she saw her husband smiling at her, actually smiling, from the threshold of a hillside cave furnished with certain indispensables of home—her canvas steamer chairs, her familiar chintz cushions, even the portable American phonograph, cheerfully in action—Rosemary could not speak, but turned to the pleased young maker of these miracles and put her arms about his neck and kissed him. Nacio blushed to the ears with his surprise. It happened to be—though this was of course no matter for confession to his fellow officers—the first time he had been kissed upon the lips by any woman not of his own family. . . . He decided that the pleasures of promiscuous kissing had been somewhat exaggerated.

There ensued a period of unexplained disappearances on the part of Nacio, of which his family were the somewhat puzzled observers.

"The *doguin*," commented the matriarch to her granddaughter-in-law with satisfaction, "seems now content to keep his feet upon earth a while"—for the White Goose had been once more relegated to its hangar. "He begins again to interest himself—but in what? *Je me demande!*"

"Or rather in whom?" commented Emily to herself, thoughtfully. "Why not ask him?" she added aloud.

It is not, however, a Basque characteristic to ask questions. "No doubt," shrugged Madame Urruty, "he and our friend Tubal have between them unearthed more bones and stones to dig among; although one agrees with our peasants that little good can come of disturbing the remains of those who have assuredly been long enough with God to be allowed to rot in peace!"

Emily determined, not sharing the Basque aversion for curiosity, to ask the savant whether anything new archæological was afoot—though what archæology might have to do with the boy's sudden passion for domestic detail aroused her puzzled consideration.

Nacio had taken to inquiring meticulously as to the proper care of children. Was a tendency to croup avoidable by the wearing of the rubber shoe—whether fruit in the green state was less likely to produce a colic when cooked? His protégée, for all her pretty motherly devotion, showed a certain domestic impracticality which astonished Nacio, unaccustomed as he was to helpless women; Emily herself, when she married his brother Esteban, had not been more innocent of the ordinary affairs of womankind, such as expert housewifery and the care of young.

He felt, too, obligation to supply as far as possible deficiencies in the ménage, since his protégés were so entirely dependent upon himself for communication with the outside world. There began, therefore, at the Urruty hacienda a series of unaccountable losses—inexplicable indeed, seeing that there had never been known in the valley a thief other than passing gypsies. Madame Urruty missed from the storeroom certain blankets of last winter's weaving; her favorite kettle disappeared, together with a valued long-handled copper saucepan; a number of Emily's English-written books and periodicals. Objects even stranger vanished as if by the malice of jinn and gnomes; small Leocadie's rocking-chair, imported for her pleasure out of far America, also a fine new doll—and great was the hue and cry thereof; a folding rubber bathtub left over from family travels into the world.

Emily, observant of these occurrences, said nothing, eloquently. At last she put a question to their friend Etcheverray, chosen *chenhango* of any member of the family who needed a confidant. The savant looked quite blank for a moment; then rallied to the defense in the loyal fashion of his sex. But certainly, he agreed guardedly; new archæological explorations were afoot. Were they not usually afoot with those whose tastes lay in that direction? No, he did not feel himself at liberty to state just where; that, he murmured, was a secret of too great import to be intrusted to nonscientists.

A few days later, however, he managed to encounter, not entirely by chance, his fellow student of prehistory in a region familiar to both of them; the path that approached the secret entrance of the Val Caché. The youth was walking, with that light and tireless stride which makes plain and mountain matters of equal ease to Basques; since the sturdy mule he had borrowed from his father's pastures bore quite enough of a burden without himself. It was laden with a rather heterogeneous supply of foodstuff, a folding bathtub, and among other oddities, a child's rocking-chair.

"*À la bonne heure!*" remarked his neighbor, dismounting from his bicycle for purposes of quizzical investigation. "Since when does a distinguished retired officer of aviation take upon himself the humble profession of mule carrier? Also I understand, *mon cher*, that you are renewing research in our prehistoric *tuto*."

Nacio, looking rather sheepish over it, admitted that such was indeed the case.

"Good! I shall be glad of further notes for my forthcoming monograph on the subject," commented the savant pleasantly. "Apparently you prepare yourself for a long siege. The amount of food does not surprise, the digestion of your fortunate years being what it is—but a bathtub, an infant's chair? May one be indiscreet enough to inquire, *mon vieux*, just what part these anachronisms are to play in pre-Azilian research?"

Thus cornered, the younger man made relieved confession. It had already occurred to him that if he came by any accident, if the Oie Blanche were to let him down, for example, or his silver rib ceased to function normally, things might go rather hard with his protégés in the Val Caché.

Thus it happened that a new friend was introduced to the exiles, a distinguished-looking gray-haired gentleman who kissed Rosemary's hand in the French fashion, and began quietly to discuss with her wary husband their mutual interests in archæology; so that after a while the two started off together, with lanterns, to explore the cavern which he and Nacio called, with some proprietary pride, their *tuto*.

Rosemary did not share her husband's enthusiasm for prehistory, though she was grateful enough for it just then.

(Continued on Page 81)

The Best Shave in your life or Money Back

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave you ever had, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced MŌ-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) ***Wash your face—leave it wet***

(2) ***Apply MOLLÉ with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream***

(3) ***Shave with your favorite razor***

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio

Take your cue from

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND

men who know

Dill's Best

SINCE 1848

is America's Best

Wherever they gather... *old* pipes with a history, *new* pipes with a future... the word continues to pass ... *"Dill's Best is America's Best"!* Day in and day out for 82 years this tribute has come, voluntarily, from the lips of pipe-smokers who *know.*

One big reason is: there are no stems, crushed or otherwise disguised, in Dill's Best. Nature stores real tobacco taste and fragrance in the tender *blades* of the leaf—not in the *stem.* And *only* rich, golden, flavor-full *blades* go into Dill's. Full comfort, full enjoyment, a real thrill of pleasure, come with every pipeful of Dill's—no matter how much or how often you smoke. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Virginia.

15¢

and a pipeful lasts longer

Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold in 15-cent tins and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. In vacuum pack tins, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice, pounds or half-pounds.

· · · · ESTABLISHED 1848

Now—by simply turning the Philco Tone-Control knob, any owner of the new Philco models can instantaneously adjust Philco to the tone quality HE prefers for speech, symphonic music, jazz. And, if he should happen to be in a "noisy" location, he can cut down the interference and enjoy programs in a way never before possible. "Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—or "Deep" shades of tone are now at the finger tips

HAROLD LLOYD in "FEET FIRST"
Will Soon Be Seen in Leading Theatres Everywhere
NO DISTORTION!
A radio whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right

THE new giant of radio—Towering performance by which all other radios are judged...

Philco Screen Grid-Plus . . . *the Super Set*

DO you realize that Philco's Super Set—Screen Grid-Plus—is the only radio at any price giving you *All* these super-performance features which have made it truly the giant of radio:

Enormous Power—More than the average owner needs, yet wonderful for those who want to bring in programs; local or out-of-town; right *through* the crowded local stations.

Automatic Volume Control—Which automatically *holds* programs at level volume without fading. It makes radio power *worth while*, because of course, power is useless if programs fade after you tune them in.

SCREEN GRID-PLUS RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Increasingly popular combination. Not only a wonderful phonograph but Screen Grid-Plus—The Super Set—also, with Automatic Volume Control and Built-in Aerial. Here, too, your favorite phonograph records come under the magic of Philco Tone-Control and Balanced-Unit Tone. Recorded music is carried through the Super Set to the Electro-Dynamic Speaker.

Priced at $198.00, *less tubes*

Tone-Control—Radio's newest miracle described above.

Daylight Reception—Automatic Volume Control in the Super Set reduces fading; Tone-Control enables you to cut down static and interfering noises by setting it at "Mellow" or "Deep." Daylight programs never before available now lighten household duties.

Balanced Units—Which eliminate distortion and produce the true, clear, glorious Philco tone.

Super-sharp Selectivity—Produced by Philco's new, exclusive 9-tube circuit, uniform over the entire dial. Local programs easily separated; out-of-town stations brought in clearly *without cross-talk* from crowded locals.

Beautiful Cabinets—Authentic designs by America's foremost furniture creators in rare woods; magnificent craftsmanship; household pieces of which you can be proud.

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Before you buy any Radio, Compare These Philco Features in Actual Demonstration

Only tremendous public acceptance of Screen Grid-Plus has enabled us to price it within the reach of all. Originally, it was designed for those who are only satisfied with "something extra" in performance. Yet these Super Sets jumped into such popularity that now it is possible to offer them at prices which anybody can afford, in Lowboys, Highboys, Combination (with phonograph) and Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph.

And the 7-tube Screen Grid sets, in Baby Grand, Console and Lowboy are, next to Screen Grid-Plus, the finest radios you can buy. All furniture models have Station Recording Dial on which you can permanently log favorite stations. Prices range from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $350, less tubes. Available for AC and DC current and in a battery set. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Ask your dealer for a free demonstration today. Easy terms when you buy. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio is now sold by all Philco dealers.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Philco Radios, Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

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She was a woman who lived intensely, almost desperately, in the present; nor could she rid herself of a foreboding, gained perhaps from her peasant servant, that the ancients who had left here their records of oddly sinister picture writing might well resent the intrusion of strangers upon their sanctuary. Always she came up again into the green sunny security of the hidden valley with much the same relief as Eve may have felt when she emerged from chaos upon the Garden of Eden.

Her life just then held indeed something reminiscent of the Garden of Eden—long, happy days when she and Nacio worked together over the domesticating of their wilderness, planting a little garden, tending their growing family of animals, sharing primitive household tasks. It was a companionship dangerous enough for one unaccustomed to such heady brew, as she well realized; but since the boy himself did not realize, what matter? Her child was always part of it, a transformed little girl who had learned to laugh and sing and romp almost like those other children of whom she never tired of hearing—the sporting young Leocadie, who made up in freckles what she lacked in teeth; her older brother Wally, recently promoted from the ownership of a pony to that of a half-sized horse; placid Pedro the Less, a trotabout of tender years with an abnormal capacity for getting into mischief. There were also the twins lately acquired by Bette and John de Maytie, whose infant appetites were so Gargantuan that their busy mother must needs carry them with her everywhere, one tucked under either arm; like a pair, said their uncle deprecatively, of squirming pink shotes.

"And what does their mother give them to eat?" demanded Mariflor interestedly of her friend, who explained without undue embarrassment. "And what is a shote, Nacio?" she inquired further.

He brought her one, shocked by such urban ignorance—a fat little curly-tailed Berkshire, which his grandmother missed with some dismay from its proper pen, but which became thereafter Mariflor's favorite companion. . . . Nacio recalled in his sister Bette the same inherent weakness for things which squealed and squirmed and needed coddling. They ran rather true to form, apparently, these women creatures.

The two were quite inseparable; Rosemary found herself growing not a little jealous of the intimacy. Nacio was accustomed to being followed about by worshipful young relatives; had, indeed, something in common with a candid simplicity which their elders so frequently seemed to lack. He treated Mariflor with the same young-manly tolerance he showed the children of his family, not hesitating to reprove where necessary, patient in his play with her as the roughly gentle dog. Yet the mother could not but notice that, whatever else he brought in to them—and her faun was a surprisingly able provider—he never neglected to produce some offering for Mariflor, selected with intuitive understanding of childish needs. Rosemary thought, looking at him with eyes it was just as well he failed to see, that it could not have been many years since Nacio himself, tall, mustachioed young *croix de guerre* that he was, must have been rather fond of playthings.

It was not only Mariflor who found new life in the Val Caché; there was a deepening luster of the woman's hair, of her soft amber eyes, under which the shadows grew less marked, of the warm clear-tinted skin, which would have made its appeal to a taste less sensitive than Nacio's to feminine beauty. Even her husband noticed the change in her, he who noticed so little nowadays. Once Nacio overheard him murmur, in his apathetic way, "You are beginning to look happy again, my dear."

She leaned and laid her cheek on his head, with one of the tender impulses which always gave the young Basque a slight shock of surprise. That wifely tenderness should survive a shadow such as obviously rested upon these unfortunates caused the young man a vague feeling of distaste. It appeared unseemly.

"I *am* happy, darling!" he heard her say. "How could I help being, with life so simple here, and sweet, and—and safe? Oh, Ned, my husband, won't you try to forget a little now, and be happy too?"

But the man put her aside abruptly and rose and went away, in his usual preoccupied fashion, as if he had always some important business to attend to elsewhere.

Nacio, indeed, came to be hardly aware of his presence, except as a vaguely amiable figure moving about the background, intent upon his lack of affairs. The visit of Monsieur Etcheverray was providential in supplying definite occupation, since the archæologist had been quick to enlist the other's trained aid in making and tabulating further investigations. But the exile's first eager enthusiasm for work he knew had lapsed again into his former dogged apathy. He came and went in silence, rarely joining the others even at mealtimes, taking no part whatever in their oddly domestic life.

Nacio treated him with an unvarying courtesy of hospitality, and frequently managed to bring in to him antiquated American newspapers, over which the man pored with a tense absorption that had its pathos. But the younger man found it difficult to concede sympathy, or even pity, to one who so apparently neglected his duties as husband and as father, and most certainly as guest.

This growing indifference obviously troubled Rosemary. "It's not like him, really it isn't, Nacio! He used to be such a friendly man, almost too considerate and indulgent, doing everything he could to help me, taking care of our child, teaching her lessons, trying to make up to us in all sorts of ways for ——" She broke off abruptly. "I don't know what has made him change like this, lately! Sometimes I almost think ——" She could not continue for a moment; an expression reappearing in her eyes which Nacio had come to dread. "My husband," she went on presently, with more steadiness, "had a very severe nervous breakdown, from overwork. That is why we had to come away, why we avoid seeing people who know us, why we—we like to keep ourselves to ourselves."

The Basque nodded; he had heard of that curious American disease called "nervous breakdown." "Our Pyrenean climate," he observed, "is of great benefit to those who have been out of health."

His unquestioning acceptance of anything she chose to tell him smote her with sudden shame. "Oh, my dear, of course you know I am lying! You know why we came away, why we can never go back to our friends, our own country!"

He said simply: "But no, madame; Madame Rosemary, I do not know. I have thought there might be a reason—some sudden *crise* of anger, perhaps; which is a thing that might occur to anyone. I myself once very nearly killed in anger."

She said, with a pale little smile, that it was at least not quite so bad as murder; only a matter of money, quite a lot of money that had been intrusted to him for investment, and that he had lost—rather a complicated story ——

"Then do not tell it me," the youth adjured her, "for I should certainly not understand! In matters of finance my family declares that I am *un peu fou*." He had, in fact, the utter indifference to money of those who have known neither need nor lack of it. "Your husband, no doubt, was also careless about money, being of scholarly nature and interested like myself in matters more important."

She whispered, "Oh, my dear, how have you learned to be so kind, so young?"

And because he saw that she was weeping, and therefore oddly dangerous to male equanimity, he began hastily to enlarge upon his own murderous *crise* of anger; an affair, he assured her, which had cured him of women forever.

"Cured you—of women?" she repeated, a smile beginning to struggle with her tears. "Oh, but Nacio!"

He nodded gravely. "As women, you understand; since she for whom I would have killed a man proved in the end—not worthy."

"Ah, that hurt! There is nothing that hurts more than to be ashamed of someone you have loved. Still, my dear, you mustn't let one wretched girl condemn the whole sex for you!"

He explained that English Dorothy was not the only female of his knowledge to be tried and found wanting. "You should hear the officers of my service talk! They are not serious, women"—evidently a grave offense. "They have neither honor nor modesty, as a man knows these things; they are incapable of friendship, but can think of nothing except love and love-making until they are too old to think at all!"

She might have told him, but did not, that no woman of any age could encounter such stirring young masculinity as his without certain thoughts of love and love-making; any more than one may gaze at the sea without dreaming of far-off lands, or at moonlight without recalling other moonlights.

She said instead: "Don't be too hard on us, Nacio! Life isn't any too easy for women, who have to get what they need as best they can. Try not to be too hard on us."

To be safe from such a sex, he explained, shrugging, it was necessary to be a little hard.

She laughed aloud at that. "And so your heart has become a rock—one of those 'Aurignacian retouched flints' you and Ned like to talk about?"

He saw that she was teasing him, as all women did; and nodded imperturbably.

"Look out, my dear! Flint is a thing that strikes out sparks," she warned, only half in jest. For she thought she knew what was happening to Nacio, if he did not; and eased her conscience with the belief. "It is for my child, it is for the sake of my Mariflor." . . . Women must get what they need as best they can.

She said to him on another occasion, gently, "Surely you do not think *me* incapable of friendship, Nacio?"

"Ah, you! You are different," he said, and meant it. Women who cared for Nacio—young Bette, his sister-in-law Emily, his fat and rather plaintive mother—all these seemed "different" to Nacio, a class exempt from criticism, sacrosanct. And he had begun to observe in his protégée certain rather poignant qualities which fitted her in his esteem for their very special company; notably her tender, caressing ways with the child, the unappreciative husband, even the surly half-wit servant who was obviously her devoted slave. He wondered sometimes how he could ever have thought her less than beautiful.

Part of the growing glamour was her music, since that summer would be always inextricably mingled in his mind—long-shadowed afternoons, dusks lit by drifting *lucioles*, nights when stars sang stilly together overhead—with cool strange harmonies, new to him, of Debussy and César Franck, with the northern mysticism of Grieg, the passionate Slavic intensities of Chopin.

"You are a musician, no?" he asked Rosemary once, respectfully; music being with him an untaught racial passion. She nodded absently, remembering how once ambition had seemed the great reality of her life. "Your phonograph told me you were *artiste*," he explained.

She patted its sleek mahogany sides gratefully. "America's one great contribution to art!" she said. "We are too busy a people to produce our own music, like you others. We have to do what we can of it by machinery."

"But it is a music so much finer than we know how to make, we others!" he protested.

She shook her head without speaking. To her thereafter music would always mean the memory of Nacio himself, mounting a hillside path, her child and the dog rapt at his heels; at his lips, Pan-like, a shepherd's pipe playing—nothing at all; wind in the leaves, rippling of water, passing cloud shadows; the sound of silence. She knew that never again would she have need to dread the sound of silence.

It was this fellow touch of artistry, some rare quality of appreciation, a sensitiveness like his own to sound and color and all rare things, that made her company so congenial to a dreamer raised in the Spartan and practical atmosphere of a Basque home—even more so than that of his brother's sympathetic wife, whom in a manner Rosemary resembled. She had the same whimsical air of detachment from necessary affairs, the same exotic fragility of appearance—American women appeared to need so much protection. He had his own share of Basque practicality, despite his dreaming; taught his friend how to prepare such small game as he trapped for her, since firearms were forbidden in the Val Caché; how to broil trout over a juniper fire, on a grill of rhododendron twigs; how to make beds out of fragrant fresh-cut pine boughs spread thick with blankets, upon which she slept as she had not slept since childhood, with a fire always smoldering on the narrow rock ledge upon which their caves opened, as protection from prowling animals.

So the summer deepened around them, shortened, began to pass. The woman, if she could, would have stayed it with her two hands. Already the bracken commenced to yellow; soon they would be gathering it for fodder. Then crystal flurries would dance glittering about the remote white peaks, and the *tramontana* swooping out of the Haute Pyr would bring swarms of

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The streets of old New Orleans,—the last mad hours of Mardi-Gras. A girl, two men. Such is "Dixiana"—a spectacle, a pageant, an impassioned romance . . . and hilarious comedy. Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are featured.

"Silence" . . said Josh Billings, "is a still noise"

And so it is. You never hear the old clock ticking on the mantel—*until it stops.*

Likewise, a motion-picture audience often watches a Technicolor picture sequence without realizing that it is color at all—*until the picture switches back to black and white.*

The explanation is simplicity itself. In natural color illusion is complete. Audiences are absorbed and oblivious in their unalloyed enjoyment of reality—of life itself. They don't realize it is merely a picture they are watching . . . until the *unnatural* black-and-white film rudely awakens them—and makes them see how absolutely necessary color is to the complete enjoyment of a complete art: how shadowy and phantom-like the old-fashioned film has suddenly become.

in Technicolor

What the critics say about Technicolor

St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent. *"Sally . . .* Miss Miller's blonde beauty photographs splendidly in Technicolor and she is just as pretty and just as attractive as she is in real life."

Portland (Me.) Express. *"The Vagabond King . . .* so bewilderingly beautiful, with its gorgeous Technicolor treatments . . . that the meagerness of mere words cannot do justice."

New York (N. Y.) Sun (John S. Cohen, Jr.) *"General Crack . . .* the beauty spot of the evening was a sequence in Technicolor."

Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer. *"Gold Diggers of Broadway . . .* Technicolor adds to the gorgeous quality of this production and throws a novel glow over the entire picture."

Boston (Mass.) Globe. *"Gold Diggers of Broadway . . .* Technicolor gives this picture a vivid reality and charm."

Toledo (Ohio) Times. *"The Vagabond King . . .* a reeling riot of color, gorgeous tints through the process of Technicolor."

Toronto (Ont.) Star (Roly Young). *"The Vagabond King . . .* a triumph for Technicolor."

Denver (Colo.) News (Kaspar Monahan). *"Paramount on Parade . . .* Technicolor has been used in some of the big smash scenes and these will pretty nearly knock your eyes out."

Tacoma (Wash.) News (Alice Simpson). "Filmed entirely in Technicolor, *The Vagabond King* is one of the most lavishly staged productions to reach the screen."

"Viennese Nights" is Vienna, and all it meant. New York and all it means. Incomparable in music, in romance, in color, in cast. Alexander Gray, Vivienne Segal, Jean Hersholt, Walter Pidgeon.

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequences; **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **LOTTERY BRIDE,** with Jeanette MacDonald (United Artists), Technicolor Sequences; **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman, Jean Hersholt and Ralph Forbes (Tiffany); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **THE FLORODORA GIRL,** starring Marion Davies (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); **WHOOPEE,** starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn).

"These oysters won't drip on your clothes"

DON'T risk carrying home oysters in an old-fashioned, flimsy paper pail or some other makeshift. Buy from a dealer who uses Sealrights. For your protection, Sealrights are made with the patented double bottom for double safety. They can't crush, leak or drip. And talk about delicious! The freshness, flavor and native liquor of the oysters are sealed right in. Sealrights make such moist and juicy foods as sauerkraut, slaw, salads, pickles, olives—even hot foods from the delicatessen—as easy and safe to carry as a box of crackers. Look for the dealers who use Sealrights. They are good dealers to buy from.

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SEALRIGHT
LEAK-PROOF
FOOD CONTAINERS

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snowflakes that stung like wasps. After two Pyrenean winters, Rosemary had lost her courage for their fierce beauty.

"Oh, Nacio, what am I going to do about my Mariflor?" she cried once to the boy. "When we have to return to Andorra ——"

"But why have you to return?" he asked reluctantly.

She sighed. "Adam and Eve themselves were not permitted to remain forever in the Garden of Eden!" She blushed to remember why. "And even Paradise is no place for a child to live indefinitely—a lady child, Nacio, a little well-born American girl! No proper playmates, no schooling, no opportunities. Oh, my dear, how ever am I going to make a future for my Mariflor?"

He answered this wail of desperation as best he could. "You will send her when the time comes, no doubt, to the good sisters at Perpignan, or at Toulouse; where she will be quite happy, as my young sisters are."

She drew back in sharp dismay. "Nuns? Send my baby daughter away to a convent, and let them make a nun of her?"

He lifted his eyebrows; it was his first experience of a religious prejudice which seemed to him as ignorant as any superstition of peasants. He explained that European girls of good family were often educated in convents, where an extremely small percentage took the veil. "Though far worse things might happen," he added quietly, "than to enter the life of religion! There with God one is always safe."

"Safe! You speak as if life were one long peril, Nacio!"

"And you do not find it so?" He could have bitten his tongue out for the stupid reminder; but she was thinking of something else, of a possibility in Nacio that had suddenly dismayed her—the hint of the ascetic, the possible priest. She eyed aghast the magnificent physique, the broad brow, the strong, sweet lips—all the bright male beauty of him. She thought of his understanding gentleness with her child.

"No, no, you mustn't!" she said incoherently. "Promise me you will never be so great a coward, Nacio!"

He lifted his brows in sheer astonishment; it was not often that members of his family were exhorted against cowardice.

"Yes, a coward! You're afraid of life," she declared, even as his grandmother had once declared. "Afraid of what you French-speaking people call the *génie d'espèce*. Don't be, don't be, my dear!" she urged with sudden earnestness. "There's nothing wrong about it, it's the rightest thing there is; your spark of the sacred fire to guard—and to pass on, Nacio, to pass on! You must have children, a man like you; it's your duty to humanity!"

At that he grinned. "You should know our *madre*," he observed. "In certain ways you would, I think, find yourselves congenial; she is forever regretting the older days when priests of our race were encouraged to marry and bear young! All men," he continued, in rare, shy confidence, "look forward, I think, to the experience of fatherhood. But to have that, is it then so necessary to undergo experience of marriage?" He explained simply, observing her rather startled look: "Père Marcos, of our parish, is 'father' to a larger family than marriage could bring. Do you think, Rosemary, that every tree is intended to flower and bear fruit? Are not some," he asked, "intended merely, perhaps, to—to give shelter?"

It was a question she could not answer. She brought back the subject of her child. "Even if Mariflor were not too young to send away from me, I am afraid I couldn't afford a convent school just now. We've so little money left! Oh, but Nacio, what is going to happen to us when that is gone? I could give piano lessons, perhaps I could still get concert engagements; but—in Andorra!"

He asked, quietly, "Your husband is not able to work, like other men?"

Then she told him what she had to tell, haltingly, incoherently. "Haven't you noticed what is happening to my poor Ned? Perhaps it happened long ago, only I didn't realize. The fear of being found, you know, or—of not being found! They could have taken us, I suspect, whenever they wanted to, really; only they didn't want to, being friends. Oh, my dear, it's a terrible thing to be deliberately forgotten by your friends!"

The Basque agreed, soberly. That, he thought, must be exile indeed.

"He pays no attention to anything any more, except his eternal cave digging. Mariflor and I might as well not exist. All he asks is to be let alone. Not thinking straight, you see! You remember how pitifully eager he was to leave Andorra. I don't believe he will ever consent to go back there. But—where next? Oh, Nacio, have I got to spend the rest of my life wandering about the world's hiding places alone with—with a lunatic?"

It was out at last, the latent fear that had so often troubled him at the back of her eyes; which was no mere dread of winter or loneliness or the law. Nacio answered instinctively, aghast—for although he had thought the exile strange enough in behavior, it had not occurred to him that the man was mad—"No, no, Rosemary, *pauvrette!* You have borne enough! Now you must come away with me, you and your little one. . . ."

It was, of course, what she had known must happen soon or late, what she had indeed willed to happen; yet now that she had her way, she got small comfort from it. The compunction that gripped her heart was not for the broken man who seemed no longer either to want or need her, but for Nacio himself. What would he do with her life, this detached, romantic young knight-errant of an alien blood? And she with his?

It was a question, indeed, which occurred in due time to Nacio also. He took counsel, after the family habit, with their neighbor Etcheverray, who heard him through without comment.

"*Eh, enfant de mon cœur!*" he sighed at last. "You will probably spend the rest of your days tilting at windmills—other people's windmills—and we shall probably spend the rest of our days endeavoring to prevent you!"

"And in the end assisting me," remarked the youth, with engaging confidence.

"And in the end assisting you—how not? But, *mon cher*,"—the savant felt his way delicately here—"am I to understand that you are not as yet the lover of this poor lady—that you have not even the ambition to become so?"

"Certainly not!" said Nacio with some impatience. "She is far too old. . . . Besides, she is married, she is not free, Monsieur Tubal!"

"Ah, pardon," murmured the other gravely. "One had forgotten! But, in that case, you think it wise to burden yourself, at your age, with the adoption of an entire family? Is it not—almost too chivalrous a gesture?"

"This from you, Monsieur Tubal!" said the boy reproachfully. Besides, he added very low, it was not entirely a gesture of abstract chivalry; one owed—he in particular owed—a certain debt to unprotected womankind, a certain duty as of reparation ——

It was his first and only reference to his late experience of warfare in the Riff. The other understood, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

Nevertheless, he continued hesitantly, though the impulse was quite natural, there occurred certain possible objections to Nacio's idea of vicarious reparation; not only personal objections. To set up a lady "in her furniture" as the French phrase goes, a married woman with no husband to protect her, was quite likely to give scandal in so *exigeant* a community as theirs, might even result in serious consequences to the lady herself. He was remembering a woman difficult for any man of that country to forget, one Pilar de Maytie, of a certain fame, who in his own youth had been driven from their village by the punishment of *charivari*, because her virtue was under suspicion.

"But," protested the boy, lifting his head haughtily, "do you forget that even though Madame Rosemary will have no husband to protect her, she will have me, myself, Nacio Urruty?"—a naïveté for which the older man found no immediate response.

He approached the affair from another angle. "Your grandmother will perhaps not care under the circumstances to receive your friend and her child at the etcheonda. Where then will you house this lady? There is, to be sure," he continued thoughtfully, "John de Maytie's *domec* in the village, old Ducontentia, unoccupied except for John's little museum of antiquities. Doubtless your protégée would be welcome to settle there; and I dare say pupils could be found for her in music, in English, perhaps in other accomplishments, now that we become so progressive a community. But have you thought, my friend, of the bereft husband? What is to be done with him?"

"That is a matter," shrugged Nacio, "I am content to leave entirely to your suggestion."

The other made a gesture of resigned protest. "I dare say, I dare say!—one of the trifling neighborly duties of a *chenhango*. However, I fancy he will do well enough as a hermit, poor man, there with the Catalan servant—he will not be the first *malheureux* who has had to adjust his life to the lack of women!"

Nacio, therefore, was able to return to Rosemary with his plans well under way. She listened to them gratefully, acquiescently, if without obvious enthusiasm. It had not occurred to her that their projected flight together would take them into the bosom of so close-knit a community. He, however, had enthusiasm for two. "Once you know them, how you will like our family!" he reassured her eagerly: Esteban, the great *pelotari*, who had made his marriage, like any American, out of pure love; Pedro, their one-armed father, always elected alcalde of the district because of his kindly wisdom; the modest and gifted husband of his sister Bette—"artist like yourself, Rosemary, only with the paints." And Mariflor would learn to make herself really noisy and mischievous, like other children, there among the Urruty young.

Yes, agreed Rosemary faintly, it would be a wonderful experience

(Continued on Page 86)

Make it out of PRESDWOOD ...and make it better

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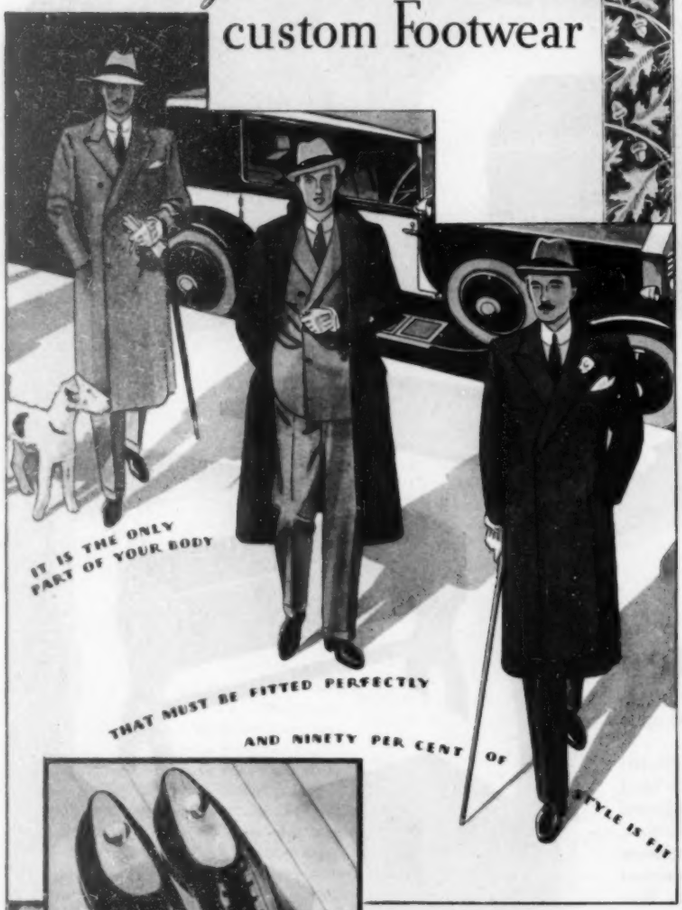

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Footsavers are priced at $12 to $14. Your request will bring a folder of the season's newest styles. Address Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co.—makers of Bostonians, Shoes for Men—Whitman, Mass. Women's Footsavers made by Julian & Kokenge, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOOTSAVERS

THE ONLY SHOE WITH THE SAVING V

(Continued from Page 84)

for Mariflor. "Always Mariflor!" she thought. . . .

"And for you? Surely a little for you also?" he asked, somewhat crestfallen.

Somehow he found her in his arms then, being comforted for he knew not what, her tears salt on his lips, the perfume from her hair making him a little dizzy.

"Oh, my dear," she whispered incoherently, her cheek against his, "do you realize why I am doing this, deserting my poor husband, my wifely duty? Not that it will matter much to him! But—I am still a young woman, Nacio, younger than you guess. It isn't that I am really afraid, you know! Oh, Nacio, do you understand?"

He kissed her forehead very gently, not as a lover but as a brother might. "Of course I understand, Rosemary! It is for the sake of your little one, no?"

She closed her searching eyes. "I—suppose so," she said helplessly.

Later, when she could better trust herself to speak, she tried once more. "Do you quite realize," she asked with some courage, "what the world is going to think and say, my dear, if we go away like this together? Not my world, which doesn't exist any more, but your world, Nacio—your family, that rather terrifying old Basque grandmother?"

The young man nodded. "But does it matter," he replied after a moment simply, "what people think and say, Rosemary, so long as it is not true?"

She whispered under her breath, "I wonder!" What she wondered was how long she could keep him from finding out that what the world thinks, and says, is usually true. . . .

At this point Fate and Madame Urruty—a conjunction of powers not unusual in that neighborhood—combined to take a hand in the affairs of the Val Caché. Nacio, who had for some time regarded the family etcheonda merely as a base of supplies, returned from one of his prolonged and mysterious disappearances with a troubled question for his grandmother: When a child was unusually hot in the face and hands, and declined to eat, and complained of sharp pains in the interior, was the malady to be taken more seriously than an indigestion?

No malady, pronounced the community oracle, was to be taken more seriously than an indigestion; and inquired with a sudden narrowing of sharp old eyes the age of this suffering infant. She looked relieved when Nacio explained that it was not an infant, but a little girl of perhaps the age of Esteban's Wally, though small for her nine or ten years.

There ensued a fusillade of expert questions which somewhat bewildered the young man: as to the degree of fever, its duration, whether there had been night sweating; what type of food induced the pain; together with others of a more intimate nature.

"*Tiens*, how should one know such things, *gran'mère?*" he protested modestly. "One is not the child's parent!"

"For that at least we may be grateful," commented the old woman tartly; and asked where, then, were the child's parents, that he so concerned himself with what was obviously not his affair?

He explained that the parents seemed to know as little as himself of the care of infant sickness. "I thought if you could not sufficiently advise me, I would better have in a doctor to her. Or perhaps our Bette?"

"A man doctor? I mock myself of it," remarked the matriarch, divesting herself of her work apron. "As to our Bette, she is a nursing mother and can take no risks, as you should well know." She then demanded the whereabouts of these foolhardy parents who had neglected to inform themselves properly as to the care of children's sickness. Her brows met over his reluctant reply.

"What?" she exclaimed incredulously. "You can tell me strangers, persons not Basque, have established themselves in our Val Caché? And you knew of this, my son?"

Nacio explained that he not only knew of it but had taken them there himself, since they had great need of sanctuary.

She said sternly: "You have broken trust, as well as breaking our Basque laws. You have betrayed what was not yours to betray. For this, suitable punishment will devise itself, be assured!" Nacio nodded subdued assent. "Meanwhile, since they are neighbors, why do we delay?" She was already putting certain sick-room necessities into a hamper with whose appearance her neighborhood was long and gratefully familiar.

"*Gran'mère,*" he exclaimed, "you mean to go with me yourself!"

"But naturally," she replied testily; "who else?" And since the emergency seemed urgent, she added with lofty calm they need not waste time going by road around the mountain; they would employ Esteban's air machine—Madame Urruty was a woman of her word.

None of the household suspected what stirring events were afoot until, looking up from various pursuits at the unfamiliar sputter of the ascending biplane, they recognized in its passenger seat the familiar world-going *bonnet-basque* and enveloping black *capuchon* of their intrepid matriarch.

Before the alarmed wonder had subsided, however, she was back again, bearing in her arms a chattering, overflushed, very sick little stranger, who greeted the staring Urruty children surprisingly by name; and a few more hours found them at the nearest hospital, since in any use of the knife Madame Urruty conceded to man a certain hereditary superiority. Appendicitis was one of the imported foreign maladies which she frankly admitted to be beyond her scope.

The terrified mother had let her child go without protest, almost eagerly, once she realized that the plane could carry but one passenger. That passenger must, she knew, be the brusque, laconic, strangely kind-eyed old woman to whom Mariflor went with eagerness, nestling her pain-racked little body into arms that seemed its appointed resting place.

All Rosemary said was, dazedly: "You will not let them hurt her? Or frighten her? She's never been away from me an hour in her life!"

To which Madame Urruty replied simply that she would deal with the *petite* as with her own; adding in her precise, quaintly accented English: "Illness, madame, is our woman's battlefield—*hein?*—where officers and soldiers must work together to make victory. I, my daughter, happen to be here an officer, you a soldier. It is then to be of stout heart. *Soyez tranquille!*"

Rosemary nodded without speaking; she would have liked, had she dared, to kiss the hand of this old mother warrior to show how utterly she trusted her. When she had watched the plane out of sight she turned desperately for sheer need of comfort to her husband; but he had already gone back to what

(Continued on Page 89)

"Great advance" says Marconi

"INVENTOR OF RADIO" CALLS NEW RCA RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE "SPLENDID CONTRIBUTION TO THE ART OF RADIO!" . . . . .

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Set Illustrated: *Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Model 80—screen-grid—9 tuned circuits—magnified, illuminated tuning dial accurately calibrated in kilocycles—improved volume control—local-distance switch—push-pull amplification—improved electro-dynamic speaker—handsome walnut veneer cabinet—$142.50, less Radiotrons. Also De Luxe Model and Radiola with electric phonograph, equipped with remote control, radio's ultimate convenience.*

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You can also have this new Radiola Super-Heterodyne in combination with the newest electric phonograph and enjoy all the pleasure of choosing your own musical programs. You may have the fun of home-recording . . . of making actual "talkie" records of your own voice . . . also remote control . . . so you can change stations without leaving your favorite chair . . . and tone color control so you can adjust the tone to suit your own taste.

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RCA Radiola SUPER-HETERODYNE

The Arithmetic of RURAL *Electrification*

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION is a task comparable to that undertaken when the American people set out to provide their thinly settled country with railroads. For three-quarters of a century capital and labor were devoted to the extension of the railway network.

Provision of electric service to farms means much more than the endowment of the farm with the electrical conveniences of city life. The electric power line also brings to the farm the services rendered by the gas and water utilities of the city. Electricity operates the waterworks and the kitchen range on farms numbering scores of thousands.

The financial magnitude of the task of rural electrification is in keeping with its possibilities of betterment. It is fortunate that the electric light and power industry in America has been able to consolidate its position so that it can carry on this great work. The fact that as large a proportion of American farms are electrified today as in all western Europe, where people and farms are much more densely concentrated, is testimony that America is on the right road to rural electrification — arduous as that road may be in some sections of the country.

The electrification of at least 1,000,000 American farms is now definitely in sight. It will doubtless be accomplished early in the present decade.

Such an extension of electric service requires the construction of at least 333,000 miles of rural electric service lines; a mileage almost double that of the high voltage electric transmission lines built in the last 20 years to connect generating stations and to give service to cities and towns.

The cost of these farm lines alone will exceed $500,000,000. In addition, a vast amount of equipment must be provided in the form of transformers, substations and additional generating capacity.

Power companies will build the lines and provide the equipment, in order that the farmer may be able to buy machinery and appliances for his farm — appointments without which the mere extension of electric service to his home is a futile gesture. To be of real benefit to the farmer, electric power must be used in quantities sufficient either to increase his income or add to his leisure and that of his family. That use necessitates a large amount of equipment.

The general success of farm electrification probably requires an average use of 100 units of electrical energy per month by the farm family. At any rate, the use of that much current would take the service out of the luxury class and so add to farm efficiency as to provide full economic justification for the costs incurred by the farmer.

A million farms would require purchase by farmers of $1,000,000,000 worth of equipment to justify the construction of 333,000 miles of rural electric lines.

The electrification of 1,000,000 farms, then, involves an initial investment of a billion and a half dollars by the electric industry and the farmers.

The provision of that capital, and the job of intelligently translating it into rural electrification, calls for the closest cooperation of the farmer and the electric industry, and calls for massed financial and engineering ability which the electric light and power investment, or holding company, is alone able to supply.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities and to rural America on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities and to more than fifty thousand farms in thirty states.

The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES," *which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

(Continued from Page 86)

he called his work—that aimless, hurried, unimportant delving into layers of dead life, which was occupation suitable enough, she thought with agonized impatience, for those who are already done with living.

It was Etcheverray, not Nacio, who brought first news of Mariflor's progress, waving quick reassurance as soon as he came within sight. Mariflor was already recovering, he reported, from a very successful operation; but meanwhile Nacio dared not leave her—the child would not let him out of reach. Madame Urruty also remained, and sent word that with the parents' permission she wished to take the little one back to her own house for convalescence, where conditions were more favorable to recovery.

Rosemary agreed without question, as people usually acceded to the suggestions of Madame Urruty. She agreed, too, when Nacio at last returned to her, that there was no need now to bring the child back to the Val Caché, since she seemed perfectly content to remain where she was until her mother came.

"But hasn't she missed me?" questioned Rosemary, a new pain added to the growing heaviness at her heart.

"Children easily adapt themselves," shrugged Nacio, with his own unconscious young cruelty. "If sometimes at night one hears her whimpering, it is enough to go and lie beside her on the bed awhile, until she sleeps again. She is quite used to me, you see!"

Rosemary pictured the two dear heads laid beside each other on the same pillow, one so small and smooth and bright, the other dark with its tousled boyish curls; and the heart in her grew big with those sacrificial thoughts which come so easily to mothers.

What chanced to her thereafter could not, after all, matter greatly; nothing mattered now but her child's welfare—and Nacio's. She offered suddenly to be ready to go away with him whenever he came for her.

Near the valley's exit Nacio was rather disconcerted to encounter the apathetic husband awaiting him; wanting, no doubt, news of his child. But he said surprisingly, "Urruty, I'd like now to tell you good-by."

For one startled, incredulous moment the youth wondered whether his friend Etcheverray could possibly have betrayed him; but the American went on speaking, no longer in his usual dull apathy, although stuttering a little with embarrassment.

"I want to say good-by and—and thank you. Don't think I've been unaware of what you've done for—for all of us. This season of blessed security has given me time to think. I know now—I've known all along, for that matter—what I must do. Only—I couldn't bear to think of my wife and child the wife and child of a jailbird. Now it's different. I need not worry about them any more, need I? So I'm going back. After ten years of it, ten years of dodging about like a hunted rat—the relief—I mean to give myself up, and take my punishment."

He went on, at Nacio's amazed protest: "It's what she has wanted me to do from the first—she's a good sport, my poor Rosemary! I think perhaps you'll like to know that she's never profited by my—misadventure. In fact, there was nothing to profit by; it all went trying to make more. No matter why! A man who marries a woman so much younger than himself, a woman he loves—too much, perhaps—wants naturally to give her what he can; even what he can't ——" He paused again and swallowed. "Never mind all that; what I'm trying to tell you is that the money we've been living on is hers, money she earned herself; and it's nearly gone. So something must be done, you see!"

Nacio remained silent, trying to reconstruct this furtive, negligible, vaguely piteous figure into something that was not entirely furtive or negligible.

"I've tried lately," went on the other, stumbling on with his hurried speech, "to make amends in the only way I knew, by—well, by dissociating myself from them, by leaving you a clear field, Urruty. She's been in love with you, of course, from the first."

Nacio gave a dismayed exclamation. He tried to protest, to deny such a startling possibility, and saw suddenly that he could not.

The husband almost smiled over his obvious confusion. "You didn't realize? Never mind, it's quite all right, it's even natural—I know where I can trust, Urruty! Perhaps you haven't heard," he went on stoically, "that in my part of the world a penitentiary sentence automatically gives a man's wife grounds for divorce? So—that's that!"

Nacio still remained silent. He did not know quite how to explain that in his own country no law or cause for divorce gives right of remarriage to a woman who has a husband living.

The American added, with a deep intake of breath: "I have consulted your friend Etcheverray, who has most kindly offered to arrange everything, who will come in a day or so to get me out of here. You need know nothing further, when Rosemary questions you—as she most surely will! She's got a very tender heart, Urruty"—his face quivered a little. "She gave up many things, even a career, to share my exile. I am afraid, even now, she would not let me go back to—face things alone, if she knew. Of course, I need not ask your promise of secrecy?"

Nacio gave the promise, rather dazed. He could think of nothing further to say, except, as he held out his hand, "One regrets, monsieur, not to have known you better!"

"Thanks, that's all right," muttered the other, and turned awkwardly away.

Nacio found himself in somewhat of a dilemma. To rescue ladies in distress was a very different matter from having them presented as free gifts, in perpetuity; and that the object of his chivalry had happened to fall in love with himself merely added to the embarrassment.

Love, he reflected with some distaste, appeared to be an uncontrollable weakness of the sex! Nor could he put out of mind the thought of a fellow creature, a free man like himself, deliberately abandoning his liberty, his God-given right to the sun and wind and sky, in order to immure himself in some noisome dungeon—the Basque idea of a penitentiary being somewhat primitive. Greatly as he pitied Rosemary, it was to the husband that he now found his sensitive sympathies veering.

He would have liked again to consult Etcheverray, an authority unquestioned on matters of chivalry; but their neighbor had betaken himself elsewhere. He could not even present the problem to his spiritual adviser, Père Marcos, since another's secret was hardly matter for the confessional. Mariflor was his sole solace; "Nacio's *fillette*," as she was known to the family; already able to clamber from her bed onto his knee as by divine right of invalidism, and snuggle her head contentedly into its accustomed hollow above his silver rib.

When he went at last for Rosemary on the day appointed, his purpose had clarified itself, however. If he could never become to her the devoted husband that was obviously expected of him, nor even the type of self-sacrificial lover demanded by *haute romance*, he would have at least his desired fatherhood without marriage; he could prove himself the wise and tender guardian of her child. . . .

But as he came again into the Val Caché, its wide emptiness struck him like a sudden blow. Nobody hurried out to welcome him except the gibbering half-wit servant, the fierce young watchdog, who whined anxiety at his approach. Something had happened here.

He called aloud in a sort of panic: "Rosemary! *Qu'avez-vous donc?*" knowing instinctively that there would be no answer. He could not understand what the pointing Catalan was trying to tell him: "*Musica! Ven aca, señor! la musica!*"—until he came upon her letter, laid significantly upon the phonograph, on a record whose airy echoes seemed not to have quite yet died out of the silent valley—L'Après-midi d'un Faune.

She had gone, the letter told him unnecessarily, with her husband, who had tried to slip away without her. "As if I could have let him!" she wrote. "As if any wife would not know! Oh, Nacio, I cannot bear to hurt you—but this is the way I shall hurt you least, believe me. And I'm leaving you my Mary-flower, the best I've got to give—all I've got. Keep her for me till I can take care of her again; God knows when that may be! My child will be safer with you than in any convent, safer even than she would be with her mother now."

She would have given him, she said, anything else she could, herself included. "And I could have made you happy enough, too! But just happiness isn't always good for people, not for such as you. Dreams are truer than reality. . . . Do you understand, I wonder? Oh, Nacio, my dear one, have I not done well?"

The letter was signed simply, "For Remembrance."

After a while the boy lifted his bewildered head, and answered to the surrounding emptiness, "You have done well."

But not until the half-wit servant, watching him, began suddenly to weep aloud, not until the dog came whimpering to his knee to offer her fealty of shared sorrow, did Nacio quite understand what had happened to himself, what it was that he should have always to remember with Rosemary.

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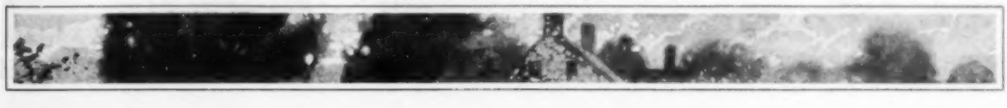

PREPARE *YOUR* BUSINESS FOR

THE TIME HAS COME for executives to take inventory of their organization habits. Is your business idly marking time? Or is it on its toes, alert for the "breaks" that are coming? ¶ An upward trend is on the way. Will your organization catch it on the first swing? Or will it go by as a shadow across smoked glasses of pessimism. ¶ Are you maintaining your outside contacts and making new ones? Are you using the kind of sales letters, bulletins, personal letters that your salesmen appreciate—and which provide the *personal* touch between you and your customers? ¶ *Within* your organization, are you handling business routine rapidly, carrying ideas into action without errors or loss of time? In other words, are you alert to the proper use of printed forms—office memos, requisitions, work sheets, shipping instructions, reports, and all such forms applicable to your

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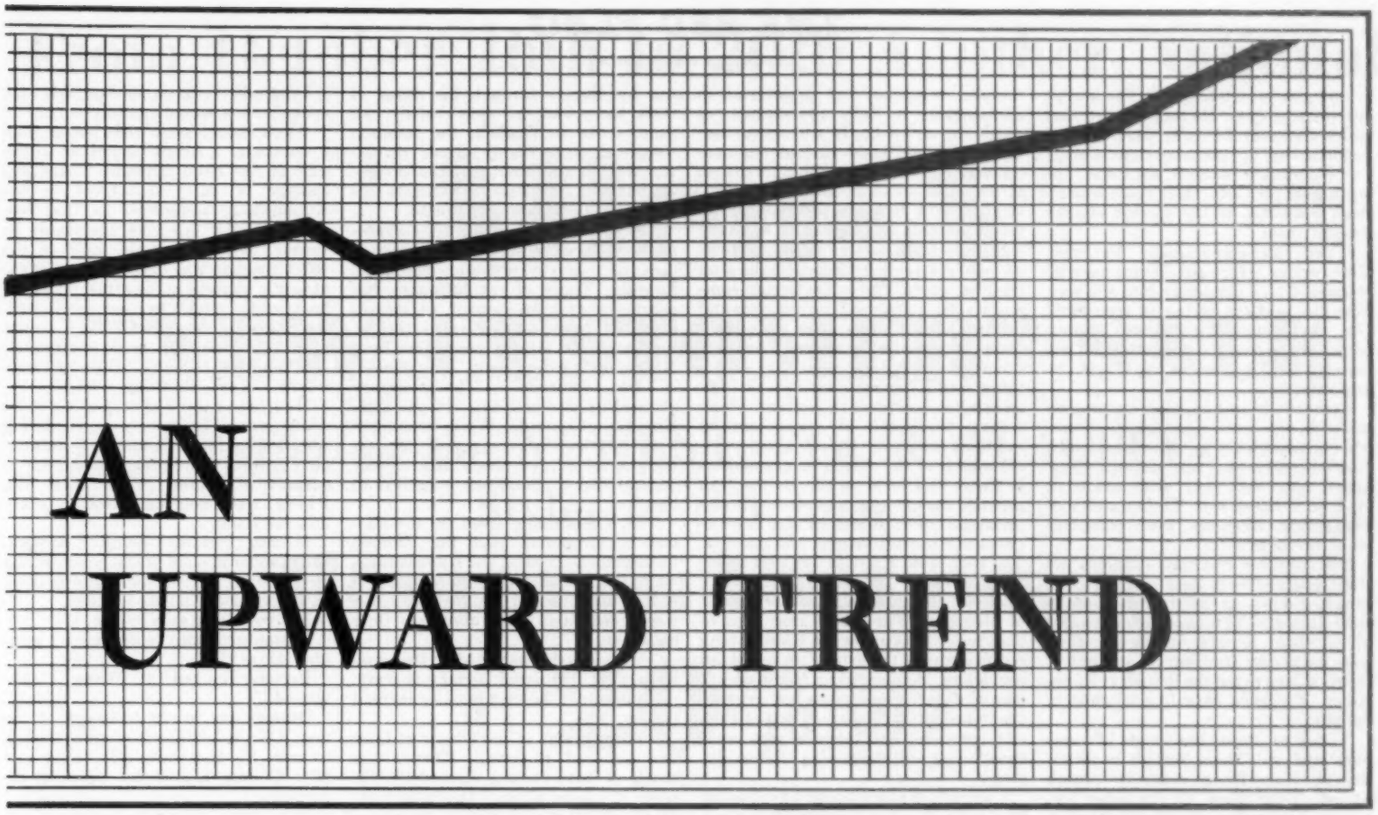

particular business to get things done *right*—and *on time?* ¶ The question of what paper to use is no question at all. For business men today can standardize on one universally known watermarked name: Hammermill Bond. ¶ Hammermill Bond is surfaced for fast, clean writing, typing or printing. It is built to withstand rough handling. It is finished to create respect for the message it carries. And it is priced to appeal to intelligent buyers—not extravagant, not cheap. ¶ Thirteen practical colors and white—a color for each important activity, department, or branch office. Bond or ripple finish. With envelopes to match all colors and both finishes. ¶ Your printer has a stock of Hammermill Bond, or can get promptly the item you want.

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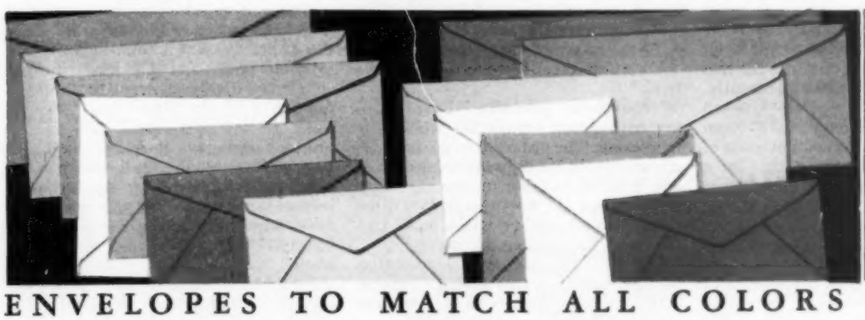

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ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR OFFICE LETTERHEAD

ENVELOPES TO MATCH ALL COLORS AND BOTH FINISHES

THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 27)

She glanced at him, the lids low on her slanting eyes. He remembered that quick glance in the train, when she had reddened her lips, perhaps significantly.

"We must be patient, comrade. The work goes forward." Her voice was almost inaudible in the excited chatter around them.

"Yes," he agreed again. "Patience. The work goes forward." Once more he wondered how genuinely Red she was. Was she perhaps trying to trap him? One never knew with these Communists. "Long live the revolution." That conventional sentiment was safe, at any rate.

Comrade May-ling, likewise in male uniform, squeezed through to them. She had abandoned her Russian friends. Instinctively, the two nations drew apart, now that they were about to land on Chinese soil. The minority of swaggering Russians were conspicuously foreigners.

The Chinese returned students let their tongues free in their own language, shouting down to the river dwellers in their sampans. This humble folk looked up to them glumly, in silence; they were all nearly starving on account of the rigid boycott of the British at Hong-Kong. Comrade May-ling laughed in delight.

"Look at those thousands of sampans tied up! Those British imperialists at Hong-Kong must be plumb ruined. After them, all the other foreigners. Long live the dictatorship of the proletariat!"

Wang smiled to her. "The Komintern teaches China the true technic."

She answered enthusiastically: "Isn't it all too terribly thrilling? Did you see the newspapers that came on board? Mass strikes everywhere. Everywhere the workers are forming themselves into labor unions and putting revolutionary pressure on the employers. Oh, I'm just crazy to get into the fight!" Always about her hung something of the American high-school girl.

Little Kuei-fei looked up seriously. "It is wonderful that we Chinese women are now emancipated—that we can help the revolution just as if we were men—can also dedicate our lives to China!"

It was late August. Comrade Wang's motor car raced honkingly through the crowded streets of Changsha, headquarters of the Kuomintang forces operating against Wu P'ei-fu. That war lord had returned from a campaign against a rival war lord too late to save his province of Hupeh. Some of his generals had led their troops over to the enemy in the crisis of the battle. Others, among those he most trusted, had withdrawn their divisions in persistent and inexplicable retreat. Already his triple capital city of Hankow-Hanyang-Wuchang was menaced.

In Changsha the first period of military conquest was over. The period of revolutionary consolidation was in progress. Exhibited on posts, like horrible lacquer masks, the heads of many of the richest merchants permanently adorned the streets. Every class of labor, from the clerical staffs of business firms to the porter coolies, organized itself in unions, truculently presenting fantastic demands to employers, ruined if they complied with them, menaced with confiscation and prison if they did not. Ubiquitous labor-union pickets armed with staves replaced the police, enforced obedience to the revolutionary decrees, compelled the proletariat to demonstrate in daily processions, to come out on strike, to riot when necessary. School children and students likewise formed their unions, went on strike, expelled their teachers, demonstrated with banners proclaiming all the revolutionary slogans. On every wall were lurid posters depicting British soldiers tossing Chinese babies on their bayonets. The entire foreign community was paralyzed, its missions and its businesses alike at a standstill. From far up-country stations the missionaries—still incredulous that such a thing could happen—arrived as fugitives after hairbreadth escapes, abandoning the work of years smitten suddenly into ruin. Despite the persistent efforts of the official propagandists to focus "all hate on the British," in practice the ignorant and excited proletariat did not trouble to differentiate between one hated foreigner and another. The well-to-do Chinese suffered most; all who could fled northward to the safety of the International Settlement of Shanghai. The whole vast area of Southern China under the Kuomintang red flag was in the grip of an awful, all pervading, demoralizing fear—such a fear as now for nine years had gripped the immensity of Russia. For the Russian comrades had taken charge, were broadening and deepening the revolution.

Comrade Wang's motor was checked at a cross street. A demonstration was in progress. It was a procession of revolutionary women, the older ones all hobbling on their "golden lilies," many of the girls with feet that had never been bound. They marched endlessly, singing a revolutionary song, under banners inscribed in Chinese ideograms and in English: The Women of China Demand Freedom, The Women of China Demand the Abolition of the Unequal Treaties, The Women of China Demand Equality with Men, The Women of China Demand the Three Principles, The Women of China Demand the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

At the head of one of the companies Comrade Wang recognized an old acquaintance. It was Comrade May-ling, in officer's uniform, a heavy parabellum automatic pistol at her waist belt, a red flag centered with hammer and sickle in her hand.

He waved to her amicably. She waved back, cried to him as she passed:

"The revolution goes forward, comrade! The women emancipate themselves!"

The street was at last clear. Wang's car sped on again, shearing a passage through the pedestrians springing to right and left, arrived at the propaganda office.

He hurried into the building filled with the clickety-click of many typewriters, populous with busily scurrying young men and women in uniform, asked for Comrade Borodin. He had dispatches he must deliver personally.

Presently an orderly came to fetch him. He was conducted to a room where, under large, framed portraits of Sun Yat-sen and Lenin, a man in a white duck jacket sat at a desk and dictated to a secretary. It was Comrade Borodin, adviser to the Kuomintang Government, organizer of revolution on the successful Russian model. Latvian Jew though he was, his prominent cheekbones and drooping mustache gave him a Mongolian appearance. He ran his fingers through his shock of thick wavy hair, his eyes craftily half shut, spoke in English, the common tongue of these highly placed revolutionaries, of whom not only the foreigners but many returned expatriates like Eugene Ch'en knew no Chinese.

"Say that the Nationalist Government deplores these excesses, which it does its best to restrain—the usual formula: Times of revolutionary ferment—natural excitement of masses liberated from slavery—nevertheless, foreigners can rely on protection from Nationalist Government." He paused.

"Yes, comrade?" The secretary glanced up as she spoke. It was little Kuei-fei. Comrade Wang wondered what interest she represented. Everybody spied on everybody else. Every general had a commissar attached to him.

The Kuomintang spied on the Chinese Communists, and the Chinese Communists spied on the Kuomintang, while the Russian Komintern spied on both. Borodin and Chiang K'ai-shek were spied on at every minute of their existence.

"How much money did the mob leaders get?" queried Borodin sharply.

"A hundred thousand taels were paid in, comrade."

"There ought to have been at least two hundred thousand. There's too much of this eternal squeeze!" He spoke in exasperation. "Don't they understand that if we don't pay the troops the revolution is lost? Send Nikolaiev to me. I'll make those union leaders shake their sleeves. And tell Korinsky to start another strike at the silk factories. We'll sweat those capitalists again. Also tell him to arrest the six biggest Chinese bankers who are not yet in prison and execute them publicly at once. Their property to be confiscated as counter-revolutionary. The rest of them will jump to subscribe to the new loan we're levying tomorrow."

Little Kuei-fei jotted down the orders. "Yes, comrade?"

"That's all."

Kuei-fei went out.

Borodin turned to Wang, standing with military stiffness before him.

"Yes? What is it?"

"I bring dispatches, comrade. From Comrade Muraviev, Sixth Army." He handed over his leather wallet, locked before it had been given him. Nevertheless, he had opened it, had copied the contents.

Borodin took a bunch of keys from his pocket, unfastened the wallet, glanced through the papers with a frowning intentness. There was a formidably swift power of work in this man, a ruthless force of character. Wang felt secretly awed and uncomfortable in his presence.

Borodin looked up, his eyes piercing under their half-dropped lids.

"You are in the party?"

"Yes, comrade. Moscow."

"I remember. How are things at the front?"

"Excellent, comrade. Revolutionary enthusiasm among the workers is increasing. The orders as to terrorist organizations in Hankow are being carried out. The secret labor unions are ready to come out on the streets. If it were not for Wuchang we could walk into the city. Everything is ripe."

"Good." He paused a moment, as though weighing this young Chinese. "And the party loyalty in the regimental cells? All are trustworthy?"

Comrade Wang thought quickly. He spoke with a smooth indifference.

"You should know that better than I, comrade. I heard rumors as to the unit of the 101st Brigade. There is a leakage of party directives to the Kuomintang commissar in that brigade." Under his cool blandness he smiled. The Communist unit of the 101st Brigade was one of the most fanatically efficient in the army. It would be a subtle stroke to discredit it with the Russian comrades. They would probably break it up, proof or no proof.

"The 101st Brigade." Borodin made a note. "Yes? Anything more?"

He tried to think of something more which would be safe, was wondering whether he dared denounce a particularly zealous Communist commissar as suspect of taking bribes from Wu P'ei-fu, when someone strode quickly into the room.

It was General Chiang K'ai-shek, commander in chief of the Kuomintang forces, slim, boyish, his uniform thick with the dust of a long journey.

His voice was angry:

"Comrade, can you spare me a minute—alone?"

Borodin looked at Wang. "Dismissed!"

Outside the heavy hangings of the door, Comrade Wang stooped as though to retie his boot lace. He could just hear Chiang K'ai-shek's voice in indignation:

"Comrade, once again certain Communist units in my troops have overridden my orders."

The sentry in the corridor looked at Wang suspiciously. He had to straighten himself, hurry away. He must get in touch with Kuei-fei, he thought, during the few days he would be here. She was as pretty as ever. And always he had promised himself to make love to her if the chance came his way.

He had met Kuei-fei outside the propaganda office, at the hour when work ceased for the day and its swarm of employes came pouring out. This was their second meeting. Last night he had taken her to supper in one of the big Chinese hotels on the riverside, where the bands played Western tunes for jazzing Russian and Chinese couples, and painted singsong girls made tinkling music between the little tables filled with green-uniformed officers of the Kuomintang army. This evening Kuei-fei was taking him first to a garden she said was worth seeing, a garden where she often walked. He had acquiesced readily. Last night she had given him the slip at the end. This out-of-the-way excursion might afford a better opportunity of making a conquest of this odd, pretty little creature who was different somehow from the other girl comrades.

The garden whither she conducted him, chattering bright superficialities the while, was just within the walls, the artificial pleasance of a wealthy merchant who had been decapitated in the first days of the Nationalist occupation. In the complete looting of the victim's property, his garden had also been visited by the mob. Now it lay open for anyone to enter, the spirit screen just behind the gate wantonly devastated, its miniature pines and bamboos trampled down. They walked along the skillfully devious paths strewn with hacked and yellowing shrubs, toward the artificial lake

(Continued on Page 97)

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75c Now 60c—Style 7714 is a silk hose with very neat all-over arrow design.

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50c Now 40c—Style 7527 is a silk hose with a clever "knit-in" clock.

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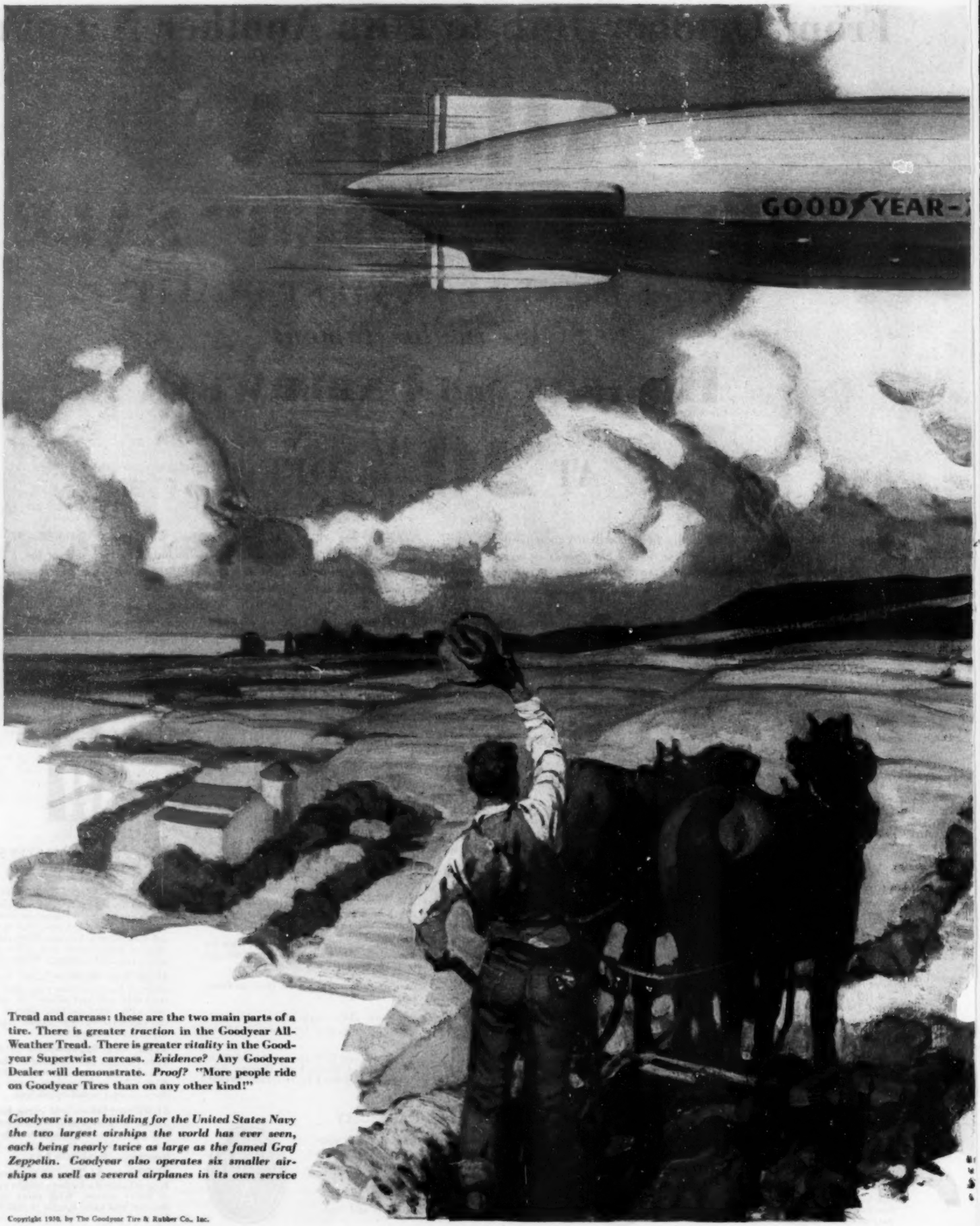

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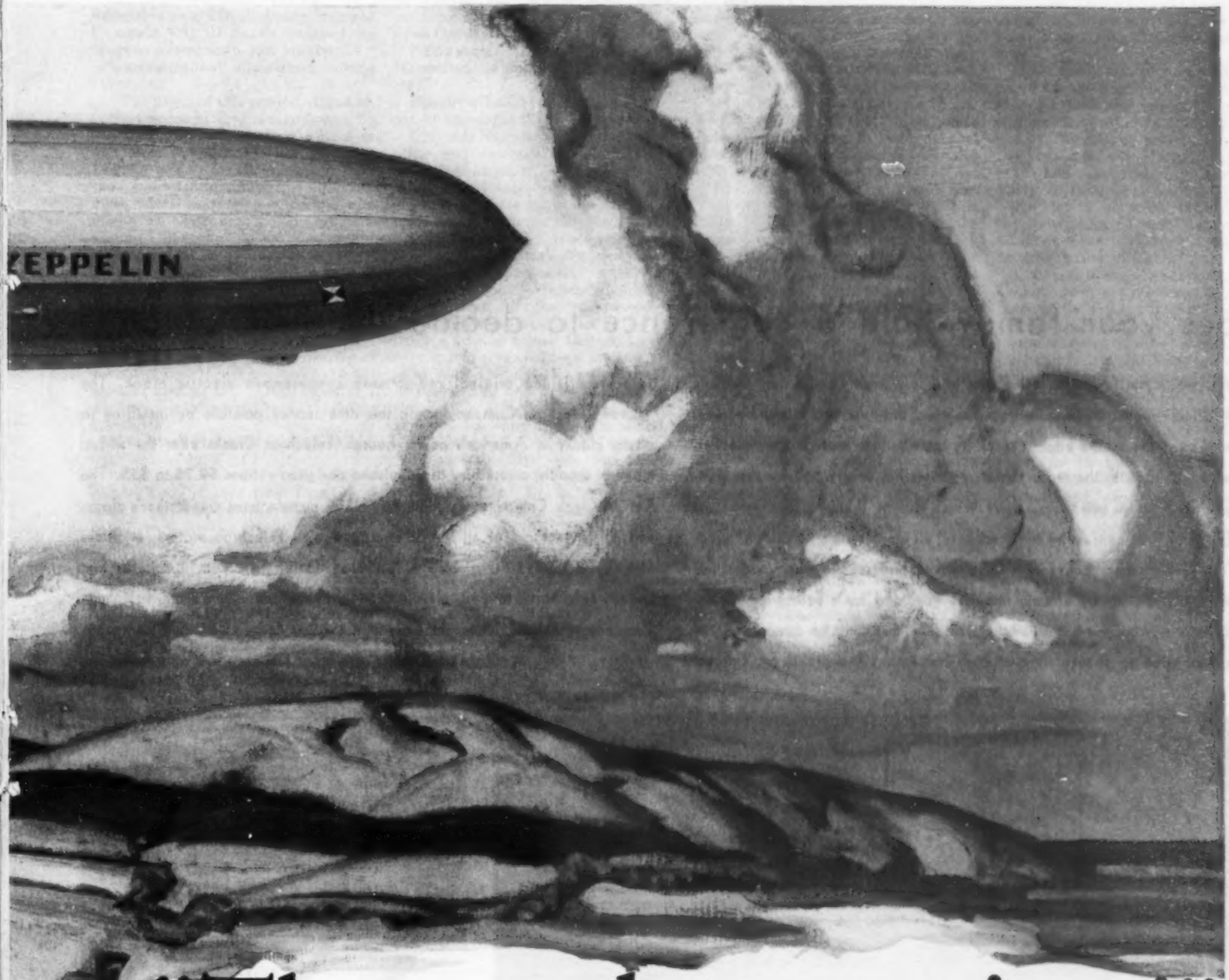

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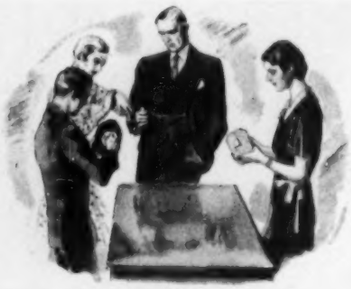

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MOST AMERICAN FAMILIES waste a lot of time worrying about time. Father's watch tallied with the clock in the terminal tower this morning. It must be right! Mother knows she set the kitchen clock by the noon whistles. Brother checked the mantel clock with the radio. Sister regulates her wrist-watch by the high-school clock. But no two times agree! Which is right, if any?

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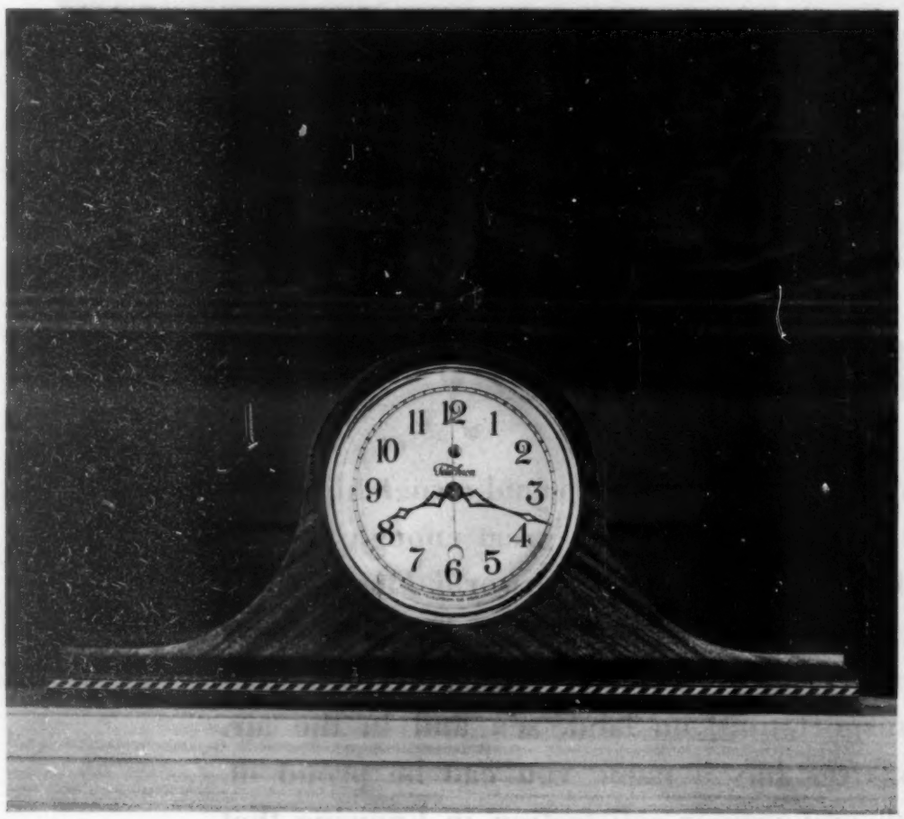

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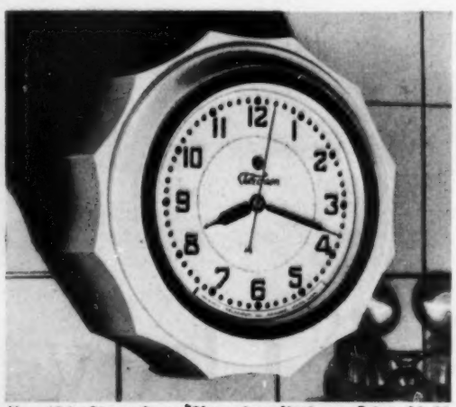

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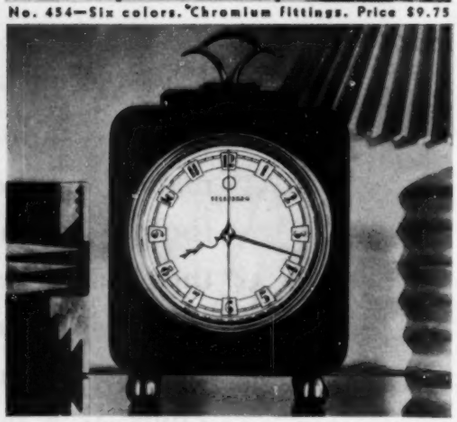

No. 357—Modern. Black and Chrome finish. Price $15

Telechron

(Continued from Page 92)

bridged to an artificial island where was a pagoda with its panels smashed, its dragons overthrown and broken.

Kuei-fei paused. She sighed, looking about her.

"The name of this garden, comrade, is the Garden of Bright Happiness. To me, it is a symbol. Is it a symbol to you also, I wonder?" She spoke in English, easiest for conversation, since they came from widely distant provinces. Also—since one never knew who might be listening in this revolutionary Changsha—it was a safeguard against vulgar eavesdroppers.

What was she driving at? What did he care for that old foolish nonsense of cryptic symbols characteristic of that effetely antique China they were destroying? He replied gallantly:

"A symbol of bright happiness for us both, comrade?" He laughed as he put an arm around her. "Why shouldn't we have a good time, like all the other comrades?"

She detached herself, looked at him with serious eyes.

"Comrade," she said, "have I misjudged you? In the train from Moscow, I thought you were someone I could trust. Are you really ——"

He smiled. "Really what?"

"A Red?"

He must be cautious. "The Reds are necessary, comrade," he said. "They help us to free ourselves from the foreign imperialists, from the war lords."

"Two thousand five hundred years ago, comrade," she answered earnestly, "China was torn and bleeding under rival war lords, just as she is today. But it was not by violence that peace and happiness came again. It was because China gradually learned the wisdom of K'ung Fu-tze." She quoted: "'The Master said, "People who are led in the paths they should go and made uniform and perfect as a field of ripe grain by means of the sword and torture may avoid transgression, but their ears will never redden with shame. People who are led in the path by good example springing from the heart will feel shame, and their excellence will flourish like a great tree."'"

What a quaint little thing she was! He almost laughed. Fancy a modern Chinese student still knowing Confucius! For himself, he had never read a line of that mustily old-fashioned sage.

"Did you bring me to this garden to teach me the sayings of K'ung Fu-tze?" He looked at her with a sudden wary suspicion. "Are you not a revolutionary, comrade?"

She replied with an ecstatic fervor.

"I am a revolutionary in every fiber of myself! I exist only for the revolution!"

He was utterly puzzled. "Then ——"

"Comrade, they killed Chen-dai, but his work goes on."

He began to understand. Chen-dai—the Gandhi of China—had been assassinated by the Reds in Canton last year. His quasi-mystical philosophic pacifism thwarted that intensified action against Hong-Kong which should provoke the British into the craved-for isolated declaration of war, detonating a world catastrophe infallibly the prelude to world revolution. He knew that Chen-dai's party still survived in that heterogeneous conglomerate of revolutionary parties which was the Kuomintang. His own section, secretly scheming to exploit the Russians and throw them over when success was won, had affiliations with those unpractical dreamers. But he had no interest in politics at this moment. All he wanted was two or three days' amusement with Kuei-fei. He must force the pace a little.

"You shall tell me about that later." He smiled insinuatingly. "Now, kiss me!"

She drew back. "No, comrade. Do not be unworthy!"

This was ridiculous. "Why not? The other girl comrades don't make so much fuss about it. We're in a revolution. Everybody makes love these days. Why waste time?"

"I am not like the others, comrade. I am quite different. When I was only a little girl I dedicated myself to the people—to the republic." Her voice went "religious"—reminded him of the children in the mission-school church when he was himself a boy. "I made a vow to myself that no human love should come between me and that ideal, that I would live only to make China united and free—a great nation." She smiled. "'On the highest summits the snow is ever untrodden,' as the poet says."

What absurdity! She was fooling him. "And your Red army officer in Moscow, then?" Ha, ha! She had forgotten that he knew that!

She smiled again.

"He did not exist. I pretended it—to be like all the other girl comrades—not to draw attention to myself." She paused, spoke with an intense seriousness, yet piquantly naïve: "Can't you understand, comrade? It is necessary in great movements that one like me should dedicate herself. When I was at the mission school, I learned about Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday in the French Revolution. And in China there was the high-born maiden who sacrificed naked and gave her life that the newly built walls of Chinchew should stand forever. Make love to the other girls, comrade. There are plenty to choose from. But I cannot make love with anyone."

She was more desirable than ever in this refusal. He was not going to be played with by a superstitious little idiot like this.

"I want you, little one," he said. "You had better think again." An unpleasant tone came into his voice: "Don't forget that I have only to hint to the unit what I know about you, and your head will be off your shoulders as soon as they have done torturing you."

He expected her to shrink in terror, to plead with him. There was an imminent ugly reality behind that menace. She laughed.

"Do you imagine I am as simple as that, comrade?" She was suddenly quite different, was curtly businesslike. "My mission is too important not to take elementary precautions. I know all about you. I know that you are secretly working against the Russians, for all that you pretend to be a Communist, just as I do. I even know which secret circle of the Kuomintang gives you orders. A full denunciation of you came into the propaganda office last week."

He went cold in a sick fear. "It is not true!"

She smiled. "I intercepted it, comrade."

"Where is it now?"

"In a safe place. But if you should try to denounce me, or if you should shoot me in this garden"—his hand had gone to the automatic at his belt—"Comrade Borodin will be reading it in an hour." She smiled again. "So you see, comrade, I am quite safe."

He shivered. "Why did you bring me here?"

"Because I wanted to test you. Because I thought you could go all the way with me. I was wrong. We go only part of the way together. Very well. We will not interfere with each other. In our own ways, we are both working for China, and only for China. We will leave it at that. Now, comrade, let us go down to the hotel and dance. They are suspicious of comrades who do not enjoy themselves."

He hated her in that new fear of her. These girl comrades could be terrible. Yes, they had been seen leaving the propaganda office in company; they had better dance together. Later on he would hint boastfully to some of the other comrades. That would be some satisfaction. He hated her—hated her, while she chattered cheerful trivialities as they walked out of the garden together.

The next day he received urgent orders which sent him far from Changsha.

March, 1927. Comrade Wang rode in a ricksha through the splendidly European built streets of the foreign concession at Hankow, now drearily deserted. Much had happened.

On January third and fourth a thin line of British marines had stood for two days at the limit of the British Concession, with fixed bayonets stolidly barring the rush of the screaming crowd of coolies armed with staves and bricks surging against them in fanatic frenzy. He had been one of the organizers of that mob, summoned with beating of gongs, told that all the loot of the imperialists awaited them, sent again and again against those absurdly few and passive defenders while the Nationalist troops crowding the city stood in grinning inactivity. It was a subtly cunning plan. The British marines and the British gunboats in the river would be forced to open fire. Britain would be committed to that isolated war which it was the sole end of Moscow's policy to provoke. The entire East would rise against her, and almost certainly Japan would seize the unique opportunity belligerently to proclaim herself "protectress of the Orient."

Such a major war would make the world revolution certain. The other imperialist powers would stand jealously aloof or attempt to profit by Britain's embarrassment, while the British Socialists at home would paralyze her efforts and convert a peace movement into a revolution. Alternatively, Britain would humiliatingly be the first Western power to surrender one of the coveted foreign concessions before a threat of force, and would "lose face" disastrously throughout Asia.

Borodin had explained it all to them with ruthless revolutionary logic. For the Kuomintang, the immediate end was enough. Comrade Wang had laughed in malignant delight as he stirred up that frenzied, hallucinated crowd of riffraff. "Down with the capitalists! Down with the British imperialists!" The British had not opened fire. Rather than precipitate so momentous a conflict, they had preferred to surrender the Concession.

Its own "face" immensely improved by this victory, the Nationalist Government had proclaimed Hankow as the new national capital, had established its departmental offices in the fine buildings of the British Concession. The Japanese had fortified their concession with barbed-wire entanglements and machine guns; were not to be touched lest that "face" be lost in a repulse. Overwhelming success was in sight. Chiang K'ai-shek was on the point of capturing Shanghai and Nanking.

Other great armies were being prepared for the final push northward to Peking. In a few weeks the revolution would be triumphant from end to end of China. Who would control it—the Russians, with Borodin at their head and the Chinese Communist Party as their agent, using China as but a step in the world revolution, or the specifically Chinese Kuomintang, all its ambitions achieved as soon as it became master of China?

Comrade Wang was acutely aware of that imminent alternative as he lounged back in the ricksha drawn swiftly by the trotting coolie. Cynically expert in the mazy intricacy of intrigue complicating the revolutionary movement, these past few months had made him an important person in that surreptitiously whispering underworld where the real battles were fought out. Conveniently prominent in the Communist Party, he was also in the inner ring of the patriotically Chinese group of the Kuomintang, anxiously awaiting the moment to rid themselves of the ever more oppressive Russian tyranny. It was to a specially summoned secret meeting of that inner ring that he was proceeding now.

In the Chinese city he dismissed his ricksha, walked through the narrow streets hung with long advertisement strips, entered a curio shop. The proprietor apparently dozed behind his counter, took no heed of Comrade Wang's disappearance into the back room. Half a dozen leaders of the Kuomintang were already there, sitting in semidarkness. He could not see all their faces.

They began business at once. Minutes were precious. The president of this committee passed round a sheet of typewritten paper. Comrade Wang read it in his turn. It contained secret orders from Borodin to the Communist units in a brigade of Chiang K'ai-shek's Sixth Army, now advancing to the capture of Nanking, already betrayed to them. Those orders prescribed an immediate massacre of all foreigners in the city, not only British but Americans, Japanese, French and Italian as well. It was a startling reversal of the hitherto rigid Communist policy of "All hate on the British" and at least nominal conciliation of all other foreigners. What did it mean? What was the new game? Comrade Wang passed the paper on in silence, his mind subtly at work to divine Borodin's ultimate purpose.

It was suddenly clear to him. Chiang K'ai-shek, rendered too influential by his succession of victories, was now dangerous to the Russian plans. At any moment he might declare himself anti-Communist. Borodin was well aware that the Kuomintang was using Moscow as cynically as Moscow was using the Kuomintang. Each side was merely waiting for the propitious moment to strike the blow which should insure its own predominance. Borodin had struck. If these orders were obeyed, there would be a united storm of protest from all the foreign nations, for once in harmony. Chiang K'ai-shek, whose troops would commit the massacre, would be fatally compromised with them, would receive no assistance in any anti-Communist move. On the other hand the Russian-controlled Nationalist Government at Hankow, to whom the protest would be made, would have an excellent pretext to

(Continued on Page 101)

for lasting enjoyment

RIGID TUNING-SCALE Brings in stations at an invariable point on scale. Makes for easy vision, surer tuning. Space to log stations.

ALL-ARMORED CHASSIS Electrical parts separately shielded in steel against all interference. Protects set from dust and damage.

THE TONE CONTROL Be your own conductor! The Tone Control is your "baton". Brings out bass or treble with the turn of a knob.

TIMES will change—but Brunswick's new Futura Models incorporate all the important improvements you may expect in Radio for seasons to come.

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What more can a radio ever do than bring you your ether entertainment from any distance in any weather; pick it out with ultimate precision from the crowded airwaves; shield it from electrical interference; and deliver it to you silken smooth in tone—all at the summons of a single dial control?

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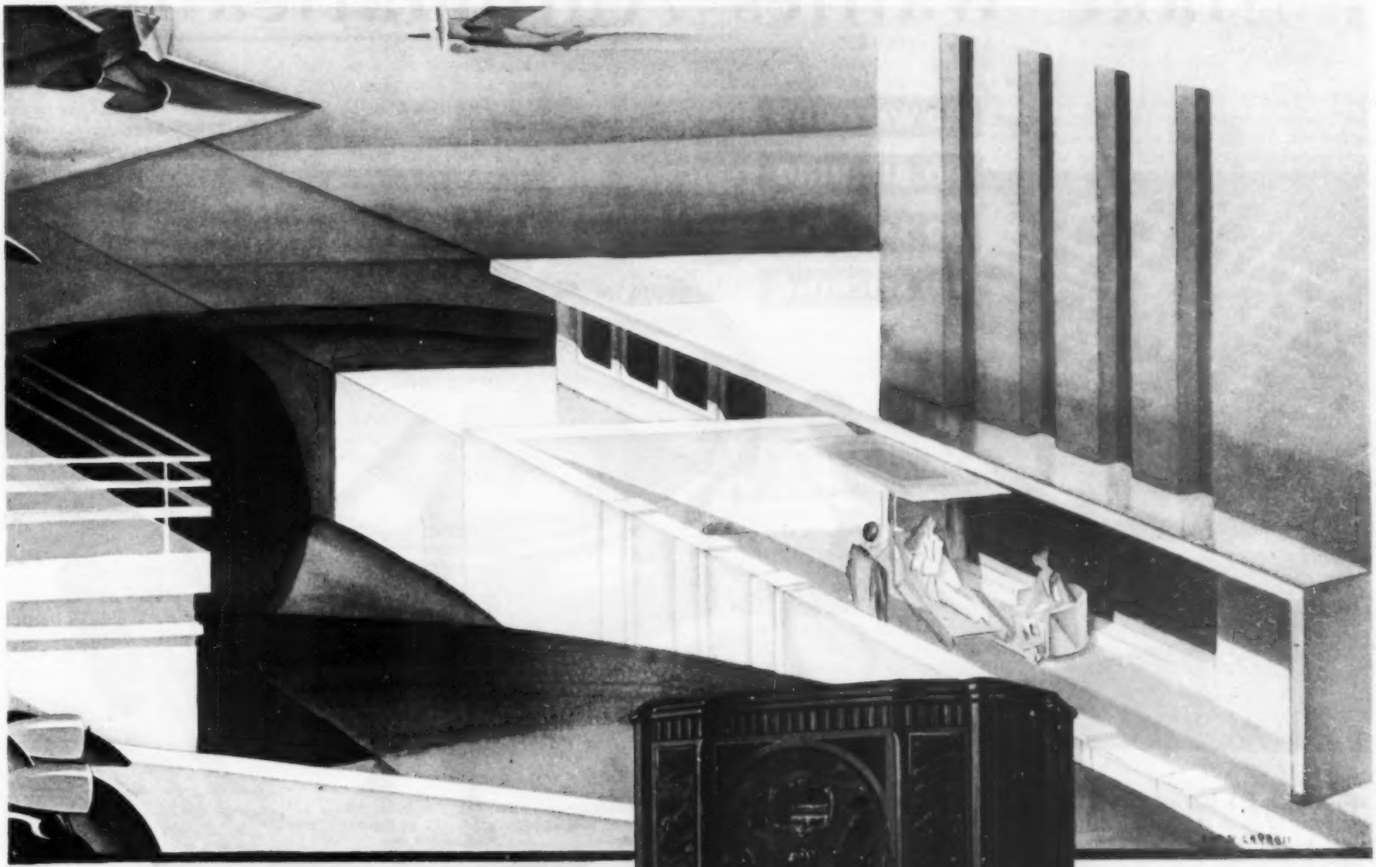
Four revolutionary features, plus Brunswick's traditional painstaking workmanship, explain why these amazing models so completely anticipate the future.

Just to see and hear them is not enough. It will show you only their present perfection—not their extra years of service . . . Add *that* to the values you get in any other set, and you'll add the Brunswick to your household with calm assurance that you've made the only possible buy!

THE NEW 1931

Brunswick

in this changing world



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Only Brunswick has the UNI-SELECTOR—a single control to operate the set. Performs 7 functions, taking the place of the usual unsightly, unhandy series of knobs.

Take your pick of 4 great Brunswicks!

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Pictured here. An immediate sales sensation! Cabinet of rich, selected walnut, built with all the artistry that has made "Brunswick" a synonym for quality. . . $139.50

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A cabinet of classic beauty made to match the most distinguished of home settings. Gracefully curved and carved corner panels lend it distinction. $170

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Model 31. Combines Radio and Records at their best. . . . $185

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BRUNSWICK RADIO CORPORATION—NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TORONTO
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Now!

Make Waffles Automatically!

Developed by the Makers of the Famous TOASTMASTER, this Utterly New-Type Waffle Baker takes the Muss and Fuss out of Waffle Making

NOW comes an *automatic* waffle-iron that banishes all the guess-work; all the burn, stick and bother from waffle making!

It comes as another unique electrical invention from the people who invented automatic toastmaking—from the inventors of the famous Toastmaster.

It is called the *Waffle-Master*, is completely automatic *and makes waffles entirely without the use of grease.*

All You Do Is Set A Lever

All you do is set a lever. When the iron is at just the right heat for the batter, a tiny red signal *tells you* that it is.

Then you pour in the batter, close the iron—*and forget about it!*

When the waffle is done—done to just the marvelously golden brown you want—the signal light changes again to *tell you* that it's done.

1 *You simply set a lever —and the red signal light flashes* "bright"

2 *Then pour in the batter —and forget about it!*

3 *The signal light changes to* "dim" *to tell you the waffle is done*

You don't open the iron, or even think about it, from the time you pour in the batter to the time you are signalled that the waffle is done.

No watching. No burning. No sticking. No underdone waffles. The whole operation is automatic.

Won't Stick—Won't Burn

Another important point is that WAFFLES cooked in this device *will not* stick. Yet—you use no grease.

Another is, that waffles *will not* burn. For when one is done, the Waffle-Master turns the current down from "high" to "low" heat *automatically.*

You can take the waffle out, or leave it in to keep it hot, just as you like.

See The Waffle-Master

If you like waffles, but have had bother making them—see the Waffle-Master. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada.

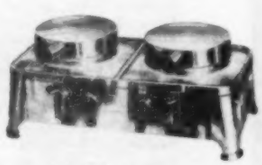
WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Division of the McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

279

WAFFLE-MASTER
A TOASTMASTER PRODUCT

Makes Waffles Automatically



Waffles More Profitable Than Ever Before

Many leading Restaurants, Cafeterias, Sandwich Shops and Counter Services report demand for waffles increasing very fast. Now made profitably with Strite Automatic Waffle-Baker—a Toastmaster product. Send postcard for facts about it. No obligation, of course.

(Continued from Page 97)

dismiss Chiang K'ai-shek, thereby at once maintaining its "face" with the foreigners and eliminating the only possible headship of the Chinese party. Comrade Galen had been the real brain behind Chiang K'ai-shek's victories. He would be equally available for the final campaign on Peking which would complete their conquest.

The president spoke. "Comrades, what do you advise?"

A low-voiced discussion began. All saw what Borodin intended. No one was in the least concerned for the fate of these threatened foreigners. All of them would cheerfully see the death of every foreigner in China. The question at issue was that of the best tactics to pursue, for even Chiang K'ai-shek was still an incalculable quantity. They must beware of his acquiring too much personal power, lest he should dispense with the Kuomintang and attempt to imitate the would-be Emperor, first president of the republic, Yuan Shih-k'ai. Also, if it now came to a break with the Russians, they were anything but sure of being able to cope with the formidable Chang Tso-lin in the north. Yet, complicating everything, the Kuomintang must not allow Chiang K'ai-shek to be ruined. Several members were in favor of informing Chiang K'ai-shek of Borodin's order, so that he might prevent the case arising.

It came to Comrade Wang's turn.

"Comrades," he said softly, "I advise that we should by no means warn Chiang K'ai-shek. Let the massacre be carried out. There will be so many foreigners the less. Then, immediately the affair has happened, let a copy of these orders be sent to Chiang K'ai-shek. He hates Borodin as much as Borodin hates him. This will give him a weapon against him. Let Chiang K'ai-shek be advised to proclaim a new Kuomintang at Nanking and crush the Communists. It is an excellent excuse to get rid of these Russians. The foreigners, being informed of the cause of the massacre, will of course make their protests here at Hankow and will secretly assist Chiang K'ai-shek in whatever he may undertake against Borodin and Company. The Hankow Government will be liquidated. We shall still be in power, but in Nanking. As anti-Communists, it may be easier for us to seize the International Concession at Shanghai. In any case, as all the people now hate the Reds, we shall find it easier to capture Peking. Moreover, Chiang K'ai-shek's own position will be so precarious that he will not be able to set himself above the Kuomintang. That is what I advise, comrades. Let Borodin's order be carried out. Instead of ruining Chiang K'ai-shek, he will ruin himself."

There was a low murmur of approbation. Wisdom was in Comrade Wang's heart. A slim figure arose in a dark corner.

"As the comrade who brought Borodin's directive to this committee," said a quiet feminine voice—the voice of Kuei-fei—"I ask permission to speak. What Comrade Wang says is quite true. Yet is there a higher truth than his. I urge that Chiang K'ai-shek should be informed of this order that the killing of the foreigners may be prevented. Not by violence will China attain to peace. The wisdom of Chen-dai speaks with my mouth."

How he hated her! She was the only woman he had ever seriously bothered about—and he hated her. Every time he thought of her he remembered his humiliation in that devastated garden in Changsha. Had he not been so afraid of her potentiality to destroy him, he would have attempted something against her long ago.

"Comrade Kuei-fei arrogates to herself an authority to speak for Chen-dai," he said bitterly, "on no grounds whatever. She speaks with her own wisdom—the wisdom of a fanciful girl. I speak as a man trained in revolutionary tactics. It is essential that these foreigners should be killed. It is precisely the killing of them which will blow up Borodin and Company. The event must first happen, and then Chiang K'ai-shek be informed of why it happened. Only so can Chiang K'ai-shek be put in such a position that he will be forced to act against the Russians to save himself. As for violence, what do the lives of a few hundred foreigners matter? What matters is that we should rid ourselves of the Russians, now that they have won the revolution for us, that Chiang K'ai-shek should still remain in command of the armies, and that the Kuomintang should still rule."

Other members agreed. Wang's logic had carried the day. The massacre was to be permitted. Chiang K'ai-shek would head the reaction it must provoke. Borodin would be blown up with his own explosive. They approved it, shrewdly, subtly, rubbing their hands in anticipation.

As Comrade Wang went out, Kuei-fei stopped him at the door.

"Comrade," she said, "you will succeed in your plan. I feel sure of it. Yet will you ruin China. Everything will fall to pieces if the Russians go now. All the revolutionary forces ought to be kept together until we reach Peking. Then the Russians could be turned out peacefully, with smooth words. This needless bloodshed will have its price in bloodshed. This playing off of one revolutionary force against another will perpetuate anarchy."

Why did she make him desire her so intensely? He caught her sleeve.

"Comrade, have supper with me tonight. Perhaps you may convince me. Always I am thinking of you. Why should we not be friends?"

She released herself.

"Thank you, comrade," she said composedly, "I prefer you as an enemy."

Comrade Wang's forecast had been fulfilled to the letter. The Sixth Army Brigade had carried out Borodin's orders when it had entered Nanking, had killed all the foreigners it could, had been prevented from a general massacre only by the last-minute shellfire of British and American warships anchored in the Yang-tse. Chiang K'ai-shek, informed of the ulterior purpose of the plot, had been furious. He had decimated the offending brigade, had rounded up and executed every Chinese Communist he could lay hands on, had proclaimed his independence of the government at Hankow, had established another at Nanking. By his orders, the Chinese Communist leaders were hunted down and beheaded all over the south from Changsha to Canton, where also he seized the Kuomintang Government funds. The Hankow Government had terribly "lost face," was left isolated in a pocket on the Yang-tse; its existence only saved by a precarious victory over the northerners simultaneously attacked by Chiang K'ai-shek. From spring to summer the revolutionary front was in a welter of conflicting intrigues. At the end of June, Chiang K'ai-shek sent an ultimatum to Hankow, demanding the disbandment of all labor unions, the dismissal of the Russians and the leading Chinese Communists. He followed it up by subverting the Hankow Eighth Army, which mutinied and seized the labor headquarters throughout the capital.

A few days later, the Kuomintang general, Ho Chien, commanding in Changsha, descended rapidly on Hankow, occupied the city, and expelled Borodin with his associates, including Eugene Ch'en. Moscow, appalled at this sudden collapse, published to the world a savagely angry manifesto announcing that the social and political revolution in China was temporarily suspended, that the Hankow Government was now counter-revolutionary, to be attacked as such. Sun Yat-sen's widow, balancing between the parties, issued a manifesto to the effect that the social and political revolution was now at an end. All over China, south of the Yang-tse, the Chinese proletariat gave itself up with joyous ferocity to the extermination of the hated Communists.

Now, in Hankow, on this hot July day, that man hunt was in full swing. The same crowds which a few months back had screamed, "Da, da, da, da, kill, kill, kill the foreigners!" now shrieked "Da, da, da, kill, kill the Reds!"—in the same blood lust. Any Communist denounced in the streets was instantly torn to pieces by the mob. Girl Communists were murdered with peculiarly ghoulish atrocity.

Through that pandemonium of shrieks and yells, Comrade Wang's motor car drove slowly on that baking afternoon. Just in front of him a mob was dispatching some real or imaginary Communist, fighting like wild animals each to strike his blow. The car had to stop and wait.

With cool indifference he glanced at the horror being perpetrated. He himself was safe, wearing the armlet of a staff officer of Ho Chien. He had publicly renounced all connection with the Communists he had associated with only to betray. He was grimly pleased that the Russian influence was being extirpated. Henceforth the Chinese could complete their own revolution for their own benefit. He had come well out of it all. Chiang K'ai-shek had promised him the governorship of a province. He would get rich.

Idly thinking over those prospective advantages, he suddenly perceived Kuei-fei walking along the street. A diabolical thought flashed into his mind. Now!

"Comrade! Comrade Kuei-fei!" he called to her smilingly.

She came to the car. He leaned over, caught her arm, held it in a firm grip.

"Comrade"—the tone of his voice changed abruptly—"I invite you to ride with me."

She looked at him. "Whither, comrade?"

"To my quarters, comrade. The summits are attained, comrade. The snow may now be trodden." He had a malicious pleasure in thus quoting her verse to her. "It is my turn now. You cannot denounce me to your Russian friends. And"—he smiled significantly—"you are in danger, comrade. You see what the mob is doing to Communists?"

It was a thrill to him to see the sudden fear in her eyes.

"You mean, comrade ——" Her voice caught.

He continued to smile—that deadly, significant smile.

"I mean, comrade, that if you do not accept my amiable invitation, I shall immediately denounce you to the mob as Borodin's own secretary!"

"But everyone knows that I was his secretary on behalf of the Kuomintang!" she said indignantly. "How dare you?"

"I dare anything," he replied. "It will afterward be established that a terrible mistake was made—that's all." He smiled again, charmingly. "Quickly, comrade. I invite you to enter my car this moment." It was exquisitely delicious to him thus to feel her in his power. Not now would she dare to scorn him—the superstitious *bourjoui*-minded little fool!

She looked at him quietly.

"Never, comrade! Not even to save my life. Though the people kill me, still am I dedicated to them. One cannot unmake one's vows. And I loathe brigands, such as you, who only perpetuate the anarchy and the bloodshed of China."

He could have killed her with his own hands. In an Oriental sadism, he prolonged this pleasure. His parlor Bolshevik friends at Oxford would perhaps not have recognized him.

"I give you one last chance!"

"Never!"

He jumped erect in his car, still holding her in his grip.

"A Communist! A Communist!" he shouted. "Here is another Communist for the justice of the people!"

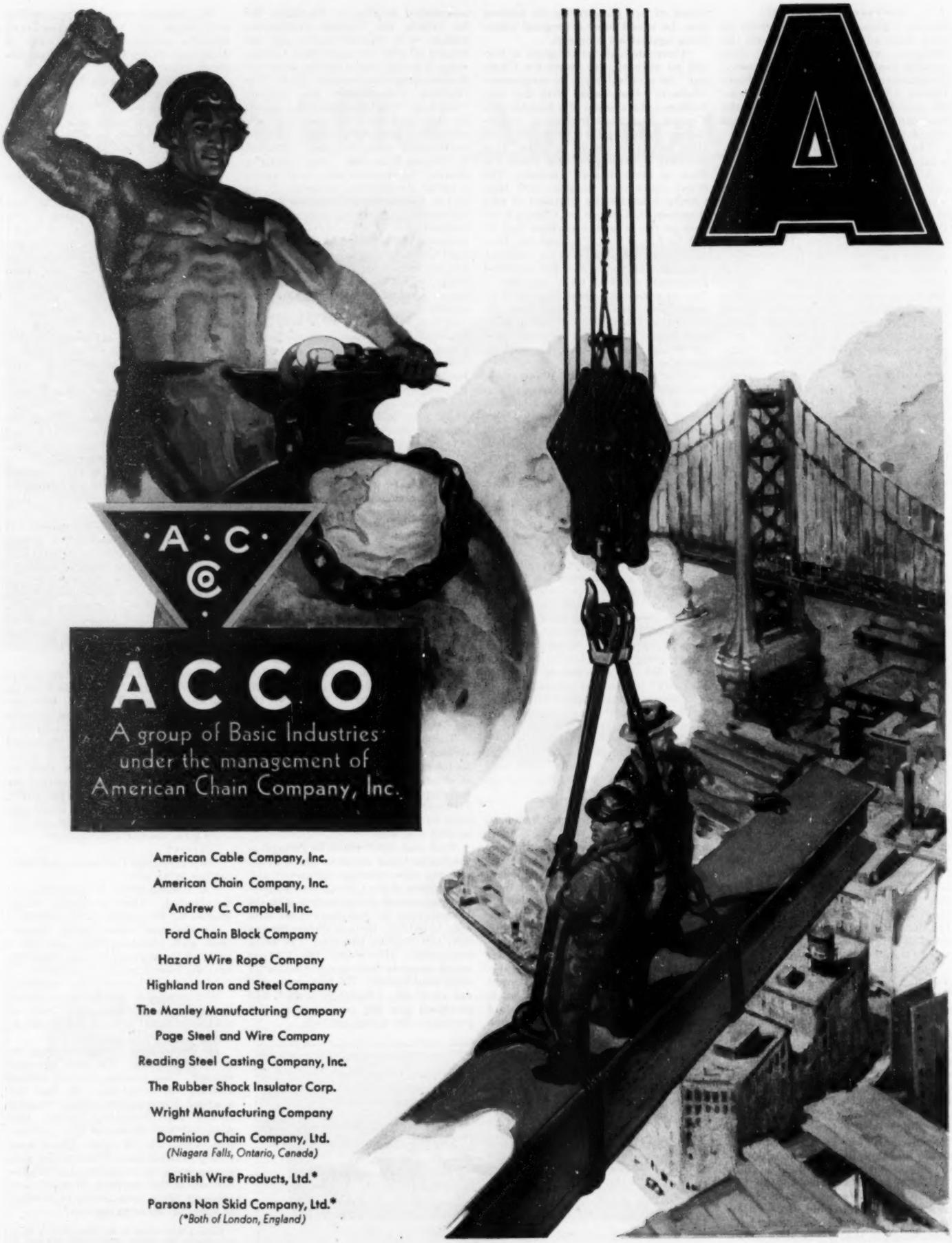
As the mob came racing toward them with blood-curdling yells like a pack of hungry wolves, he flung her brutally from him into their midst.

"Drive on!" he said to the chauffeur.

With raucously hooting horn the car forced its way through that horde of maddened cannibals fighting to get at their victim.

He leaned back in the speeding vehicle luxuriously. He had avenged himself. That morning he had settled another old score also. He had denounced Comrade May-ling, clinging to him with despairing shrieks. She regretted her disdain of him in Moscow. That was all right. There were plenty of other girls. When he got that governorship he would be able to have the pick of the province. It was a very pleasant thing, was revolution—when one was on the winning side.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The twelfth and last will appear in an early issue.



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TRU-LAY *preformed* Wire Rope

The only basic improvement in cable construction in over 100 years... a product of American Cable Company, Inc.

The first basic improvement in wire rope manufacture was perfected in 1923, in Tru-Lay Preformed Wire Rope, a product of the American Cable Company, Inc. One year later, the first basic improvement in wire rope end connections was perfected by the same company, in Tru-Loc Fittings.

Strands and wires lie naturally in position—enabling Tru-Lay Preformed Wire Rope to be cut without first seizing the end—whereas with ordinary wire rope the ends must be securely wrapped to prevent unravelling. Note in the illustration above how the strand and wire hold their helical shapes when loosened by hand.

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The same high quality distinguishes all Acco products.

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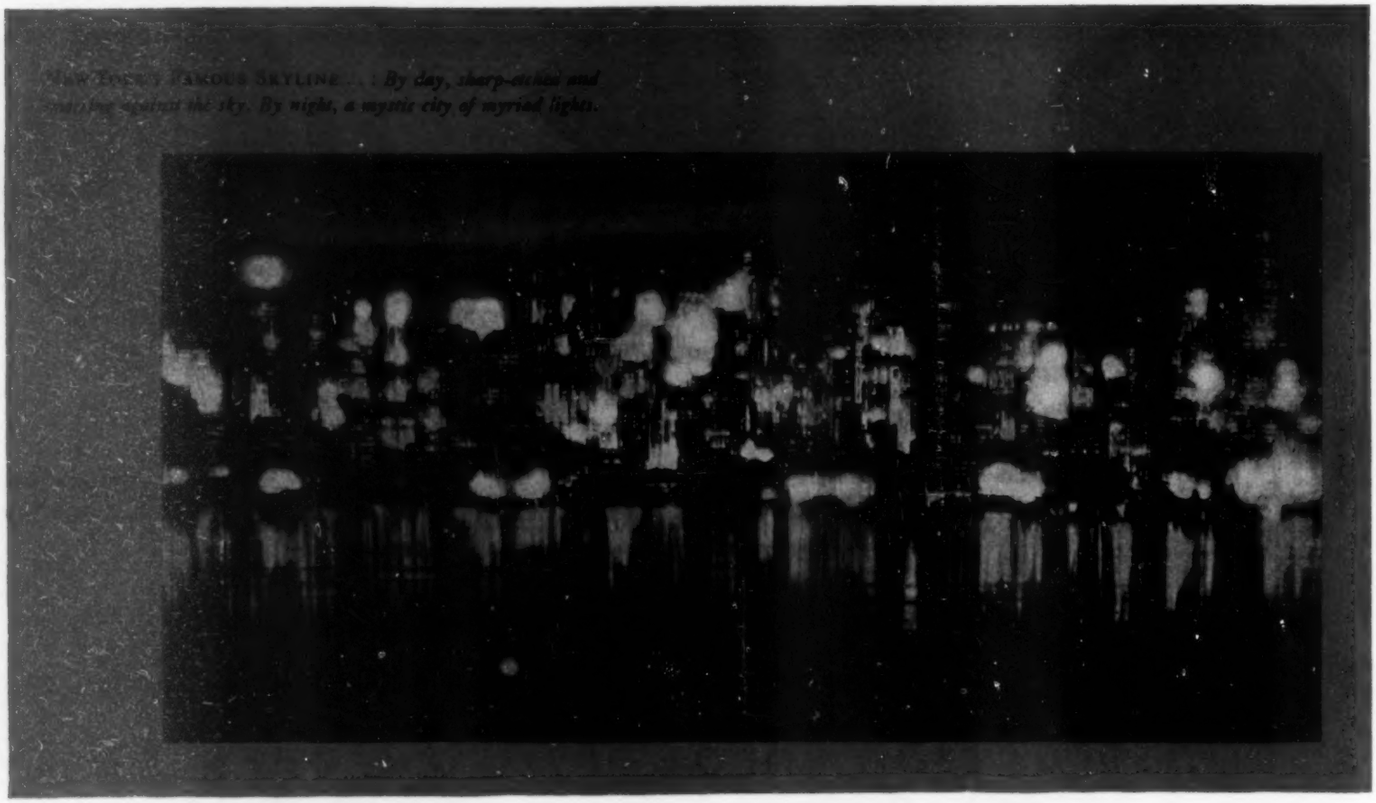

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS SKYLINE . . . By day, sharp-etched and
towering against the sky. By night, a mystic city of myriad lights.

Every B & O traveler

to New York may see this inspiring sight

The B & O Motor Coach takes you directly from the trainside to any one of these four stations: . . . 122 East 42d Street . . . 15 Columbus Circle . . . 35 West 33d Street . . . 191 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn. Or you may, if you choose, get off at any of nine other points, at or near principal hotels. Each station offers complete ticket and Pullman office facilities, as well as waiting-room, checking, and porter service.

HAVE you entered or left New York by our open-air route? Apparently we have substituted a pleasant experience for what once was a somewhat tedious part of the journey.

When your Baltimore & Ohio train reaches Jersey City, comfortable Motor Coaches are waiting right alongside the track to receive you.

Swift ferries carry your Coach across the Hudson River, and you have the opportunity to view New York's famed skyline—a moving sight, even for people who have spent all their lives in the city. You pass right by huge transatlantic liners lying at their piers.

You relax, with no concern for the city crowds or traffic. You are sped through interesting old sections to one of our three Motor Coach stations in the hotel, theatre, or residential districts, or to a fourth in Brooklyn. If you prefer to get off at a hotel on the way, there are nine intermediate route stops.

You have no taxicab expense or bother. No walking, or climbing stairs. You do not even have to worry over hand baggage: checked on the train, it is turned over to you when you leave the Coach.

Travelers seem to like this interesting way of entering and leaving New York. Many thousand more men and women ride into New York with us now than when we had only one terminal in the city.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

THE SQUAW WOMAN

(Continued from Page 39)

we'll have to follow him that way. That means bush loping and carrying packs, of course. And it also means that we'd have to stick pretty close together."

Her smile, as she looked up at him, was a wintry one.

"I'd rather be with you," she quietly asserted. Yet some vague vibrancy in her voice brought a new hope to him as he wheeled about on her.

"Why?" he exacted.

But her impulse toward self-revelation had apparently exhausted itself. "You should never ask a woman for her reasons," she evaded. And his face darkened again before that defensive note of levity.

"Then we'd better make ready for the trail," he said with an abruptly achieved matter-of-factness. Yet it struck him as odd, half an hour later, that his fellow exile should find the heart to sing as she worked, in view of everything that lay before them. All women, he once more concluded, were undecipherable and inexplicable beings.

XV

IF CLAIRE learned, during the ensuing week, what was meant by traveling light, she also gathered some inkling of how happiness, in this tangled drama of existence, could be so unexpectedly born of hardship. For once out on the open trail she experienced few of the miseries that had presented themselves to her untutored mind. She even found an Indian summer sort of contentment in being close to her grim-eyed companion, disturbed as she sometimes stood at the discovery of how much of her peace of mind depended on his presence.

She knew, in a way, that danger walked with them. But the knowledge of that danger, perversely enough, seemed to deepen the final value of life. She found living made precious through peril, very much as food is made sweeter by hunger. Yet she was not entirely satisfied. If the thought of a killer loose somewhere in the woods about them kept the two wayfarers united in the face of a common danger, they remained, as a rule, continuously divorced in spirit. All Darrow's thought, apparently, went to the task of trailing his enemy. And more than once Claire stood appalled by the shrewdness with which her companion could pick up that ghostly trail. Sometimes it was nothing more than a snapped twig, a faint scar in the flags along a muskeg edge, a vague bruise on the mossed surface of a blowdown. At other times it was the clear-cut imprint of a foot, a flattening of reindeer moss and lichen where a body had rested, a little pile of ashes where a fire had been built under a screening shoulder of rock.

But Darrow, for all his watchfulness, could not claim and did not claim to be a superman. Sometimes he lost the trail altogether and seemed to stumble on it again only by accident. Sometimes he found a lake or lagoon cutting off his advance and was compelled to retrace his steps. Sometimes, in the more broken territory, he insisted that Claire should remain behind until he had first explored a defile through too threatening cover or too closely crowding ridges. And sometimes, when night came on and they were compelled to camp in quarters not altogether to his liking, he would remain on guard, with his rifle across his knees, while Claire slept in her blanket. Then she in turn would take sentry duty while he snatched an hour or two of sleep. Once, when he awakened, he found her sitting over him, apparently studying his face. He promptly sat up, reaching for his rifle as he glanced guardedly about.

"Anything wrong?" he demanded as the intentness faded from her eyes.

She slowly moved her head from side to side. "Only with me," she said, with a slightly retarded smile.

"What is it?" he questioned, still frowning.

"I was wondering what would happen to me if you died," she admitted with a candor that impressed him as singularly childlike. Yet he was able, as he shook out his blanket, to laugh at her fears.

"But I'm very much alive," he told her as he turned to rebuild their camp fire.

"You're getting thin," she protested. "And I don't like the idea of your swimming every morning in such cold water. You'll say it hardens you, of course, but I think you can carry that sort of thing too far."

She noticed the perplexity in his eyes as though her play of mood was something beyond his comprehension. She also noticed, as he looked at her, how the sun had bleached his eyebrows, still roughened from sleep.

"Don't you think, under the circumstances, that it's safer to keep hard?"

That challenge, she knew, carried more meanings than one. But a remote small smile still played about her lips.

"Some men seem that way by nature," she casually observed.

He swung unexpectedly about, a moment later, and caught her two sunbrowned wrists in his hands.

"And that applies to me, I suppose?" he demanded.

The quick fire in his eyes frightened her a little. The tightening clasp of his fingers were even painful on her flesh. But her heart beat faster, for all the quietness in her uplifted eyes.

"Does it?" she asked.

"You'd better wait until you know me a little better, before you're so sure of my hardness," he proclaimed as his embattled eyes met hers. "And thank God for it," he added as he dropped her hands and abruptly turned away.

She stood silent as he made a pretense of busying himself in gathering wood for their fire. She waited until the perilous throb of her pulse had subsided. Then she said in a singularly small voice, "I should have remembered."

"And there are several other things we've got to remember," he averred with estranging bluntness. "And one is that we've still got a half-witted killer to run down in these spruce woods."

The forest about them, of a sudden, seemed less Edenlike in aspect.

"But why run him down?" asked Claire, depressed by a wayward feeling of frustration touched with homelessness. "Why not let him keep on going?"

"That's just the point," retorted Darrow. "We have no assurance that he intends to keep on going. My own conviction is that after this first retreat into the background he'll circle around and skulk back toward Camp Reliance. He'll hang around there about the same as those reservation bears hang around a settlement, to pick up what they can find or pilfer. But he'll be more venomous than a bear would be. He'll be more like a copperhead, coiled and ready to strike when we least expect it. And that sort of thing wouldn't be fair to you."

She realized the truth of this. But she knew, at the same time, a craving for security, a hunger for the saner and safer paths of life. She felt, as she glanced out over the apple-green lake where the canoe birch glistened silver in the morning light and two distant trumpeter swans drifted like twin flecks of foam along the darker green of the shore line, that this northern country was indeed a land of beauty. She knew, as she inhaled the balsam-scented air with its first presaging touch of autumn coolness, that there was something elusive and mysterious in its charm, something, both primitive and profound, that defied analysis. It carried a sense of strength and a sense of peace. There were times when it impressed her as Edenic. But like all Edens, apparently, it held its hidden serpent. And at any time and from any quarter that serpent might strike again.

She was glad when Darrow came back from his morning swim and looked approvingly down while she fried caribou steaks over her bed of coals. She was, she knew, being most unmistakably humbled by life. She was doing what she could to adapt herself to the unexpected. It even surprised her a little to discover how eager she stood for the approval of her camp mate.

"Am I improving any?" she asked as she placed Darrow's breakfast before him.

His face, at that more intimate note, became barricaded.

"For a chechaheo," he quietly admitted, "you cook very well."

That restricted admission, however, left her still unsatisfied.

"But in other things besides caribou steaks?" she persisted.

"I can't see that anything is gained by talking about those other things," he answered in a significantly hardened voice.

It was a rebuff, and she accepted it as such. A faint tinge of rose even crept into the smoky bronze of her face, bent low over the frying pan.

"Then, after all, I was scarcely worth those six blankets," she said with a small and embittered smile. She looked up at his quick gesture of annoyance, and met his gaze without flinching. "Some day, of course, you will be paid back for that expenditure."

"How?" he challenged, his face as hard as before.

"It will have to wait, apparently," she said with answering hardness, "until I get back to civilization. But the company that trades in this territory, you once told me, has a motto that says, 'A skin for a skin.'"

He sat watching a distant porcupine gnawing at an ash sapling. And the woman in the travel-worn clothes of deerskin who sat as absently watching the brooding-eyed man wondered why all her earlier life as she had lived it should seem so far-off and phantasmal. Even her own father no longer stood first in her thoughts. She had been strangely thoughtless and selfish, when she came to think of it, in making no final effort to send word out to him. She had let her new life engulf her, as a rising tide engulfs a beach wreck.

"I'm sorry you had to wait so long for your escape," she heard Darrow's voice, not entirely free of acerbity, saying to her. And still again the smoky

(Continued on Page 108)

Tones Up the TASTE

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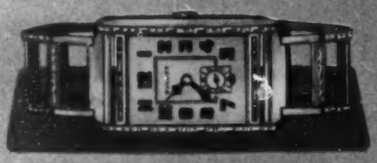
BULOVA presents The Sky King—Standard Bearer in the New Winter Presentation!

The Sky King is named in honor of a great event—for now all T. A. T. Maddux Planes, flying in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Railroad, spanning the continent in forty-eight hours, fly via Bulova time.



THE PRESIDENT: 17-jewel; curved to fit the wrist; beautifully engraved; smart link band $50.00

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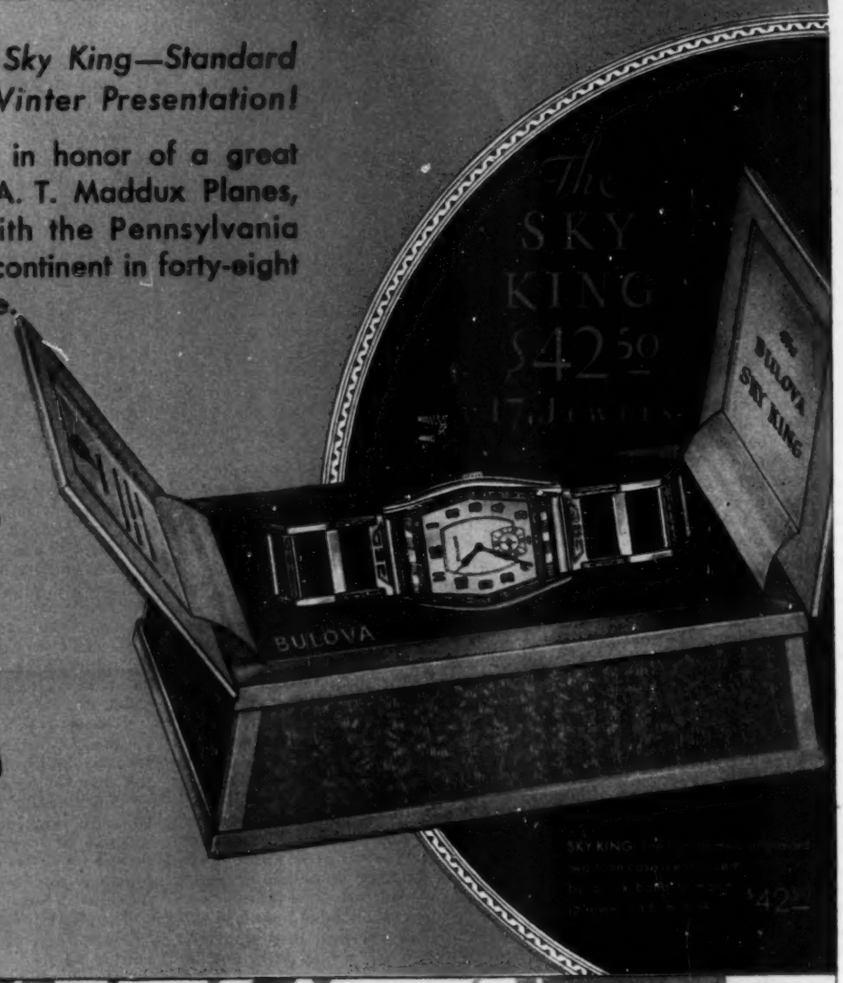
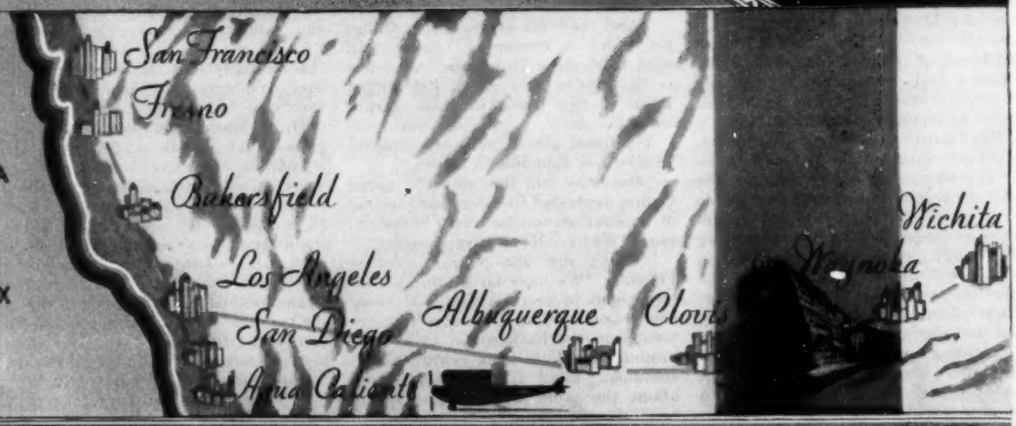


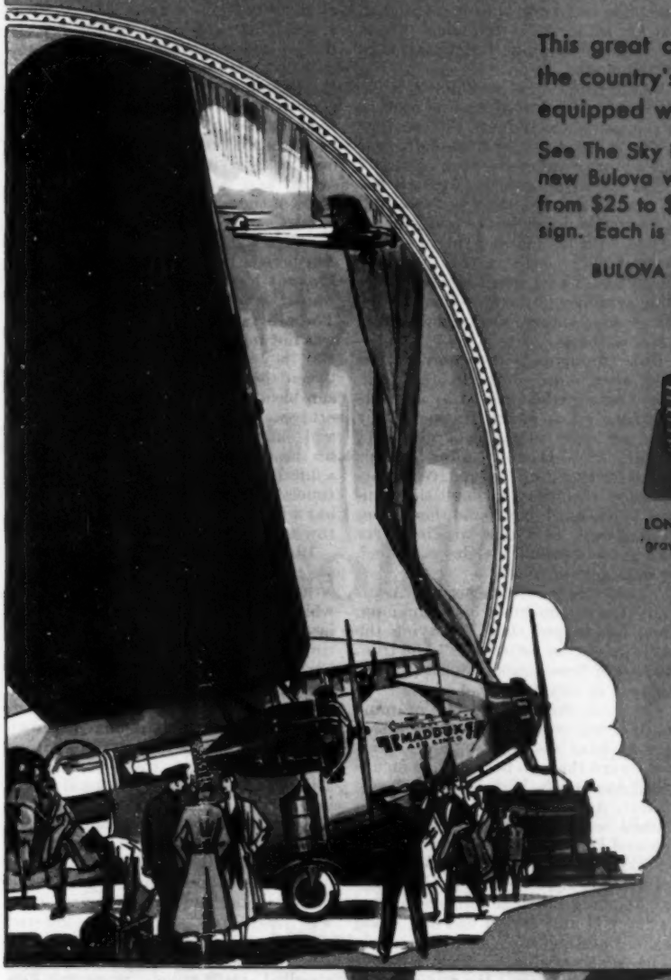
BY NIGHT
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
BY DAY
T. A. T. MADDUX PLANES



LISTEN NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA RADIO TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS

WATCHES

FLY ON BULOVA TIME



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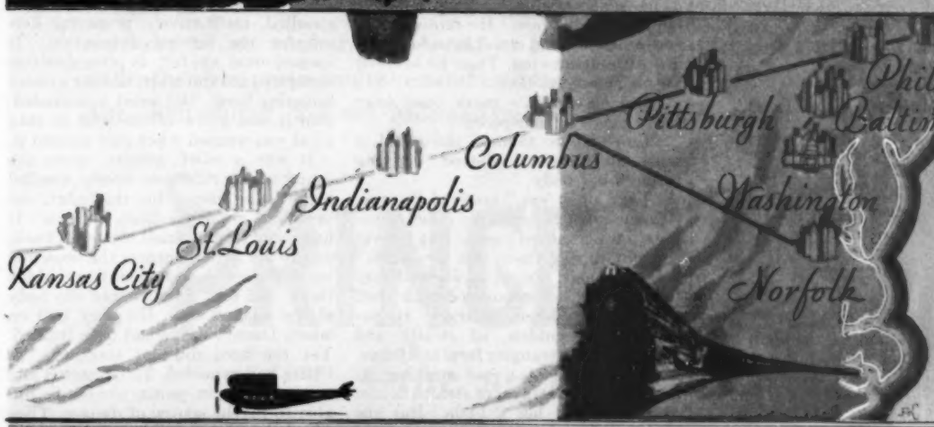
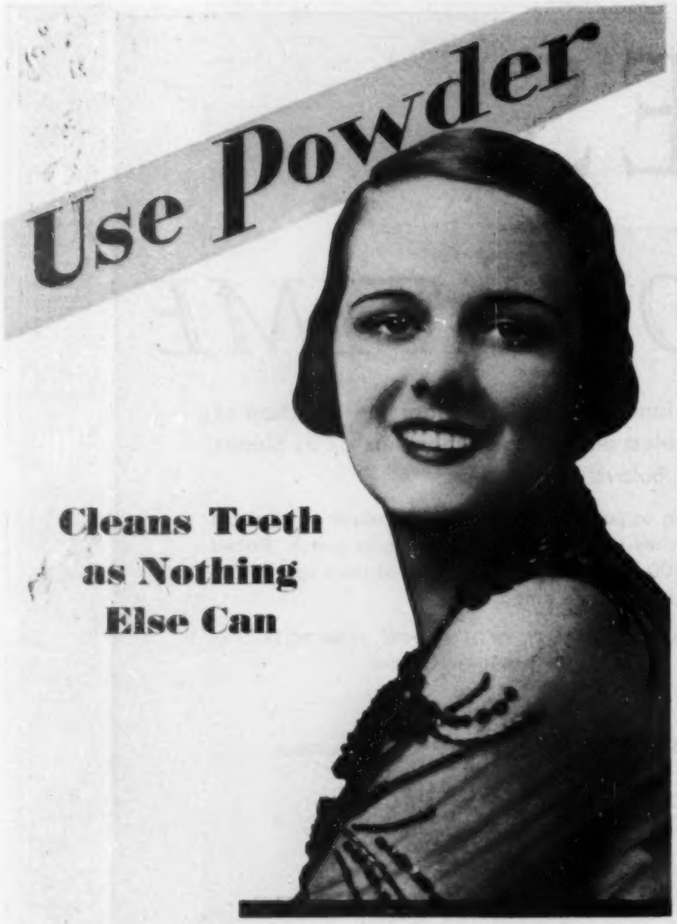


BY NIGHT
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
BY DAY
T. A. T. MADDUX PLANES

LISTEN NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA RADIO TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS



For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

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For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

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Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains nothing to injure the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

DR. LYON'S Tooth Powder

(Continued from Page 105)

bronze of her cheek changed a little in coloring as she realized how closely he had been following her thoughts. "You naturally want to get back to your own world."

She was far from sure, at the moment, of just what constituted her own world, or just where it lay. But it was not the time, apparently, for the parade of any such doubts.

"Why shouldn't I?" she demanded, unconscious of the stricken look that crept for a moment into his eyes.

"I was hoping," he said, and as abruptly broke off again.

"What were you hoping?"

"That all women weren't alike," he acknowledged with embittered weariness. She could afford to smile at that. But her smile was a wan one.

"We're more alike, I'm afraid, than men imagine."

"Apparently," he proclaimed, rising abruptly to his feet. "And as soon as this mess is cleared up I'll see that you're taken down to steel-end. I—I fancy you've suffered about enough."

She looked up quickly, at that, but he evaded her eye. She watched him as he strode down to the lake and returned with his tea pail full of water, to deaden the coals of their morning camp fire. There even seemed something symbolic in the movement as the last glowing embers were smothered in a hiss of steam.

But throughout the morning, as they once more took up the trail, Claire remained depressed by an ever-recurring sense of frustration. They went on, held silent by a new constraint, with Darrow intent on his search for tracks of the fugitive as they threaded their way through the thinning woods until they found themselves on the bank of a slow-winding river with grassy lowland meadows between its shoulders of rock.

"This river, I think, is the Askawan," Darrow informed his companion. Then he stopped short, studying the footprints in the softer soil. "And from the look of these tracks I don't imagine our man is very far ahead of us."

Claire, as she watched him examine his rifle, was conscious of a new tenseness. A faint arrowing of nerve ends even swept through her body, in an unwilled response as old as all flight and pursuit. And that sense of tension remained with her as she turned and followed Darrow's guarded advance up a broken slope thinly overspread with granite bowlders and jack pine. Before reaching the ridge top, she noticed he stopped and sniffed upwind, stood arrested, and still again seemed strangely canine as he studiously inhaled the air blowing on his face. He motioned to her for silence and stood for a full minute without moving. Then he lowered his face closer to hers.

"I'm certain it's musk oxen over that ridge," he whispered.

"Can you see them?" she asked, a sense of tension relieved eddying through her body.

"I can smell 'em," asserted Darrow. "You can get their musky odor, sometimes, at a hundred yards. But I never thought to find them this far south."

She watched him as he wormed cautiously up a lichen-covered rock shelf crowned by a fallen tamarack. He became, of a sudden, all stealth and secretiveness, strangely feral and feline, reminding her of a cat stalking its quarry. That betrayal of stealth in him even surprised her a little. But she could not despise him for it, standing as it did an implication of strength. It was the way of the woods. And all men, she remembered, were born hunters—only so many of them wasted their lives hunting the wrong things.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Darrow's quiet signal to her. He was motioning for her to join him at the crest of the ridge. And what he saw beyond that ridge had brought an oddly exultant look into his eyes. She crept guardedly up to his side, lying close to him along the sloping rock.

"It's musk oxen," he whispered. "Be careful!"

She followed him in inching her head slowly up above the notched tamarack bole, until a grassy valley, lying between wooded hill and river bank, stood before her eyes. In the middle of that valley she saw a scattered band of animals quietly feeding on the thick grass. They impressed her as heavy-bodied and short-legged animals, with curly brown hair matted so thickly on their shoulders that it gave them the appearance of a hump there. Some of them, she observed, bore curved and broad-based horns with glistening tips of black, giving them an aspect of armed and waiting belligerency. And some of them, she also observed, stood almost as high as her own head.

"This will give us some fresh meat," whispered Darrow as he cautiously brought his rifle into position. Yet he waited, studying the huge black forms. The nearest of them, Claire surmised, was not more than ninety paces away. But they seemed, as they fed there between the slow-winding river and the sun-bleached hills, to belong to another world, a prehistoric world of huge and hairy monsters before man made his first tool and conquered his first wilderness. They seemed so old and timeless that she was tempted to reach out a hand and ask the hard-eyed Darrow to wait.

But he, too, apparently, was studying that herd with an equal intentness, either to steady his nerves or to decide which black shadow offered him the best shot. He seemed to be taking his time about it, at any rate, as the browsing dark forms slowly advanced and turned and shifted in their groupings. One whiff of man smell, she suspected, would send them galloping off down the wide valley. One betraying movement would start them scampering away. And their chance of a kill would be gone.

But Darrow, she concluded as she lay there close beside him, had decided on his shot. His rifle was trained on a huge bull whose horn tips flashed bright in the sun as the shaggy head was lifted and as leisurely lowered again to the lush meadow grass. She held her breath as the barrel end steadied, instinctively preparing herself for the coming detonation. It seemed cruel, she felt, to bring death so abruptly into the midst of that quietly browsing herd. But meat was needed. And it was a law of the wild to take what you wanted when you wanted it.

It was a relief, almost, when the sound of the rifle shot finally assailed her waiting ears. But that shot, she saw, had not come from Darrow. It had come from a small cluster of rocks on the left, a little nearer the browsing band of oxen. A second stalker, hidden there, had sent a bullet into the body of the nearest bull, the very bull on which Darrow's rifle had been trained. Yet the herd did not stampede, as Claire had expected. They started and swung about in panic, obviously unable to fix the source of danger. They wheeled together into a more compact mass, dispersed again, and seemed

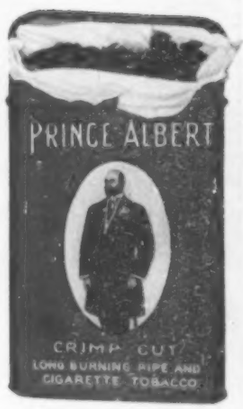
(Continued on Page 110)

Say no more— I'm sold!

THAT'S what I told the chap who introduced me to pipe-joy, with a first load of P. A. I knew I was slipping the instant I opened the tidy red tin and got a full whiff of that tantalizing Prince Albert aroma. "If the taste is half as good as *that*," I said . . .

Half as good? It was cool as the wife's reminder of an anniversary—sweet as her smile when you prove you've remembered the date. Refreshing? Yes, sir! Mild and mellow and long-burning, that's what it was. Was I sold? Ask me another!

As far as I'm concerned, Prince Albert is the world's greatest tobacco for pipes or roll-your-own. There must be millions of others who feel the same way about it, because P. A. is sure a world-beater, any way you figure it. On the word of a friend, get some P. A. this very day. Load-up and light-up . . . and learn the truth direct!



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TO THE MAN OR WOMAN

who must assume this burden

★

EACH DAY new thousands of people are faced with the painful task of making funeral arrangements. And many, unfortunately, are at a loss to know how to proceed.

They are under a severe emotional strain. They are often entirely unfamiliar with accepted standards. Yet they are suddenly expected to make decisions on matters about which they have little time to find out.

Thousands have found this booklet helpful

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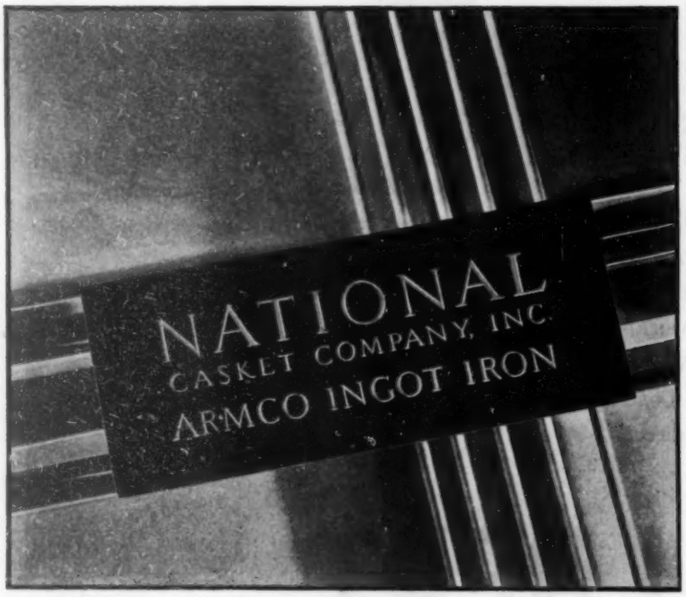
In addition, the National Casket Company has published "Funeral Facts," a booklet which answers many questions that are so perplexing to the person who assumes this heavy obligation. Leading funeral directors have assisted in the writing of this booklet, which is based on nearly fifty years' experience. It will be of inestimable value to anyone who at some time may be faced with the necessity of making funeral arrangements.

The importance of having such information readily available can hardly be overestimated. A copy of "Funeral Facts" should be among everyone's private papers—ready to supply help in time of need. Send for it today. Just write Dept. T1, 60 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.



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(Continued from Page 108)

waiting for some second alarm. It was only the wounded bull that stood immobile and embattled, his head low as he awaited his unknown enemy. That enemy was not slow in disclosing himself. The wondering woman could see a shaggy form leap out from the shelter of the rocks, a shaggy form that ran with a limp.

She knew it was Lacasse, even as she saw the long rifle leveled at almost the same instant that the waiting bull swung about and charged. The rifle barked twice, three times, but that humped and hurtling black mass neither stopped nor wavered. Lacasse turned, hesitated, and swung about for a final shot at close range. The shot rang out, but it failed to stop the charge.

She could hear Lacasse's cry as he went down and the impaling black-tipped horn went home. She could see the vicious upthrust of the shaggy head, the quick wheel and charge again, the deadly pound of the hoofs as the wounded animal beat its fury out on what seemed little more than a reddened bundle of rags.

Claire turned away, sickened by the sight, as she had once been sickened by a horse gored in a Spanish bull ring. She was only vaguely conscious of the sound of Darrow's rifle beside her, just as she was conscious of the dispersing herd as the frightened cows and calves plunged into the river and went thrashing toward the farther shore.

It startled her a little, when she looked back, to see that Darrow was running toward a sodden mass still being trampled by the maddened musk ox, shooting still again at the shaggy form as he went.

It surprised her that Darrow would make any such effort to save the life of the enemy whom he had tracked for so many patient miles through that northern forest, that he should imperil his own life to deliver the helpless Lacasse from those trampling hoofs. For he was imperiling his own life, Claire could see, in confronting an infuriated brute that still refused to accept death. The humped body, already bullet-riddled, swung valorously about as Darrow shot still again. The thick-horned head went down, the bloodied mouth bellowed, and man and beast came together in a tangle of limbs. But Darrow, rolling free, was on his feet again. He still held his rifle, which he discharged, this time, from the half-arm. The bull, caught midway in his charge, plunged past him on its fore knees, slid inert along the lush grass, and lay dead there.

Darrow, beholding that end, limped over to where Lacasse lay. He looked down at what he saw there for a long minute of silence. He was aroused by Claire's call as she came scrambling down the rock shelf. But he turned and motioned her back, almost angrily.

"Are you all right?" she cried, her voice thinned with tension. He was moving toward her, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, I'm all right," he said with unexpected matter-of-factness. "But it was too late to save Lacasse."

"He's dead?"

"He's dead," admitted Darrow as he piloted her back over the rock ledge. "And it's all rather horrible."

She shuddered in spite of herself, wondering why that message, remembering what she did, should bring no sense of deliverance to her.

"But you're hurt," she persisted, conscious of his limp and the blanched look of his sunburned face.

He laughed curtly as he sat down on a rock and stooped to unlace his moccasin.

"That bull seems to have given me a poke on the ankle bone," he said with deliberated unconcern. He frowned, however, as he cautiously explored the bruised and darkening flesh.

"Is it serious?" asked Claire, impressed by the quietness that had so abruptly fallen over that field of tumult. She was also thinly grateful for the discovery that no blood showed on the injured foot. She had seen enough of blood for one day.

"No, it's not serious," answered Darrow, trying not to wince as he retied his moccasin and struggled to his feet. He stood there, leaning on his rifle. "There's something I've got to do alone here," he finally explained. "I want you to go back over the ridge and wait for me."

He noticed her hesitation, but misread it.

"You're perfectly safe now," he pointed out, "so you can make a fire there, as big as you like. We'll need it for roasting as much of this meat as we can carry."

She stood, reassured by his quietness of voice.

"And after that?" she asked.

"After that," he told her, "all we have to do is to head for home."

XVI

HEADING for home, Claire soon discovered, was not the simple matter it sounded. Darrow, she promptly discovered, was deceiving her about his foot wound. "A bush loper," he had once told her, "needs his feet." But even as he tried to make light of his injury, he was compelled to hobble along with the help of a stick. Claire, with pack and rifle, followed him as they fought their slow way southward.

He went silent and preoccupied, protesting that a soaking in a cold stream would soon put the swollen ankle right. When that failed, he enclosed the foot in a compress of aspen leaves and black-alder bark, tied together with a strip torn from his blanket. But this led to no noticeable improvement. More than once, for all his bravado, Claire noticed his face contorted with pain. And they were compelled to lay up and rest with steadily increasing frequency.

She was glad enough of those resting spells, for she was now carrying his pack and blanket roll as well as her own. She also busied herself, when they stopped to make camp, gathering wood and building a fire and cooking their more and more meager meals. It was not long, in fact, before she found herself spreading his mattress of balsam brush for him. He still prompted and advised her. But, without quite knowing it, she gradually became the leader. She even wrung a wayward satisfaction out of that unexpected reversal of positions. It brought Darrow, for all his tight-jawed silences, ponderably closer to her. He was, for once in his life, dependent on her.

"Will you let me look at that foot?" she asked one morning after the sharpened pain had kept him awake most of the night.

"It seems better today," he protested, making no effort to comply with her request.

"Let me see it," she commanded.

He smiled a trifle wanly at the new note of authority in her voice. But, after a second glance at her face, he began dutifully unwinding the blanket-strip bandage.

(Continued on Page 112)

Announcing

TWO NEW REO FLYING CLOUDS

an Eight and a Six

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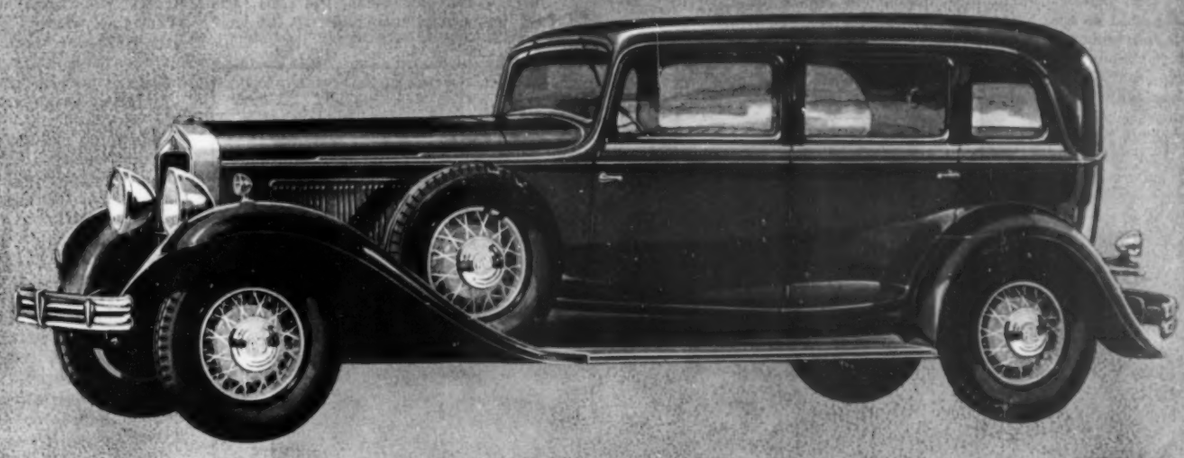


Flying Cloud Eight—The 5-Passenger Sedan

130-inch wheelbase. Body types include 5-passenger Victoria and 2-passenger coupe with rumble seat. Same body types available on Flying Cloud Six—123-inch wheelbase chassis.

(Continued from Page 110)

He winced as the lightly exploring fingers touched the swollen and darkened flesh. But it was not so alarming looking, on the whole, as she had expected.

"I believe one of the small bones must be broken there," she said as he shrank sharply under her compressing fingers.

"It seems such a trivial thing," he protested, "for all this fuss and feathers. But our grub is running low and we've got to go on."

Yet they were compelled to lay up for a day, when he had grown light-headed with fever and she found it no easy matter to manage him. She shot two willow ptarmigan that afternoon, and dressed and cooked them for later use. As he mumbled and moaned in his sleep that night, she distinctly heard him say: "It's no use, Frisbie. The whole wide world is still giving me the laugh!" Then, after a silence, his curt laugh as he cried: "And she's thinking I'm the sort of man who carries a squaw club."

But his brain had cleared by morning and he was able to sit beside the camp fire and fashion a pair of crutches out of poplar wood. And in half an hour they were pushing on again. The poplar crutches, however, did not prove much of a success. Where the ground was soft they sank depressingly deep. They were equally troublesome where the trail was narrow and broken. Once, at the top of a long and rocky climb, Claire thought he was going to faint. But he felt better when she carried water to him from a near-by stream. His weakness, she could see, was a humiliation to him.

But they still had certain things, she found, to be grateful for. She killed a doe as it waded ashore from a small lake, on the very day when they were dolorously discussing how they could eke out their vanishing food supply with stewed reindeer moss and rock tripe.

The cooling weather, with sharp frosts at night, brought them a grateful deliverance from flies and mosquitoes. But the yellowing of the birch leaves and the calls of the migratory birds, already heading south, reminded her that they were approaching the season of departures, that the northland summer would soon be slipping away. The days were shortening. And the cones of the black spruce hung like small purple plums near the dark boles above them. When she found a thin sheeting of ice about a pond edge one morning, an absurd tremor, like an electric current, tingled and eddied through her frame. It was a warning of the coming winter, the subarctic winter that shows no mercy.

Yet, an hour later, the sun was shining warm over the spruce hills, and the flackering calls of ducks and geese sounded jocund from the shimmering lake toward which the travelers worked their tortuous way. And that lake, which Darrow knew of old, brought a soothing respite to their weariness. For on its bank they were able to lash logs together and raft for twenty leisurely miles down its quicksilver surface.

It was as they were drifting along a reed-grown shore line, relaxed and silent, that Claire suddenly put a question to her companion.

"What's a squaw club?" she asked.

Darrow looked up from the blanket roll on which his head had been resting.

"Why do you want to know?" he countered, suspecting her question to be more disingenuous than it might sound.

"I heard it used once, and didn't quite know what it meant."

"You wouldn't," was his grim-noted retort. "For the use of the squaw club, much as it may be regretted in some quarters, seems to have gone out of fashion in the home circle where you originated. But the untutored red man of the North, for the purpose of imposing his will on the female of his choice, keeps a stout stick close at hand. And that stick is known as a squaw club."

"You mean they still beat their squaws with clubs?"

"That seems to be the custom," was the diffident-noted reply.

"And do you approve of that?"

"Of course not. But there can be cases where loving kindness doesn't seem to get you far. Did you, for instance, ever try to pet one of these north-country huskies, one of our sledge dogs that are half wolf?"

"What would happen?"

"He'd probably bite your hand off. And nothing, I've found, is more corroding than an ill-placed faith."

"Apparently not," agreed the brooding-eyed white woman as she poled her raft clear of a threatening rock point. And their journey, during the next hour, was a silent one as they pushed on through a narrow and winding creek where willow and birch branches brushed their heads. From this, still silent, they emerged on Moosehead Lake and floated on for another precious fifteen miles that carried them nearer and nearer to Camp Reliance.

But the old agony began again, when they were compelled once more to resort to foot travel. Darrow, in fact, found it necessary to cut two birch boughs for crutches again, trailing his useless foot in its soiled and ragged bandage as he struggled along. But these rough crutches, in time, proved a torture to his chafed armpits and he flung them away, going on as best he could with the aid of a single staff.

"We must be almost there," Claire called out to him with all the cheerfulness at her command, conscious as she was of the tragic light in his eyes.

He stopped and studied a lobstick on a partly wooded hillside.

"We've twenty miles yet," was his grim-noted reply, "and six ounces of deer meat to see us there!"

"We'll make it, all right," proclaimed the valorous-eyed woman, trying not to be disturbed by the way in which he staggered to a fallen tree and sank down on it.

He sat there with his eyes closed for a long minute of silence and despair.

"I think you'd better go on without me," he said when he looked up at her. "The trail is pretty clearly blazed from the end of Stoney Lake."

"And leave you here?" she demanded.

"I can come in later," he contended, "without holding you back like this."

But her refusal to leave him was prompt and unequivocal.

"You may have thought, once, that I couldn't keep a compact. Yet this is one that I'm going to keep."

He studied her with a tired and dark-shadowed eye. "I've just realized," he said as he looked away again, "how unfair I have been. And that sort of thing can't go on forever."

"But I intend to stay with you," she told him.

"That," he protested, "is part of the unfairness. And I've no right to hold you to something that's hateful."

She started toward him at that, but as abruptly checked herself.

"I can help you," she suggested in an oddly lowered voice.

"How?" he questioned, looking up at her. Her hunting jacket, he noticed, was torn and soiled. Her leggings of laced doeskin were in tatters. Her bare forearms were reddened and scored with brier scratches. Even her ragged moccasins were worn through, hanging in rags and patches about her slender ankles. But there was something about her, he saw, that was inextinguishable. And there was a further something about her, he also saw, that would always keep her, no matter how absurdly grotesque her attire, from being repugnant to his eyes.

"We can cache the rifle and things," she suggested, "and then I can help hold you up as we go along."

He smiled wintrily as he heard her, and shook his head.

"I'm not that far gone," he proclaimed, struggling once more to his feet. Yet he swayed unsteadily a moment later, and caught at a leaning jack pine for support.

It was then she went quietly to his side and took possession of his arm. She crowded in close to him, lifting his ragged arm about her shoulder.

"Now, lean on me," she commanded.

They moved forward in that way along the winding trail, the taller figure stern-eyed and silent, the more slender figure resolute and forbearing. A wistful and ghostlike smile even played about the woman's lips as they picked their way across the broken and lonely pine lands. For it came home to her, as they went, that this halting journey of theirs was typical of all life, a strange tangle of misery and rapture, a mixture of frustration and hope, a confusion of suffering shot through with happiness.

They went on, until weariness and hunger overtook them. Then they slept and ate the last of their food, and went on again. They pushed on, and when Darrow rested at noon his companion made a fire and gathered leaves from the Labrador-tea plant and infused them in her battered tea pail and found unexpected refreshment in that hot drink.

When they came to a hillside half-bared of its timber by Darrow's ax Claire knew they were close to home. She even cried out exultantly as she showed the ax-marked stumpage to her companion. It was then that Darrow quietly removed his arm from her shoulder and sank down on a rock padded with reindeer moss. He covered his face with his hands and a slow shudder went through his body. Yet his eyes were calm when he looked up at her again.

"You've won," he said with a vibrato of restrained emotion in his voice.

She seemed unable at the moment to understand his meaning. She was, in fact, thinking of far different things.

"You can rest here," she said as she stooped to drape her blanket about him. "I'll go in and bring out pemmican and hot coffee. That'll make the rest of it easy."

Instead of answering her, he merely lifted her unneeded blanket aside, watching her as she turned away and hurried down the clearly defined trail, the trail that led to food and shelter and rest for their wearied bodies.

As she mounted the last spruce ridge that separated her from Lake Sequomack, her hunger and weariness forgotten in the recurring small waves of triumph that swept through her, she stopped for a moment to study the familiar roofs of the camp. But what held her, as she looked, was the sight of a helmeted figure seated on a tree stump halfway between the boat landing and the canoe shed. It was a white man sitting there, a youthful and slender-bodied white man in oil-stained khaki, leisurely smoking a cigarette. When her startled gaze wandered on to the lake front she saw moored there, close in to the birch drogue, a gray and glimmering shadow with widespread wings.

And it needed no second glance to tell her it was a seaplane she saw there, and that the man so meditatively seated on the tree stump was young Rawley.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PHOTO, BY FISHER STUDIO

An Alaskan Sunset

"61"
QUICK DRYING ENAMEL
dries in 4 hours

Drawn by R. L. Lenard. Copyright 1930 P&L

Color, in winter!

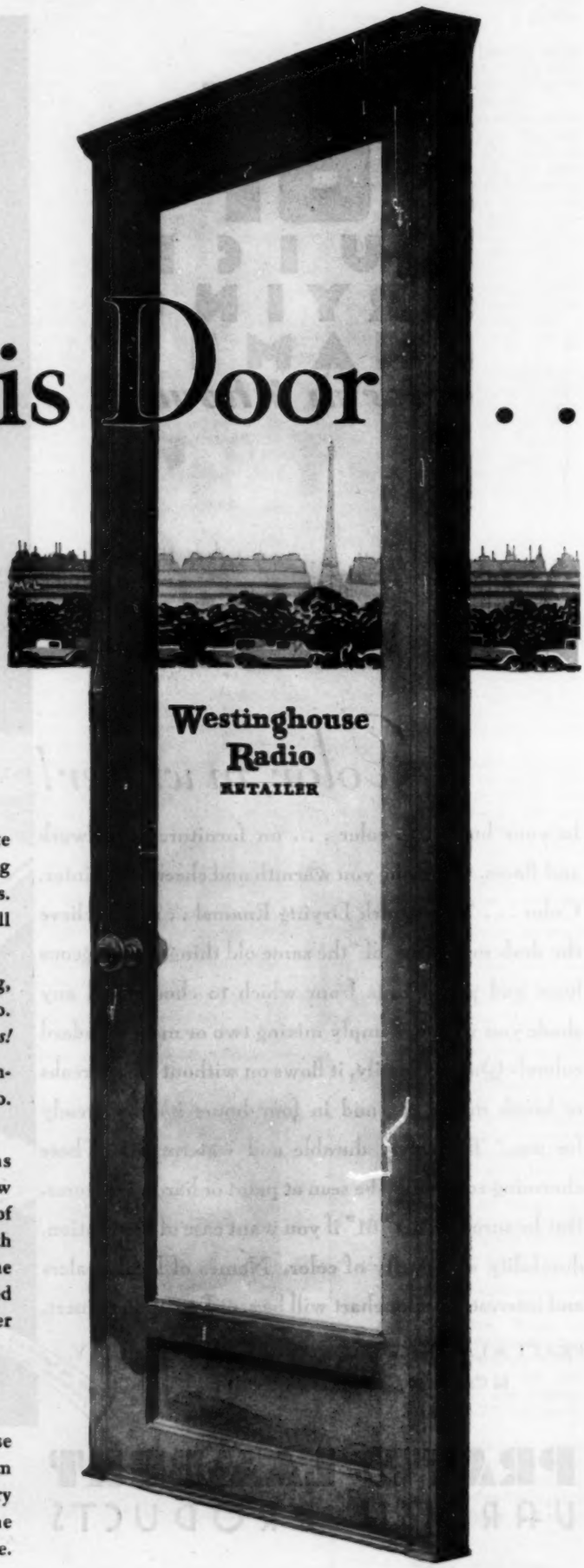
In your home . . . color . . . on furniture, woodwork and floors, will bring you warmth and cheer this winter. Color . . . "61" Quick Drying Enamel . . . will relieve the drab monotony of "the same old things." Gorgeous hues and pastel tints from which to choose and any shade you wish by simply mixing two or more standard colors! Quickly, easily, it flows on without laps, streaks or brush marks . . . and in four hours it's dry, ready for use. Extremely durable and waterproof. These charming colors may be seen at paint or hardware stores. But be sure you get "61" if you want ease of application, durability and purity of color. Names of local dealers and interesting color chart will be sent free upon request.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

"Save the surface and you save all"

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

Through this Door . . .



. . . a wonderful $5,000 trip abroad, or the cash . . . or a handsome $2,000 automobile, or the cash . . . or thousands of dollars in other cash prizes for the best ideas on the beautifying of radio cabinets.

JUST the door of a Westinghouse Radio store? . . . No! It's the gate to Paris. Westinghouse is offering, through its dealers, a dazzling array of 48 rich prizes for new ideas on beautifying radio cabinets. And the first prize is a glorious vacation in Europe . . . with all expenses paid.

Westinghouse, who pioneered radio from its very beginning, now pioneers again, by opening the era of beauty in radio. Westinghouse bids you add your efforts to theirs. Asks for *ideas!*

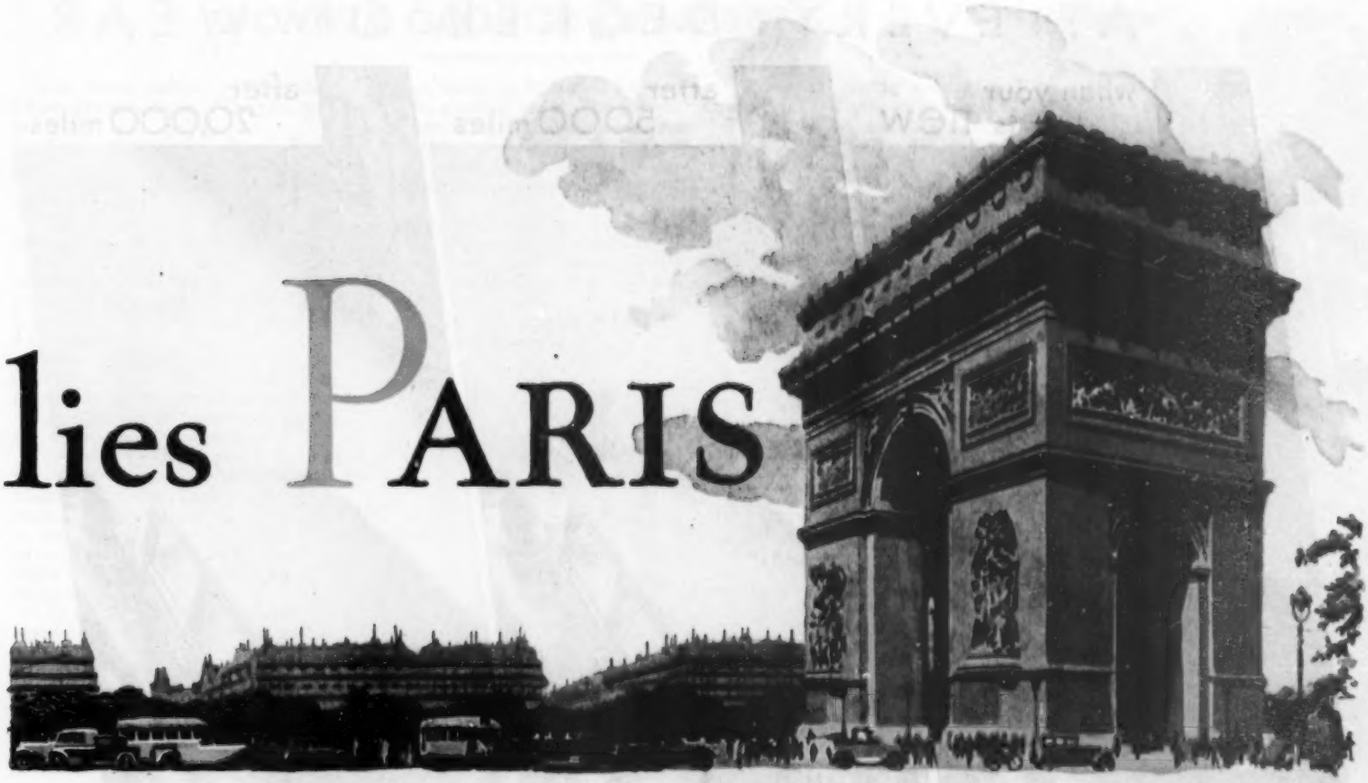
You needn't be an artist, designer or engineer to enter this contest. Needn't draw or diagram your ideas, unless you wish to. Just write your ideas in your own words.

There are many radios on the market . . . yet in two months Westinghouse Radio has leaped into the spotlight. With new standards of reception. And of beauty! Cabinets in the best of design! Nine-tube, screen-grid, super-heterodyne receivers, with remote control on larger models. Four screen-grid tubes. Tone control on larger models. Push-pull power amplifier. Improved power filter system (no "hum"). New electro-dynamic power speaker. Local-distant switch.

How to Enter the Contest

Your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer will demonstrate these sets either in your own home or in his sales-room. Ask him about the convenient, long-term payments. And get your Entry Blanks for the $10,000 radio idea contest from him, too. The simple rules of the contest are given in full on the page opposite.

lies PARIS



VISIT PARIS . . . . *as the Winner of the First Prize*

Paris! The most beautiful city in the world. The Champs Elysees. The Arc de Triomphe. People from everywhere. Beauty. Color. Fashion. Here a building designed five centuries ago; there a frock designed five minutes ago. Visit Paris . . . Westinghouse pays the bills! Or remember . . . the $5,000 in cash!

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest opens September 25th and closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded to the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

The judges of the contest are:

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.

MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.

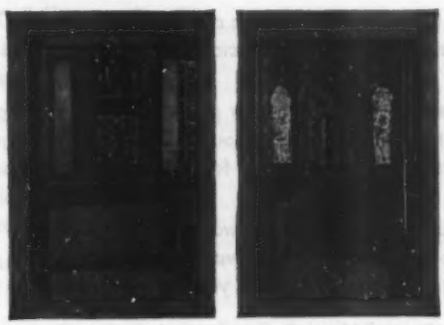
MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.

RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.

E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.

A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

What do we mean "Ideas"? Here's a good example



See these miniature models at your dealer's

One of the Westinghouse staff suggested this idea (it's not entered in the contest, of course, since Westinghouse employees are not eligible) but it's a good example of the type of ideas we seek. These cabinets are lighted from within . . . and the light shines through the translucent panels at each side. See them—they might set your "thinking cap" buzzing with ideas of your own. Of course, these are only miniatures and have nothing to do with the new Westinghouse Radio sets now on sale at your dealer's. Be sure to see them.

Westinghouse Radio

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

Q-129

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". . AT EVERY DEGREE OF WEAR"

NO BLOW BY*! NO HILL DRAG!

It happens so often—after a car travels twelve thousand miles and over, the engine begins to drag and the power to fade, especially on the hills!

The trouble usually is in the cylinders—the space between pistons and cylinder walls wears larger and the motor oil hasn't enough body to fill and seal the larger space to prevent power from blowing-by—*leaking and wasting away!*

Here's where the Sinclair Law of Lubrication* does its work. Where Opaline Motor Oil does *extra service.* When you drive in for Opaline the Authorized Opaline Dealer asks, "What's your mileage?" On the Sinclair Law of Lubrication Index he finds your car and prescribes the grade of Opaline recommended to maintain piston seal and insure power in its present condition of wear.

Thus you get lubricating oil of the highest quality. And you get the correct grade of oil to keep pistons sealed—keep your engine young. Opaline Motor Oil is made from selected crudes, refined by thorough and modern methods. Just note how it holds its body after a long period of hard driving—how little is used.

*THE SINCLAIR LAW OF LUBRICATION: *For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.*

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BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

(Continued from Page 15)

Miss Burns smiled, printing their names beneath them. "Do you ride, my dear?"

"Sure. Everybody does. Don't you?"

Miss Burns sighed. "And how! Will you ride today?"

"No. Pa never lets me, in rodeos or picnics. Says it's no business for a girl."

"Of course he's right," approved Miss Burns. From mistrust Opal turned to disgust. "You might get hurt," Miss Burns pursued. "The men often do, don't they?"

"Sure. George Campbell's got four ribs broke loose, but he won't quit riding long enough for 'em to mend."

"How dreadful! Somebody should say something to him about it."

"I wouldn't, if I was you," Opal advised shortly, and glanced around. Margaret had come back and was sitting in the car. Johnnie would be riding and Margaret would have to watch—Margaret, who hated horses and thought a lot of Johnnie.

"Are they breaking these horses?" Miss Burns inquired.

"Oh, no. Just trying out the bucking string," Opal explained, somewhat surprised at such ignorance. "They want the worst ones for the rodeos. Snowflake and Dynamo and Baby Tears are all in dad's string—and Appaloosie Baby. Maybe you've seen 'em work?"

"Mercy, no." Miss Burns was writing down their names. "Will your father ride today?"

"Oh, no. Those old fellows don't ride any more. They're all shook up and tramped on by the time they're thirty. They don't do stunts any more. He's got a stiff knee, but he can ride an ordinary horse all right."

Miss Burns smiled. She was always smiling or laughing at her own thoughts. "Old fellows? Your father isn't over forty, is he?"

"Thirty-nine." So this young woman was taking an interest in George and her father and even old Phil Briere!

"Who's going to ride now?"

Opal craned her neck. "My brother-in-law, Johnnie. He hadn't ought to ride, with his ankle still done up."

"How did he hurt it?"

"The horse smashed it in the chute."

"How awful!"

"It was his own fault. He got careless."

"But I couldn't stand it if a man I—cared for was out there. They might be killed."

"Sure. Might be." Opal was thinking hard. What if George Campbell——

"There he comes!" was the shout. The gate swung open, the saddler dodged behind it, and the little bay mare that had been kicking so furiously while the horses milled came rocketing out, changing ends, head down. The pick-up men spurred in, not too close. Straight for the two girls on the fence shot the angry horse; one frantic hoof struck a rail below them, and they tumbled off hastily. People around the corral shouted and cheered—popular horse, popular rider.

Johnnie's face, when they glimpsed it, was twisted with the pain of the terrific jarring of his ankle, but he was raking her valiantly. Then he left the saddle and the shouting went dead, for his bandaged foot had not left the stirrup. He was being dragged through the dust of the corral, kicking with his bad foot, hands up to protect his head from the glancing hoofs. The pick-up men rode in hastily. He kicked free just as they reached him. He half sat up, went limp again. Jim Blake led the snorting mare away, with her eyes rolling.

Miss Burns was sobbing dryly, "Oh, oh, oh!" as Len Leader slid from the saddle and, with another man who had run out, lifted Johnnie and carried him off.

"Aw, you can't kill an Indian," somebody said hopefully.

"Oh, She is an Artist or Something. She Stays on the Wineglass-K. Look Out for George, Opal!"

Opal turned to see how Margaret was taking it. She was sitting stock-still beside Bessie, holding the baby so hard that it whimpered. Her teeth were cutting her lip. Opal shivered.

A man spoke gruffly behind them: "'Tain't no disgrace to git piled, but it's bad business not to git right up. Skeers the womenfolks."

Miss Burns caught her breath. "I'm glad I don't have to worry," she said.

They had taken Johnnie into the ranch house. Margaret got stiffly out of the car, carrying the baby. Bessie sat where she was. Margaret must make her journey alone. The crowd stood back while she plodded through the dust around the corral and toward the grove. She walked not fast, but steadily, her eyes fixed on her goal.

"What stoicism!" gasped Miss Burns.

Opal shivered again. If George got hurt—if he got hurt so that he couldn't get up again—they would carry him away and she'd have to stay on the fence. Only men's wives could follow them to find out, to sit dry-eyed by them during the hours while the doctor was on his way. Maybe that was why Margaret had married Johnnie. She thought hard.

Miss Burns murmured dizzily, "When will we know how he is?"

"Pretty soon." Opal was gruff. "They're going to ride some more."

"Before they know how bad he's hurt?" Miss Burns was horrified.

"That's the way they do."

Horse after bucking horse shot from the chute, with a dozen different riders. Some men were thrown, some rode gallantly. The pick-up men took them from their saddles, hazed off the horses if they were inclined to fight after the rider was off.

"That's my brother coming out," Opal offered. "Bareback on a colt."

The colt shot out bravely, with young Bud waving his hat in the approved fashion, only a single rope to hold to. The crowd roared. Len Leader knew how to make them forget their worries. He spurred forward, pulled his ambitious son from the tired colt, cuffed him proudly alongside the head and set him down.

"Yeah, Buddy!" men shouted.

Someone came out of the ranch house—two men, one limping. The crowd noticed and set up a roar of relief. The limping man waved his hat.

"Johnnie! Johnnie Armstrong!" Men yelped. Women smiled.

A man shouted once more, "Can't kill an Indian!"

Margaret stayed in the ranch house. Women didn't follow their men around.

Miss Burns sighed "Thank goodness," and snapped a picture of young Pablo Deschamps, who was twirling a rope loop and skipping nimbly in and out of it for her benefit.

"I just remembered," she remarked, looking up from her camera, "the poem about George Campbell."

"Oh?" coldly from Opal. Writing poetry about him, was she?

Miss Burns recited, smiling:

"High upon Highlands and low upon Tay
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day.
Saddled and bridled and gallant rode he—
Home came his good horse, but never came he."

Something hurt Opal's throat. She slid off the fence. She didn't understand it, but it was sad. George Campbell rode out one day, and his horse came home without him. She shivered, sauntered around the corner toward the grove.

Johnnie Armstrong was leaning against the bars, grinning crookedly. Blood caked his neck and shoulder. His shirt was torn.

"How're ya?" Opal asked casually.

"Fine. Just kicked in the head."

"That wouldn't hurt you, would it?" She smiled and sauntered on.

A cloud of dust was growing, high in the hills; men were bringing down another bunch of horses from the range, circling around them up on the green hillside. Bluffs were black up there, dark green where the sun struck them. The same bluffs, those were, where she and George had ridden last night and many other nights—when George should have been getting his sleep. Years before, Indians had ridden herds of cattle off those bluffs when they hated white people. Now they intermarried and lived peacefully.

She drank from the spring, emptied cold water from the tin cup, and sauntered back, thinking hard. She was going to do the unheard-of. What if people saw her and laughed? What if George Campbell laughed?

They were saddling another horse—the Appaloosie. One of the worst in the string. He had killed High Conner the summer before. There was no need to try out the Appaloosie, when they

(Continued on Page 119)

Flowing
V-BELT POWER

SMOOTH, unvarying, continuous as the mighty flow of a waterfall.—Industry has come to know a new kind of power transmission through the Gilmer V-Belt.

Installed on single or multiple drives, the Gilmer V-Belt transmits every possible ounce of Power. Vibration and noise are cut to the minimum, maintenance costs are reduced.

Perfect fit is assured by the Gilmer moulding process. Layer by layer, specially processed rubber and stout, tough cord are moulded into the exact shape of the sheave.

Gilmer V-Belts are reinforced at the *neutral axis*, the point where greatest strain comes,—a feature originated by Gilmer Engineers.—That's why Gilmer V-Belts are recognized as the standard replacement belt for all makes of single and multiple drives.

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TRUE TO A DENTIST'S SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES

...this dentifrice guards the Mouth of Youth

WHERE is the person who would question his dentist's choice of cleansing materials for the teeth?

With a professional man's insistence upon excellence, the dentist selects only that which is safe, trusted, pure and good.

It is important, then, to know that a dentist originated Forhan's. This fine and gentle dentifrice was developed by R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

It is even more important to know how this preparation came about. The name of Forhan is widely known to the dental profession, for it is the name of a preparation thousands of dentists use. When pyorrhea threatens, when gums are tender, this preparation is used for firming them up and helping them to regain good health.

Dr. Forhan originated this dental preparation. He made its benefits a part of his dentifrice. In this way he enabled patients to supplement the fine work of their dentists, by daily care in the home.

But the "dentists' dentifrice" is most useful in the mouth which is well and sound. It cleans teeth, safely, gently, thoroughly—as a fine dentifrice should. More than this, when used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it stimulates the gums, stirs lagging circulation, helps them to keep healthy and firm.

If you value the mouth of youth, adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is always better to prevent trouble than to treat it later on—and no dentifrice can do more to safeguard the teeth and gums. Its regular use may prevent serious trouble and even the loss of healthy teeth in years to come.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—just a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

FORHAN'S

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

ANY MOUTH MAY HAVE PYORRHEA
AND AT FORTY THE ODDS ARE

4 out of 5

(Continued from Page 117)

knew he was bad. Some young fellow just wanted to show off.

Pete, the pock-marked mixed-breed, climbed the bars, grinning self-consciously. He waved one arm and was greeted with scattered cheers. Opal craned her neck to see who would ride.

"George Campbell comin' out on Appaloosie Baby!" Pete sang out as rodeo announcers do. "The meanest horse in the Okanasket Valley!"

Opal caught her breath and ran. She pushed aside a couple of surprised Indian bucks and crowded close to the chute. George was buckling on the chaps, stringy from much usage—the same chaps High Conner had worn when Appaloosie Baby broke his neck. Opal touched his arm, and he turned, staring.

"Say—I will," she whispered. His face changed as the cliffs change when the sun strikes them. He said nothing, but he was smiling as he let himself down onto the Appaloosie.

So Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day—saddled and bridled and gallant rode he!

If he was hurt today, she'd have to stand aside while they carried him past. But sometime, if he was hurt, she could walk silently and alone after the men who carried him in, and nobody would laugh because she thought so much of him.

She leaned back against bars, not wanting to look. She could tell by the shouting if everything went all right. Miss Burns, she noticed, was aiming her camera.

"I'll teach her to write poetry about my fellow," muttered Opal. She did not know that the ballad of Bonnie George Campbell had been sung by an unknown minstrel some four hundred years before.

ABLE WACKETS

(Continued from Page 19)

Constable telephoned late in the afternoon. His voice was vaguely triumphant:

"It's all right, Peter. He wouldn't stand for a 20 per cent increase, but he agreed to 5, account of the Arapahua being new and fast. And he signed the charter party for his principals."

"Who are they?"

"The Digger Cement Contracting Company."

"What did you find out about 'em?"

"They're a new company, but they're properly registered and they have the contract to supply cement for the new concrete construction at Canberra. So that's all right."

"Mmph!" said Captain Trumpet.

The Arapahua, outward bound, stood down Sydney's lovely harbor. Sea and sky were vividly blue and the sun shone full on the Heads, with the surf bursting at their feet. Smoking, mile-long breakers crashed on Manly's famous beach, and as the Arapahua cleared the Heads and rose to the heave of the open sea outside, she began to speak, throwing crescents of scattered emeralds off her bows. An inbound coaster surged past and her master saluted the Arapahua with a pull on the whistle cord. On the bridge, the Dandy Man, erect and trim in his white, form-fitting uniform, snapped back a salute. Clear of the Heads, the vessel's nose swung south for Port Kembla, to bunker for her long run to Panama. On the forward well deck the carpenter was making the rounds of the hatches, securing battens with mallet and wedge. Aft, the bos'n and his men dropped the cargo booms in their cradles and unrove the falls, making all secure for sea. Already the vessel had settled down into the orderly humdrum ocean routine of a deep-water tramp. Captain Trumpet drew the salt air deep into his pouter chest and glanced approvingly at his image, reflected in the glass of the wheelhouse window.

"Sailor's weather, mister," he remarked to the second mate, who was on watch. It was good to get away to sea again after the dirt and turmoil of port.

He descended the ladder and walked aft. Passing the galley he glanced within, noting the fire glowing in the long range and the orderly row of pots slung on their hooks above. The Dandy Man thought contentedly, "Shining saucepan and rusty pump"—the ancient synonym of the sea for a happy ship.

Crossing through the galley he came out on the starboard side and turned forward again. As he passed the fiddley, noisy with the clatter of the ash hoist, a stream of amber juice shot through the doorway and spattered the clean deck. With a quick bellow of rage the Dandy Man jumped back, then forward again. Two firemen at the ash hoist inside the fiddley looked up.

"Which o' you two spat brown?" the master demanded above the racket of the hoist.

One of the men turned. He was a squat, compactly powerful man, with muscular neck ringed by a dirty sweat rag, an obstinate, scrubby jaw and ugly eyes. In place of reply he demonstrated down the hoist shaft.

"What's your name?" the Dandy Man snapped.

"Barker. Wot's yours?" the man replied, and grinned at his mate. He was about to attempt some further sally, when his eyes caught the glacial stare of a man who had handled hard-case Liverpool stokers for fifty years, and his witticism died unborn.

Captain Trumpet was intensely calm. He said: "You give me any o' your back-slack, my man, and I'll pin your lugs to the fo'mast. On your watch below ye'll get a bucket o' sand and a brush, and scrub that deck clean. And I'll see that the engineers steps on your tail now and again during the passage, to l'arn ye a proper respect for your betters!"

Resuming his walk, at the starboard alleyway he met the chief engineer.

"There's a bootneck o' yours, Mr. McQuarrie, that's got too much lip for the size o' his face. His name's Barker. When we get into the hot weather ye can set him polishin' cylinder tops. It'll mebbe fry some o' the gall out of him."

The chief asked no questions. He had been shipmates with the Dandy Man for years. "Very good, sirr," he said. "By the way, the new second we signed on to take Gardner's place will do, I think. He's called Malloy. He hasn't much to say, but he knows his job."

Captain Trumpet nodded. "All right. But I can't understand Gardner. He was never much of a boozer, was he? And to go ashore sailing day and disappear the way he did ——"

"Aye, sirr. It was a new wrinkle for him, and might ha' delayed our sailin' if Malloy hadn't happened along. There he is now. He's been overhaulin' the windlass. . . . Hey, second! Here a minute!"

A tall, gaunt-shouldered man with a pallid face and deep eyes sunk under bony ridges of brows was passing aft on the opposite side of the bunker hatch. He halted, then came toward them.

"This is Mr. Malloy, captain."

The new second engineer acknowledged the introduction with a duck of his head, and wiped his hand on his greasy boiler suit.

"What was your last ship?" the Dandy Man asked.

"Highland Chief, sir. She was laid up and I tried a shore job for a while."

"The Highland Chief—she was Allison's command, wasn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

The Dandy Man removed his cap and solicitously coaxed his thin locks over the shiny spot on his yellow pate.

"How long you been on the beach?"

"Four months ago I left her, sir."

"I see. That'll do." After a word or two further with the chief, Captain Trumpet returned to the bridge.

The long run across the Pacific was without incident. With Colon astern, the Arapahua steamed through the indigo of the Caribbean, passed the jungle heights of Porto Rico and set a fair course for Ushant. Time passed; a litany of warm, lazy days and star-hung nights, until, with the November cold of the northern latitudes, the weather thickened and tropic gear was stowed away for the warmth of thick blue pilot cloth.

In the Channel there was fog, with snow flurries and chill, green, boarding seas, and the coast was obscured until the white beacon of Cape Gris Nez light flashed through the windy darkness on the starboard bow. Twenty days later, having discharged at Antwerp and Amsterdam and Tilbury Docks, the Arapahua traversed Gallions Reach and lay at her wharf in London River, downstream from the murky etching of Tower Bridge, to commence loading cement for home.

The Dandy Man seldom was happy ashore, but in London, as the chief steward told the ship's provision-supply man, he was as happy as a dog with two tails.

"'E's out at crack o' dawn," said the steward over a sociable glass of the old man's port, "and all hands gets blood for breakfast if cargo working ain't commenced on the dot. 'E 'as a lollop round to see that all's shipshape; then 'e gets into 'is shore suit—and very smart 'e looks in it, too—and off 'e goes. Back 'e comes at night as light-footed as if 'e was steppin' on eggs, and loaded to the gunnels wi' everything that the well-dressed man will wear. 'Lay out me evening things,' 'e says, proud as the Earl o' Hell, and off 'e goes ashore again, in a gaff-tops'l hat and a stuns'l tie. Oh, 'e's a little geneiman, is the old Dandy Man, even if 'e is a sailor."

Regent Street and Piccadilly, Oxford Circus and Pall Mall were his cruising grounds, and the tailors of New Bond Street rubbed their hands when Captain Trumpet hove into view. Characteristically he drove shrewd bargains, but they did not question his taste; and in spite of his shore going he found time to see that his cargo was well and

(Continued on Page 121)

BE it ever so palatial, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home for walloping one's thumb with a hammer—and who hasn't! Not all of us, however, will get off that easy.

Slipping in the bathtub, tumbling downstairs, stumbling over the children's plaything's — such everyday incidents account for two out of every five non-fatal home accidents—while one out of every four *fatal* injuries occurs under the domestic roof.

But why all the gloom? You *can't* help what you can't help! But *you can* Ætna-ize—and make home, *sweet* home.

An Ætna Accident Policy will help keep you on your feet financially—and, of course, provide for the family should the accident prove fatal.

Why not see or phone the Ætna Agent in your community for details? He's a man worth knowing. Tear this out as a reminder.

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ÆTNA-IZE

Burroughs

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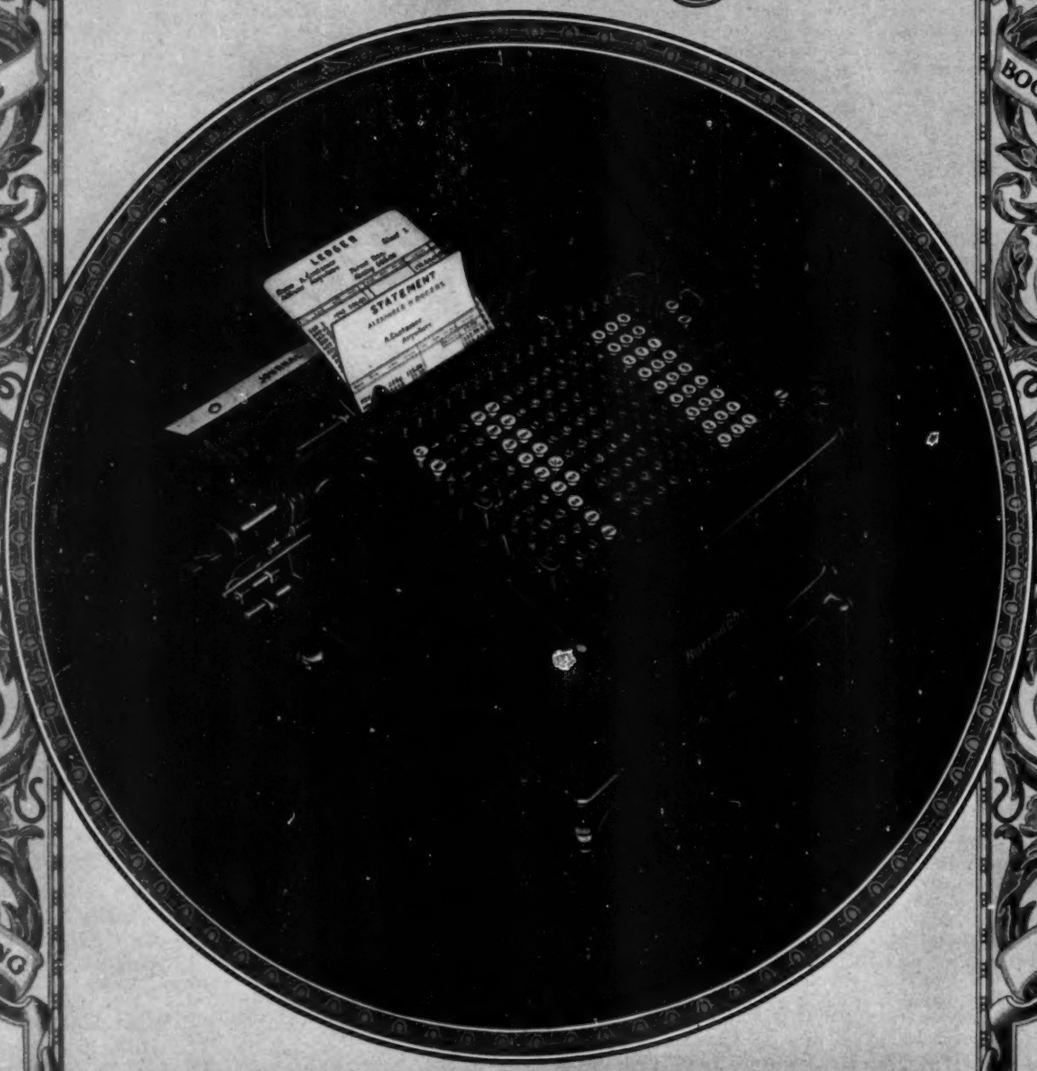
BOOKKEEPING



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Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6100 SECOND BOULEVARD DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 119)

truly stowed. The night before sailing he had a final glorious burst ashore, and the swing of his bony old frame as he returned to his ship was that of a youth of sixty.

At dawn of sailing day he was out on the bridge in a brand-new uniform greatcoat, his gold-braided cap perched commandingly over one eye.

"Break out the salt-beef flag," he directed the senior apprentice briskly, and the Blue Peter snapped aloft in the sharp morning air. The mooring lines were cast off, and with the mate and Chips shivering on the forecastle head, in the raw breeze that whipped the murky river, and the pilot on the bridge, the Arapahua moved slowly out into the stream. Northfleet on the beam, astern; Sheerness ahead, and London's chimney pots smoking with early morning fires; Chips, coming from the forecastle head for his mug of steaming coffee at the galley door, singing in a fractured falsetto: "Rolling home, rolling home; rolling home across the sea." With twenty thousand casks of cement in her holds, the Arapahua was homeward bound.

Land's End was a stormy week astern when the Arapahua smacked into a wild December sneezer that drove across the Western Ocean and for eight days battered the laboring tramp with endless squadrons of gigantic seas. Heavy with the weight of the casks in her holds she could not ride them, so stuck her blunt nose under and plugged gallantly through, lifted, flinging a bridal veil of foam over the forecastle head, then buried herself in the green heart of the next. She was a wet ship.

The Dandy Man balanced himself on the bridge, his thin, sea-wary shanks braced against the tremendous swing of the vessel, his cheeks red and numb with the buckshot of icy spray. His finery was stowed away and he wore scuffed, hard-weather gear, stained with salt water, that had stood him through many years of gales. Rheumatic pains shot through his limbs, but doggedly he refused to recognize them as such.

"Strain o' balance plays hell with a feller's muscles," he confided to the mate, who cracked the salt on his lips in a secret, understanding smile and gravely agreed.

They ducked behind the weather cloth as the vessel's bows scooped the belly from a grandfather comber and flung it bodily across the bridge.

Captain Trumpet straightened laboriously. "'T won't last much longer," he bellowed, cupping his lips to the mate's hairy ear. "I can sniff it breaking."

But it was thirty hours before the wind swung astern. The sea, though lumpy, no longer exploded over the bows. The sun's watery beams struggled through the wrack, and the water took on a deeper blue. The ship began to dry out.

The mate, making a good breakfast in the saloon, was summoned by the carpenter. He returned in a few minutes, a perplexed frown knotting his brow. He reported tersely:

"Something's queer, sir. Chips says one o' the brass caps of a sounding pipe forrard is gone, and some o' the water we've been shipping must ha' gone into the hold. There'll be some casks o' cement that won't be worth much, if that's the case."

Captain Trumpet went forward and questioned the carpenter.

"The plug was there, sir, last time I sounded the well," Chips said. "I suppose it couldn't have worked out in them seas?"

The Dandy Man shook his head. He returned amidships and conferred with the mate.

"Somebody removed that plug deliberate, mister. Anybody on board got a spite to work off that you know?"

"Only that fellow Barker that you told off first day out, sir. The chief rode him hard on the way across and you had to log him three days' pay in Antwerp for comin' aboard with a second mate's nip in him and kickin' up a row. But that's all."

"Go through the ship for that plug. Question Barker and search every man's gear. And if you find it, whoever has it had better begin prayin'," the Dandy Man promised grimly.

Search was fruitless.

"Barker denied it, o' course, and whoever's guilty prob'ly threw the plug in the ditch," the mate said.

The master ordered officers and engineers to keep their lamps trimmed and the matter was dropped.

The heavily wooded mountains of Central America loomed over the bows in a haze of blue. Fair-weather uniforms had again appeared amidships and the hard days of the North Atlantic were forgotten. The Arapahua replenished her bunkers at Panama, said farewell to Balboa and curtsied to the bland salute of the South Pacific.

Three days out from the canal the Dandy Man was aroused by a disturbance forward. He jumped from his cabin to the lower bridge, and saw against the sunset the burly figures of the chief and the third engineer dragging between them the struggling form of Barker, the fireman. The chief's face was red with sweat and fury and Barker's sullen eyes gleamed defiantly in their circles of coal dust.

The chief growled: "Here's the swine whut's been cutting capers, sirr! Tried to fire the blasted ship, he did!"

"That's a lie, Jack Nasty-Face!" the man shouted. "I was on'y ——"

"Shut your gob," the chief commanded, "afore I give it a wipe!" He explained: "The bos'n went forrard into the forepeak just now and found the place in a blaze. This whigmaleary here was skulkin' near the paint locker, watchin' his chance to bolt. The bos'n put the fire out wi' the hand extinguisher, and here's whut he found." He extended a handful of oil-soaked engine-room waste, wet and charred.

Captain Trumpet's glacial eyes fell on the fireman. "Well?"

"The fire had started before I got there, sir."

"What were ye doing up that end o' the vessel, where ye had no business?"

"I'd gone up to borrow a drop o' alcohol out o' the paint locker, that's all. I just come off watch. I didn't have time to start no ruddy fire."

"It's true he just came off watch, sirr," the chief volunteered, "but it don't take a second to put a match to a heap o' oily waste."

The Dandy Man reached forward suddenly and plunged his hand beneath the fireman's coat. He withdrew it with a fistful of oily engine-room waste.

"Thought it was queer—a fireman coming off watch in the tropics wearin' a jacket—and he hadn't time to fire it all," he commented. "Tell the mate to put the darbies on him, chief. He'll raise no more hell this voyage. We'll have a quiet vessel from now on." But in this he was wrong, for, passing far to the north of the New Zealand coast, with Barker locked securely in the forepeak, it was discovered that the discharge pipe of the midship lavatory on the port side had been cut through and a considerable quantity of water had gone into the hold.

"The blasted ship's hoodooed," the mate declared, but for the Dandy Man that answer would not do.

That night the radio operator brought him a message. It was from John Constable, and as he read it Captain Trumpet's air of brisk capability momentarily deserted him. The message said:

HAVE DISCOVERED DIGGER CEMENT CONTRACTING COMPANY WAS FORMED AND BACKED BY ABELMAN FOR HIS STEAMSHIP COMPANY STOP SUSPECT TROUBLE STOP WATCH YOUR STEP

For the remainder of the voyage the Dandy Man was all over the ship. He turned up at unexpected moments on the poop, under the forecastle head, in staterooms, bunkers and midship cabins. Apparently sleepless, yet always managing to appear clean and dapper, and acute to all that went on about him, he paced the bridge at odd times, his anxious spirit denying the complaints of his aching body and tired limbs. He was like a fine wire, drawn to the limit of its tension, until the Arapahua once again raised Sydney Heads.

The Dandy Man expressed some of his relief of mind at being again in home waters to the officer on watch. "Now that we're back in the kiss-me-foot latitudes, as the old wind-ship men used to say when I was a sprat, I'm going to celebrate with a four-hour doss."

He turned in all standing, but when the shore haze had defined itself into an expanse of purple hills, cliffs and beaches he appeared again on the bridge, bathed, shaved, brushed and twinkling, in a new London-tailored uniform and smelling pleasantly of scented soap.

"Never can tell but what a pretty girl or two'll be on the pier head to meet me," he explained to the mate.

There was considerable sea traffic about as they steamed toward the Heads, and those of the Arapahua's company who were not on watch amused themselves by hanging over the rail in the hot January sunshine and guessing the identity of passing ships. Captain Trumpet, pacing the after end of the lower bridge, sought relief from his long strain in verifying, through a pair of marine glasses, the conjectures of a little group of officers, engineers and stewards in the waist below. A great black-and-tan P. & O., a long, trim, flushdeck American tanker, a smart Blue Funnel boat, a Japanese tramp, sailing vessels and coasters passed to and from the busy harbor gap. A tall liner, with rows of twinkling ports, surged by, a half mile on the starboard beam.

"Yon's the Aorangi," hazarded the third mate, who had just come off the bridge. "Aye, and there's an Abelman craft coming out. Looks like the Toowoomba."

Excited argument developed over this, for the vessel was well over a mile away.

"She's the Wollongong," a quietly definite voice put in.

It was a moment or two before the Dandy Man was able to identify the voice. He trained his glasses on the distant ship, doubting the correctness of the guess. It was the Wollongong. He moved forward to the rail to look down, but the group had dispersed, and the mate, coming out of the alleyway below, claimed his attention:

"We'll be in too late for discharging tonight, sir, I suppose."

(Continued on Page 124)

TAR FINGERS that DISGRACE

TOBACCO YELLO HOLDER

PROVE THIS FOR YOURSELF!

Smoke the next three packages of cigarettes with a TOBACCO YELLO* Holder. Then open the Holder and let your own eyes see the "dark brown" evidence—the sticky TAR on the attachment instead of on your lips, fingers and teeth. Your TOBACCO YELLO Holder is guaranteed to *show you!* Or your money will be refunded.

Don't blame nicotine for cigarette stain. It's *not* nicotine! It's bitter-tasting TAR. A great University, after complete scientific tests, states that the Tobacco Yello Holder stops *66.5% of this bitter TAR.* By stopping TAR, the pleasure of smoking is doubled—you feel better—*stain is eliminated.* 9,000 doctors are using this holder.

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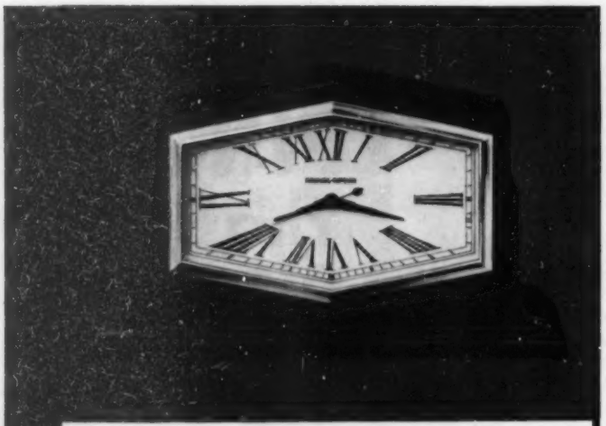
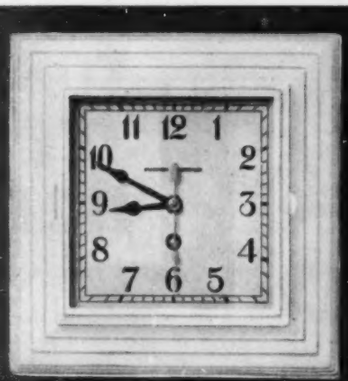


Trains won't wait. A Manning-Bowman Synchronous Motor Clock never starts you out too early or too late.

Above: The living-room model, No. 916, has the charm of dignified line and shining mahogany case. Dial is silver-plated. Price $30.00. Other living-room models from $9.95 to $65.00.

Below: The trim and sturdy kitchen model, No. 913/2, is finished in either green or ivory enamel. Price, $12.00. Round shape in green or ivory, $11.00.



"You have plenty of time, dear." What a relief to know that your timepiece is always accurate.

Correct time

The Manning-Bowman feels the pulse of time through

Old-fashioned clocks are "made of wheels

. . . and in many homes time is a matter of conjecture.

John calls out, as he jerks his tie into place, "What time is it?" The house may be full of old-fashioned clocks, hand wound clocks, hopeful clocks, and yet none can answer him beyond dispute.

But think of having a time-keeper that is *right—always* right! A time-keeper that needs no winding, no regulating, no oiling, no cleaning—that's the kind of time-keeper a Manning-Bowman is.

You merely plug Manning-Bowman Synchronous Motor Clocks into your electric light socket. They actually *take the pulse of time* as it beats upon their little motors from your electric light company . . .

Are you catching a train? Or keeping an appointment? A Manning-Bowman says, "Watch me. My electric time is right. You won't be late if you keep your eye on me."

Life's fourth dimension is time. Everything we do takes time, is regulated by time, gains time or loses time. Time is money. Time is leisure. Time is hurry, time is worry.

With a Manning-Bowman *Synchronous* Motor Clock on your wall, on your dressing table, on your mantel, your every "time problem" is solved. But with even one Man-

MANNING-

Synchronous

at last— for every home

Synchronous Motor Clock your electric light socket

and springs, And pendulums and things . . ."

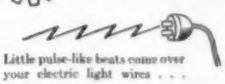
ning-Bowman in your house to set a good example for all your other clocks and watches, you always have the *right* time.

And you have beautiful time too —made beautiful for you by America's leading designers of electrical devices, Manning, Bowman & Company.

You will find the designs on this page and many others in fine shops selling electrical devices, in leading department stores and jewelry stores. If your dealer does not carry the model in which you are particularly interested, write for information to Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Conn.

Why a Manning-Bowman Synchronous Motor Clock keeps correct time

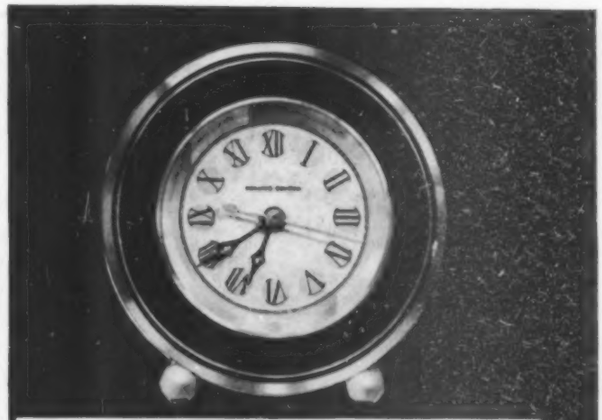
The synchronous motor which moves the hands has a revolving part with cogs . . .



Little pulse-like beats come over your electric light wires . . .

Each beat, synchronized at the power station with official time, moves a single cog . . .

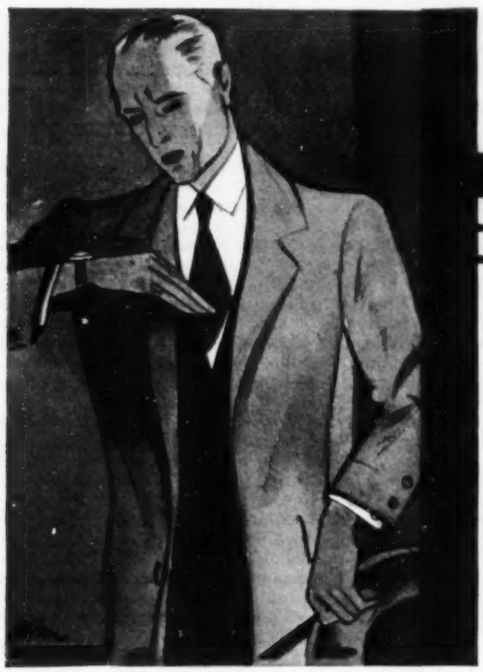
The wheel revolves slowly and turns the hands. Therefore your time *must* be accurate . . .



It's a social error to be late at a dinner party.

Above: The Manning-Bowman boudoir clock, No. 907/2, has a gleaming jewel-like enamel finish in rose, green or turquoise. Price, $17.50. Other boudoir models up to $22.50.

Below: The distinguished living-room model, No. 915, has a mahogany finish case with curly maple inlay. Dial is silver-plated. Price $35.00 . . . Other living-room models from $9.95 to $65.00.



Does this happen in your house?

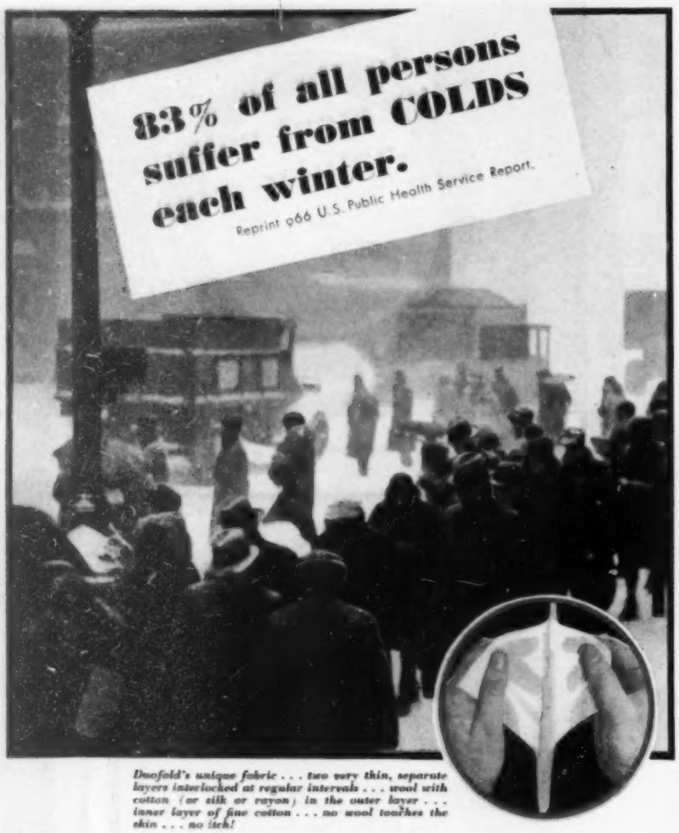
"We better hurry, Peggy. You know your bedroom clock is always slow. The one down here says half-past already, but I think my watch is nearer right."

Even one Manning-Bowman *Synchronous* Motor Clock makes such a situation impossible. You can set all your other clocks and watches by Manning-Bowman's accurate time.

Give your guests better time . . . "Is that clock right?" It's more gracious to be able to say *yes*.

BOWMAN

Motor Clocks



Duofold's unique fabric . . . two very thin, separate layers interlocked at regular intervals . . . wool with cotton (or silk or rayon) in the outer layer . . . inner layer of fine cotton . . . no wool touches the skin . . . no itch!

Get into that other 17 per cent

ONLY seventeen percent of America's millions go through the winter *without* colds.

Get into that 17% class. By maintaining even body temperature; by keeping sudden chills *out;* by keeping natural body warmth *in.*

Duofold's unique and exclusive light-weight, two-layer construction . . . its use of wool . . . itchless because it cannot touch the skin . . . its *extreme comfort* . . . mark it as the *one* underwear that makes winter a tonic and a pleasure.

Above . . . read the interesting description of Duofold Fabric. There is no other like it. When you *feel* it between your fingers . . . feel the comfort of its soft cotton side against your skin . . . you will *know.* A free sample is yours for the coupon.

***"Must I catch cold?"**—is the name of a booklet on colds and their prevention, prepared by Dr. Frederic Damrau, an eminent and nationally known authority. The coupon will bring you a copy.*

Made in all popular styles . . . athletic union suits and shirts and shorts, with many varieties of color patterns as well as white; in union suits or two-piece garments . . . long sleeve, short sleeve, no sleeve; ankle-length, calf-length, knee-length.

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Send Dr. Damrau's Booklet on Colds, and samples of Duofold Fabric for

☐ Men ☐ Boys ☐ Infants
☐ Children ☐ Women

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(Continued from Page 121)

"Yes," the Dandy Man told him. "I've had another radio message from the owner. We go alongside the wharf at six o'clock, but there'll be no cargo worked until morning."

With a deep, warning blare of her siren calling echoes from the hills, the Arapahua slipped through the Heads, and the harbor spread its silken beauty before her. The long voyage was nearly done, and her sharp stem cut the smooth surface into two iridescent ribbons that flowed along her deeply laden sides and merged in the creamy jade of her wake. Pleasure craft danced astern with shrill cries of greeting, and the ripples of her passing washed the shore.

The second mate, coming topside, looked for the master. "Where's the Old Man?" he asked the mate.

"I dunno. He was here a minute ago," the mate replied.

For the first time in his forty years of command the Dandy Man was not on the bridge as his vessel made port.

Passing Mosman, however, he reappeared. Forward, Chips and the mate made their way to the windlass on the forecastle head. On the poop the second mate and the men of his watch made ready the stern mooring lines. The third mate stood at the engine-room telegraph on the bridge, his alert eyes upon the vessel's master. The Dandy Man's gaze was fixed ahead, his lips stern; perhaps a trifle grim. The vessel lost way; swung in toward her wharf. Figures on the pier end grew larger, more distinct. There was the thump of a heaving line on the wharf and the great hawsers were snaked out forward and aft. Windlasses rattled and steam hissed as the heavy lines surged over the drums. The Arapahua was home.

The Dandy Man sighed with a vast relief and, turning into his cabin, changed into shore-going gear of neat Bond Street blue. With an air he selected from his rack a tie of rich, subdued crimson and knotted it around a white silk collar that stood out with startling vividness against the mahogany of his scrawny old neck. He chose a handkerchief from his store to match his cravat, and thus embellished and with a pearl-gray fedora slanted insouciantly over one ear, he left the cabin.

"Tell the mate I will be at Mr. Constable's home if I am wanted," he instructed the watchman at the head of the accommodation ladder. He added as an afterthought: "Ye can employ your spare time clearin' that hurrah's nest o' gear off the bunker hatch there." With a comfortable feeling of duty well done, he stepped blithely if creakily ashore.

After an excellent dinner he was in discussion, several hours later, with the chief of the Maori Line. The telephone rang

"Excuse me a minute, Peter," John Constable said. Almost immediately he was back with white, scared face. "Lord, Peter, we're finished!" groaned. "Quick, get your hat! The Arapahua ——"

The Dandy Man had trouble keeping steady on his feet. Something cold lay at the lank pit of his stomach, but his voice was steady—the voice of a seaman under stress:

"What is it, John? Keep your head! What's happened?"

But somehow he guessed before the other told him. The Arapahua had sunk at her berth.

They faced one another in the freight-office shed next morning: Hambley and his principals, Max Abelman and Benny Garfeld, at one side of the big table desk; John Constable and the Dandy Man at the side nearest the door. In the dock outside, the Arapahua rested on the harbor mud, only her smartly painted upper works, funnel and mast above water. Although the warning had been short and the sinking rapid, no lives were lost; the only bright feature of a depressing day.

Abelman alternated between waving his arms and pounding the desk with his big, hairy fist; dull, hammer blows that expressed something of the fury in his congested face.

"By Joe, you will pay for this!" he roared. "This is thanks what I get for trying to make friends! I give you some good business and hope you will forget old quarrels, and see what happens! Twenty thousand casks of cement, yet, what's utterly ruined. Turned by the water to stone, and you have the impudence to demand that I pay you your freight!"

The Dandy Man surveyed him undisturbed. "If ye could only strike sparks, Abelman, ye'd make a grand pinwheel. Eh, John?"

"Is this a time for your vulgar jokes?" Abelman screamed.

"Depends who they're on."

"Well, wait! Wait and I will show you who they are on, you little louse! They are on you! You demand your freight? . . . Give me that list, Benny. . . . Now hear what I demand, Captain Trumpet."

"Ye've come well prepared, I see."

"I have." As he read he emphasized each point upon the table. "I demand, first, full and complete payment for every cask of that ruined cargo."

"At 25 per cent more on your invoice than ye paid for 'em, I suppose," murmured Captain Trumpet.

"Second, I demand the full profits on my Canberra building contract what I lost through shipping my goods in your tub."

"Very reasonable!" The Dandy Man nodded approvingly. "Anything else?"

"Also, I demand damages for loss of prestige of my contract company, because it cannot now carry out its contract. That is all."

Captain Trumpet showed astonishment. "Don't tell me, Abelman, that ye got yourself all sweated up over trifles like them?"

"That is what I demand," Abelman repeated doggedly, "and that is what I shall have." He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped an exceedingly damp brow.

"I see." The Dandy Man leaned back in his chair and turned his eyes to the ceiling. When he returned them to horizontal and they met Mr. Abelman's large brown ones, they were, if possible, a shade more arctic than before, and Mr. Abelman, in spite of his assurance, began to feel uncomfortable. The little seaman went on: "Ye've told me what ye want, Abelman, and now I'll tell you what you're going to get. And that is—nothing!"

Abelman again threatened apoplexy, but the Dandy Man forestalled him. His voice was velvet:

"Did ye, by any chance, read the terms o' the charter party your agent signed in your name?"

"I did. I am not a fool."

"My mistake! However, if ye'll trouble to cast them boiled eggs o' yours over it again, ye may notice a little clause that, perhaps, ye overlooked before. It's a very devil of a little clause, and I'm surprised at ye,

(Continued on Page 127)

CHEAPER than buying ice

Electrolux gives you pure sparkling ice cubes, a constantly cold refrigerator, for as little as 1¾ cents a day

IMAGINE! You can run an Electrolux for as little as 50 cents a month in some localities. And almost everywhere this magic cold-maker costs far less than any other automatic refrigerator—about half what you pay for ice.

Think of having perfect noiseless cold, plenty of pure ice cubes any hour of the day or night—yet actually saving money at the same time!

It's such a comfort, such a relief, to own an Electrolux. There's no machinery to worry about, to fuss with. Not a single moving part in this automatic refrigerator to wear, to vibrate, to make a sound—either when it's new or when it's old.

A tiny gas flame and a mere trickle of water do all the work of making cold, of freezing ice cubes.

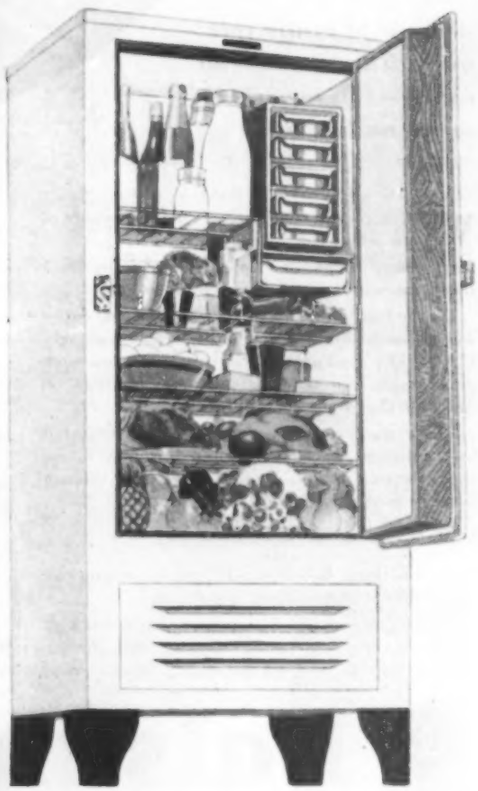
The cold is constant, unvarying, for there's no stopping and starting. The refrigerant is hermetically sealed within rigid steel, and never needs renewal. Even the tiny gas flame is guarded every minute. Should the flame ever go out, the gas shuts off automatically.

Because of these definite, exclusive advantages, you will find Electrolux today in tens of thousands of fine homes and apartments the country over. Yet the price of this refrigerator is only $195 to $430, f.o.b. factory. Liberal purchase terms. Where there are no city mains, Electrolux can be operated with Pyrofax Gas. See your gas company or other Electrolux distributor. For complete illustrated information, write: Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.2 square feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes

$71 to $115 does it!

Get dealer's estimate

on lining your attic with

"WOOL" FROM WOOD

Saved 52% of insulation cost the first year! *The cost of insulating the attic of H. J. Lowdon's home in Seattle, Wash., was only $86.80. He saved $45.27 on fuel bills the first year after insulating with Balsam-Wool*

Annual savings on fuel (gas), $53.92! *Home of Theo. Schenk, Chicago, Ill. Cost of Balsam-Wool installed in attic, $88. Annual amount of fuel bills before insulating $440.65. Annual fuel bills after insulating, $386.73*

$71 insulated this attic with Balsam-Wool! *Home of Dorman H. O'Leary, Kansas City, Mo. Average annual fuel bills before insulation, $121.26. Average fuel bills after insulation, $91.58. Actual savings (oil), $29.68*

$99.94 saved on fuel bills the first winter! *Home of A. J. Reedy, Battle Creek, Mich. Cost of Balsam-Wool installed in attic, $115. Fuel bills before insulating, $375.57. Fuel bills (gas) after insulating, $275.63*

Act now to assure this warmth and coziness all winter—this remarkable saving on fuel bills

IT TUCKS IN! Note in the large photograph (left) how Balsam-Wool tucks in *between framing members. All the places usually hard to protect —under eaves, around dormers—are easy to calk tightly with* flexible *Balsam-Wool*

This is Balsam-Wool in the recommended one-inch thickness. Among insulating materials Balsam-Wool alone gives the great three-way advantage of 1. Flexibility. 2. Full inch thickness. 3. The highest insulating value ever attained in practical house insulation

WARMER rooms, fuel savings such as owners of these homes are making . . .

Any home, thanks to Balsam-Wool, can have them, this winter—and *every* winter to come.

On the typical homes pictured above, the entire job of lining the attic, including labor, cost only $71 to $115. And note, in the captions below each photograph, the remarkable money savings on fuel bills that Balsam-Wool brings.

These are actual records of economy, reported by the owners themselves from figures kept for an entire heating season. Read in them what *you* can save, in your own home this winter.

Not a remodeling job

With this thick, fleecy "wool" from wood you can insulate your attic *without remodeling!*

Nothing is torn up. A carpenter simply works a few hours in your attic, tucking this *flexible* Balsam-Wool in between the ceiling joists or roof rafters — *snugly* into every crack and crevice.

Then—new comfort throughout the house in winter! Healthful, even temperatures, always! Fuel bills way down!

And in the heat of summer, upstairs rooms stay cool. There will be no more stifling nights to rob you of needed sleep—no stuffy bedrooms.

For new homes too

If you are building a new home, have all outside walls as well as the attic, lined with Balsam-Wool.

Let us send you facts of fuel saving on houses of every type, in every climate. Write for this data.

Ask dealer now for estimate

Your lumber dealer can tell you just how to insulate your attic with Balsam-Wool—how much it will cost—and choose a good carpenter to do the work. Ask him today for free quotations. No obligation to you. Or, if you prefer, mail us the coupon below and we will see that the free estimate is provided.

Send for free sample and booklet

Mail the coupon below—today. It will bring you a free sample of Balsam-Wool and a valuable new booklet "True Insulation for your Present House."

Sold only by Retail Lumber Dealers

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY

Cloquet, Minnesota

Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Wood Conversion Company
Dept. A-7, Cloquet, Minnesota

Please send me
- ☐ Free estimate on a Balsam-Wool Blanket for my attic
- ☐ Sample of Balsam-Wool and Attic Insulation booklet
- ☐ Sample of Balsam-Wool and New House Insulation booklet

Name.....

Address.....

A guaranteed Weyerhaeuser product

Balsam-Wool Blanket

THICK . . . FLEXIBLE INSULATION . . . EFFICIENT

Also makers of Nu-Wood—the All Wood Insulating Wall Board and Lath; Balsam-Wool Insulation for Domestic Refrigerators, Motor Buses and Airplanes; Balsam-Wool Refrigerator Car Insulation and Steel Passenger Car Insulation; Balsam-Wool Acoustical Blanket

(Continued from Page 124)

Abelman, for allowin' it to creep in. It governs payment o' freight, and it reads not the usual 'Freight shall be paid within three days after arrival of ship and before delivery of any of the goods specified in the bill of lading,' but this: 'Lump-sum freight shall be paid on delivery of the cargo,'—which is a snake with a different rattle, for whether your cement is dry powder or wet stone, it is still cargo and ye are bound by law to accept it." Captain Trumpet leaned forward. "Do ye see what I'm drivin' at, Abelman?" he inquired solicitously.

Abelman, however, was directing his gaze with such concentrated venom on the luckless Mr. Hambley that that gentleman's neck retreated markedly into his collar. The big man turned, then, like a savage bull upon his tiny tormentor.

"Very smart," he rumbled thickly. "You slipped one over on Max Abelman there, and I give it to you credit for a piece of dirty business."

The Dandy Man disclaimed the credit: "Not at all. That clause is recognized protection when carrying goods of that kind. I've transported cement before, Abelman, but I suppose this is the first time ye've ever bought it. Oh, well, live and l'arn."

"That is immaterial. The vessel was at her wharf yet, and one of your engineers—so the divers tell us—opened the circulating-pump delivery valve in the ship's side, thereby letting water into her—and neglected to close it. The sinking of the vessel was due to the negligence of her master, and my cargo was destroyed. Therefore, that clause will not hold good in any court of law. That's something, now, you can't get around."

"What can't be got around," Captain Trumpet pointed out equably, "can sometimes be got under or over. Now, suppose a man with a grudge against the Maori Line—or against me, for that matter—formed a cement-contractin' company for a blind and bid on a big job at such a low margin o' profit that he was certain to get the contract. And suppose that he chartered a Maori Line steamer to carry the large quantity o' cement necessary for that job. If anything could be contrived that would ruin that cargo and it could be made to appear due to owner's or master's negligence, an unscrupulous ——"

Abelman interrupted, shouting, "Do you mean to insinuate ——"

"I ain't finished yet," the Dandy Man observed mildly. "An unscrupulous swab like you, Abelman, would refuse to pay the freight, thereby giving the vessel an expensive voyage for nothing, claim payment to the value o' the cargo and collect from the Maori Line the profit on the contractin' job without even the trouble o' workin' on it."

Abelman jumped to his feet. "I am not going to stay here and be insulted by a crazy man!"

"Oh, yes, ye are," Captain Trumpet told him good-humoredly. "And you are going to listen while I tell ye some peculiar things what happened on the voyage."

He related with cold precision the incidents of the missing plug, the fire and the cut lavatory pipe.

"I'd had a turn-up wi' the man Barker, and the plug item and the fire was just a bit o' foolish spite to get back at me. He's told me so in return for his freedom, so that disposes o' him. But the cut pipe was another matter, for it did considerable damage in the hold and prob'ly helped to hasten last night's sinking. When the pipe was cut Barker was in confinement; so that p'inted to another Johnny bein' abroad, eh?"

He looked searchingly at Abelman, then continued:

"Just before the Arapahua sailed, my second engineer, Gardner, went ashore for a drink. He told me this morning that somebody had slipped a cough drop in his beer and when he come to, the vessel had sailed. And the feller what got his job was the one what had put him out o' the way. . . . What's the matter, Abelman? Ye don't look well."

The Dandy Man paused to blow whole-heartedly into a heather-tinted handkerchief. He replaced it in his pocket.

"The first day out, the new second told me he'd sailed in the Highland Chief under Allison. I recollected later that Morgan commanded the Highland Chief and that Allison's vessel was the Highland Lass. Slip number one, d'ye see? Then yesterday I overheard him identify your ship Wollongong at a distance o' nearly two miles. Only a man what's served in a vessel can do that, as a rule. Nothing in his papers indicated that he'd ever been employed by your line. So, coming up the harbor I went into his cabin—he was on watch—and what do ye suppose I found?"

Abelman jumped up, his big face sweating. "I will not listen. I am going to see my lawyer!"

The Dandy Man's bristling little form blocked his way. His astounding bellow filled the room:

"Ye'll sit down and keep still, and ye'll go when I bid ye! Now no more o' your nonsense!"

He dug into his portfolio and brought forth the thumbed and stained certificate of a marine second engineer, along with some other papers, and laid them before him.

"These are the second's true credentials. He shipped wi' us on a forged certificate. His real name's not Malloy, but Ferguson, and he has twice had his ticket suspended for misconduct afloat. He was serving in the Wollongong and was in her up to the day before the Arapahua sailed. He cut that pipe at sea and he opened the valve last night and sunk the vessel."

Captain Trumpet's voice was as coldly impersonal as that of a prosecuting attorney, and with the same deadly conviction.

"And so we have a rascally employe of yours, Abelman, leaving your vessel in a hurry, joining mine under a false handle and ruinin' a cargo, the destruction of which vastly benefits you, at the expense of your rival, the Maori Line. Abelman, you're in a bad mess. Malloy didn't tell us what you paid him, but that hardly matters. The details will come out in court."

Abelman was slumped over the table like a pricked sausage. He said huskily, "Ain't there some way we can fix this?"

"Avoid prosecution, ye mean?"

"Yes."

The Dandy Man considered. He said reluctantly:

"Aye, there might be. It depends on yourself. Ye told us a while ago what your demands was, and ye didn't mince words. Now it's the turn o' the Maori Line. . . . Mr. Constable will tell ye what we mean to have."

Captain Trumpet turned to his chief, but John Constable shook his head.

"It's your show, Peter. Give 'em the broadside."

"All right. Now, to save your skin, Abelman, and also that of friend Benny, sittin' so still in the corner there, ye'll

Wishing

never grew hair on any man's head

Better get to work, fella! Get a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and give your scalp the kind of treatment that makes it healthy and able to grow new hair. It's easy—here's how.

Apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally, directly to the scalp. Then grasp the head with both hands and give it a thorough massage. Don't just rub the surface—make the scalp move. This makes the nourishing blood circulate briskly around the hair roots and cleanses the imbedded dust and perspiration from the pores.

Here's your routine—a complete, thorough "Vaseline" Hair Tonic workout once a week before a shampoo. And two or three quick rubs with a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic between shampoos. This will literally put your scalp through a course of sprouts—hair sprouts!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

The nearest drug store carries "Vaseline" Hair Tonic—two sizes of handy, shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Out of October's horn of plenty pour all kinds of appetizing gifts. The best of these—the cream of each crop—have been set aside for you and marked Blue Goose. Just look for the Blue Goose name and label when you shop.

OCTOBER OFFERS

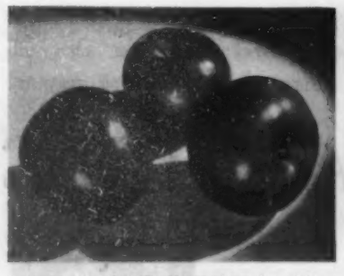
hearty fare for hungry autumn appetites

RIGHT in tune with the bracing weather of early fall comes a wealth of colorful fruits and hardy vegetables. Weeks, yes months, ago experts of the American Fruit Growers were out in garden, grove, and orchard picking and choosing for you. Now at harvest time, your market is receiving the cream of every crop, marked Blue Goose for quick identification.

Let Blue Goose, this highest sign of fruit and vegetable excellence, guide you to the season's substantial fare. Apples, for stewing, baking, or eating raw—multi-colored grapes—bronze and russet pears—plump citrus in jackets of tan—and lettuce, sweet potatoes, cauliflower.

You'll find you save shopping time, shopping dollars, and still get the best for your table if you market the Blue Goose way. Let your eyes guide you to those products that bear the Blue Goose trade-mark on skin, wrapper, crate, box, or barrel. Or merely mention Blue Goose—and you'll always get the best in your market basket.

You can be a more expert marketer, too, if you know the different varieties and when each is in season. To help you, Colonel L. Brown, formerly of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has prepared the "Blue Goose Buying Guide." Let us send you a copy free. Address American Fruit Growers Inc., 2100 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.



What would Hallowe'en be without apples? Jonathans, Delicious, Wealthies, Grimes Goldens are some of the best Blue Goose varieties.

Sparkling jewels—but *these* are luscious Blue Goose table grapes you can eat! And, by all means, try some pears too. The best are Blue Goose.

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

give the Maori Line full quittance o' responsibility in the sinking o' the Arapahua. Then ye'll accept the cargo as it lies and pay freight according to charter party. Next, ye'll bear the full cost o' raising and refitting the vessel, and turn her over to us coaled and provisioned, ready for sea—and mind she's as smart as I've kept her! Finally, ye'll pay demurrage at the rate o' one hundred and fifty pounds a day, from today till the hour she's in commission again. And that's lettin' ye off light. Now here's the agreement incorporatin' them terms, and here"—the Dandy Man pointed—"if I may be so bold, is the dotted line."

With the shed superintendent and his assistant as witnesses, Max Abelman stretched out a fat and shaking hand and attached his name. Garfeld was next; then Hambley. The Dandy Man blotted and folded the document and handed it to Constable. Abelman's fingers drummed nervously on the table.

He asked dully, "When did Malloy confess?"

"Confess?" Captain Trumpet appeared puzzled by the question. "He didn't confess."

"But you told me"—and the wild light of realization gleamed in Abelman's bulging eyes—"that he didn't mention how much I'd paid him."

"He wasn't here to tell us. He skipped out last night, afore we'd a chance to question him, and ain't been seen since. And I was curious to know how he'd take it, too, when I faced him wi' that forged ticket."

Abelman erupted to his feet. He shouted: "Then how did you know I employed him? You had no proof!"

The Dandy Man waved his hand deprecatingly. "It was nothing. I just added two and two, and you very kindly made it four."

The Dandy Man straightened his old shoulders with a jerk, pinched the knot of his cravat, perched his hat on its favorite hair and made for the door. Halfway he turned, looking, in the bright sunlight that streamed through the window, like a very wise and colorful old sparrow.

"There's one thing more, Abelman," he said mildly. "I was going to give ye another p'int or two on the old foc'sle game of able wackets. But p'r'ps I'd better wait till ye're in a more playful frame o' mind."

STOCK VALUES

(Continued from Page 23)

The other firm which I visited is extremely active in controlling, merging and financing great corporations. I said to the officer whom I called upon that, "in your business you must know how to evaluate stocks."

He replied that they tried to evaluate them but, "when all is done, we might as well ask the office boy. Yet the public thinks there is some source or sources of information, like the fountain of youth. If you had gone to one of the leading banking groups in America last week to ask their opinion on the market, and acted upon it, you would have lost. In this field there is utter confusion and bankruptcy of opinion, with no necessary relation between business capacity and stock-market success. I doubt if there is anything determinate about the stock market. Experience teaches us to be careful but not to evaluate. Late last summer the office boy and one of the best known of all American bankers were both long and equally wrong on stocks."

The Safe Four Per Cent

To accept market price as the true and ultimate test of value is to acknowledge that a consensus or general agreement of opinion regarding risks is absolutely accurate. But this cannot be so, because the price of a stock is made up by the purchases and sales of the uninformed as well as the informed, of those with bad as well as good judgment. In fact, when a man buys stocks hoping for profits or appreciation thereon, he really does so believing that his judgment is better than the consensus. We all know that the element of risk or hazard involved may turn out to be either greater or less than that represented by premiums for risk fixed by the consensus of opinion. It is a commonplace of investment that success depends upon being a better judge, or a better guesser, of the risks involved than the average.

Hastings Lyon, at various times counsel to committees of the Investment Bankers Association, points out in his writings that if all estimated premiums for risks were absolutely accurate, "then all incomes would ultimately reduce themselves, through losses of income, or the necessity of applying income to make up losses of principal, to the true interest rate. It would be impossible actually to secure more than 4 per cent. But that state of affairs would amount to the elimination of the risk element from investment. The very term 'risk' implies that the commitment may be more or less hazardous than estimated."

A Trap for the Unwary

Plainly, then, to use market price as sole or even as the chief test of stock values is merely to beg the question. Nor is the relation of dividends paid to the market price necessarily a true test. This ratio is commonly known as yield, but stocks cannot always be judged by the yield. Very high yields frequently mean that the dividend is shortly to be decreased, recent examples being quite numerous. On the other hand, stocks frequently sell at a price which makes the present or actual yield very small, because the large undistributed earnings hold out the expectation of increasing returns in the future.

Neither market price nor current dividend yield being satisfactory, another test of values has come into very common use. This is the price-earnings ratio, or, more accurately, the price-times-earnings ratio. If a company earns the equivalent of $10 a share of stock and the stock sells at $150, the price-earnings ratio is naturally 15. The assumption is that some sort of normal or proper ratio exists, and that stocks can be judged by whether they go below or above the normal standard. If 15 is normal, then $15 should be paid for each dollar of earning power.

Unfortunately, the price-earnings-ratio test of values became a slippery and dangerous trap for the unwary in the great bull market of 1928–29, because as fast as prices went up the speculators changed the ratio. In other words, it was like a dog chasing his own tail. This is the way the enthusiasts reasoned: "If 10 or 15 was a normal

(Continued on Page 130)

It's "Rogers" time again in millions of homes

YOU MERELY *FLOW* THE COLOR ON

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY
BRUSHING LACQUER
The natural, quick-action finish for the home

At this time every year, just when Jack Frost is splashing the woods with his radiant yellows and reds, comes fall—"Rogers" time. It is the time when people everywhere, facing a long winter of indoor life, are inspired to brighten up their homes against the cold, dark days to come.

Even now, in millions of homes, Rogers Brushing Lacquer, the modern "quick-action" finish, is working its magic. For "Rogers" means new color, new beauty, new life for any surface—easily applied and quickly dried. No other type of finish compares with it for quick action. Try "Rogers" in your fall cleaning and decorating. See how easily it works.

Easier to apply than ever before

Anyone can beautify with "Rogers." No experience is needed. Merely *flow* on the bright, beautiful color with a full brush. Like cream, it *spreads*—quickly levels itself out—forms a durable lustrous coating over any wood, metal or glass surface.

Dries fast—but not too fast

Rogers Brushing Lacquer dries while you wait—yet is easily *handled*. Dries smooth, free from ugly laps or brush marks. Dries before dust can mar your work. Dries to a porcelain-like hardness that cleans easily—that wears and *wears* and WEARS.

26 colors—at leading dealers

"Rogers" comes in 26 beautiful, modern *lacquer* colors, also black, white and clear. Sold by leading paint, hardware and department stores everywhere on the "Money-Back" Guaranty printed here. Insist upon the genuine in the "Oriental" container.

Distributed and Guaranteed by:

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY, Lincoln, Nebraska; THE MARTIN-SENOUR COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois; PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Canada; LEWIS BERGER AND SONS, LTD., London, England, and Sydney, Australia; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., London, England, and Sydney, Australia.

"Money-Back" Guaranty

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.

For Linoleums new, colorless "Rogers"

A clear, colorless protecting surface for printed linoleum. Easily applied with a brush. Dries ready to walk on in an hour. Protects the printed pattern. Saves wear. Glosses up the colors. Being clear as water it cannot discolor. Prevents dirt being ground in. Makes cleaning easy. Applied occasionally will literally double the life and beauty of printed linoleums. See your dealer.

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Multiple Suds
THE PRESENT-DAY LAUNDRY METHOD

Suds—suds—suds—suds! Each soapy, soft-water bath drained and discarded after use. This basic "multiple-suds method" is one reason laundry-washed clothes are so spotless, so long-wearing.

Successive creamy, soft-water sudsings mean cleaner, longer-lived clothes

THIS explains the new, *supremely gentle* way your clothes are washed in the present-day laundry. The way that has influenced 8 million women to "let the laundry do it." The way that banishes all risk of *under-washed* or *over-washed* clothes. It is called the "*multiple-suds method*" because each article in your laundry washing receives several successive suds baths before rinsing even starts.

You can just *see* the clothes getting cleaner as the suds get richer and whiter. For each creamy suds-bath is fresh, rainsoft water; the old bath is drained and discarded forever. After swishing through these mild soapy baths even stubborn, under-the-surface dirt has vanished!

This "*multiple-suds method*" is a development of the American Institute of Laundering—the million dollar "proving ground" of the laundry industry. In every washday step, laundries following the Institute standards exercise the same super-care.

You'll find one of these present-day laundries nearby, ready to serve you faithfully and well. Telephone for a routeman this week, and know the multiple joys that the "*multiple-suds method*" can bring to your home every week!

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

Men prefer the crisp, spotless finish of shirts done by a present-day laundry; well-laundered linen makes a man look and feel successful.

Today's laundries use 22 separate steps in the washing and ironing process to give men's shirts the trim appearance that women so admire.

Let the LAUNDRY do it!

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(Continued from Page 128)

ratio in former times, a much higher ratio is justified in this new era—20 or 30 or even 50 or 70."

But as the investor pays more for each dollar of future earnings he is taking on more risk. A given amount of certainty is always more valuable than the same amount of expectation, no matter how well founded the latter may be. Even on that part of the earnings which are available for distribution but which are not actually distributed, the stockholder assumes more risk than upon dividends actually paid. It is all very well to talk about future earnings instead of past or present, but it is far more difficult to be discriminating in regard to the future than in respect of either the past or the present.

As the price becomes a larger multiple of earnings the future is of course discounted more, and that means that all elements of strain as well as risk are intensified. For example, the price itself becomes vulnerable, the whole proposition resembling a sprinter who runs so fast that he loses his center of gravity and falls.

Mathematically a bird in the hand is clearly worth several in the bush. Suppose a man buys two stocks at the same price and receives a regular dividend of $6 a year on one of them. On the other stock he receives a dividend of $2 the first year. Even if the $2 is added to regularly thereafter it takes a surprisingly long time and a surprisingly large rate of increase for the income on the second stock to catch up with that on the first. According to compound interest at 6 per cent, a very large income beginning fifteen years ahead is worth not much more than a 6 per cent income from now on.

But such calculations leave out the risk inherent in the future. Very high price-earnings ratios are justified by a sufficient increase in the rate of return in the future. The question is whether the increase will be regular enough, for a long enough period and at a sufficiently high rate. In other words, it is always a question whether a bond paying 5 per cent regularly or, say, a preferred stock or a mortgage paying 6 per cent will not produce more profit in the long run than a common stock whose present yield is small.

The Unmeasurable Elements

I do not wish to convey the impression, however, that the price-earnings test is utterly worthless. In a study of the subject, two statisticians, Norris O. Johnson and John T. Shirer, declare that it has a distinct utility when considered in the light of special circumstances, "if only because the disparity from so-called 'normal' gives birth to curiosity as to what those special elements may be." But the authors describe as absurd the implication that a certain ratio should exist between earnings and market price, regardless of the character of the earnings. In other words, there are too many different situations to be stated or generalized in terms applicable to all. Investment risks are so many and varied; they are not like those covered by the mortality tables of life insurance. Entirely aside from questions of internal value, the stock may be selling too high or too low merely because of artificial manipulation or on account of sheer style or fashion. Yet no measure or ratio or rule of thumb can be applied to these matters.

How can any neat little ratio or test of stock values be final when we consider that fundamental yet unmeasurable conditioning element, the business cycle? Or to put the idea in another way, nothing so affects the values of stocks as a rise or fall in the general price level. At any given time it is difficult to say how much of the appreciation in stock prices is due to internal conditions of the various companies and how much to a revaluation in terms of the general price level. Price cycles intensify increased and decreased earnings alike. When a boom is on and prices rise, a company is not only able to sell more goods at higher prices but its plant, its inventories and its goods in process are all worth more; and the reverse is equally true.

When it comes to measuring internal or intrinsic values, we are faced with the necessity of discovering the risks involved in the kind of business as well as in the particular company. In some industries the danger of overproduction is much greater than in others. In some the risk of buying raw materials is very great, while in at least one branch of the chemical industry this particular risk does not appear at all, because the products are made by reducing the atmosphere into its component parts. Some industries extend credit, while others receive only cash. In some the earnings are chiefly due to capital and in others to labor, the difference being important as regards the rapidity with which earnings rise and fall. In some industries the prices received for products are relatively fixed, while in others they fluctuate wildly. Some are far more affected than others by an increase or decrease in general business.

Charting an Investment Course

Finally, whole industries are affected by cycles of their own. For a time practically all the companies in a given line do well; then nearly all do poorly, although other lines may be prosperous. Generally speaking, the public pours its money into stocks in a given industry just as it reaches its peak and starts to decline.

If we are buying stocks for investment, what type of industry shall we favor, the old or the new, the basic or those which supply less fundamental wants? It is all very well to say that the company should fill a definite economic need in a manner capable of yielding a profit, but how can that need be measured statistically? We know that for long periods certain kinds of basic industries have been far less profitable than those meeting less imperative requirements. Then, too, how do we know that the seasoned "blue-chip" stocks will continue to appreciate as much as those in entirely new industries? The highest class common stocks of today were themselves new and unseasoned only a comparatively short time ago, the companies which issued them were new, and these companies were in new industries.

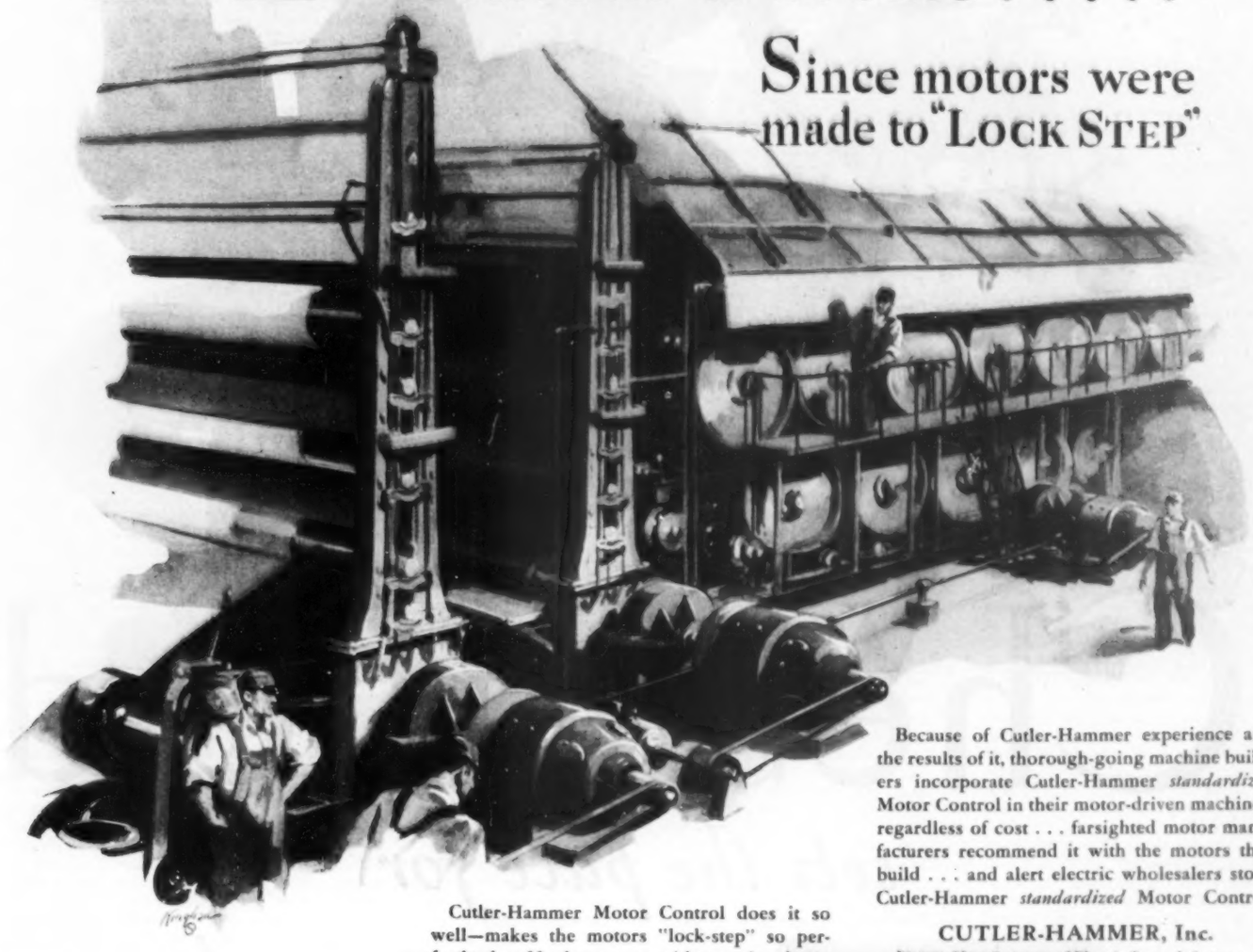
But difficult as the task may be, the investor must establish broad controls before he attempts specific estimates. There must be a preliminary general survey before the present and future position of the particular enterprise in the special line of business can be fixed. Malcolm C. Rorty, former vice president of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, says that more errors in security estimates are due to the failure to work from broad surveys step by step down to the particular survey required than in any other way. "It is almost invariably the case that if special surveys are not controlled in relation to the grand totals of which

(Continued on Page 133)

TRAVELS TO THE PROVING GROUNDS OF CUTLER-HAMMER EXPERIENCE

Miles of flying paper *without a break . . . . .*

Since motors were made to "LOCK STEP"



VARIED are the problems Industry solves by the use of modern Motor Control. In one plant, ladles of white hot metal is the load entrusted to electric motors . . . to be carried safely with Cutler-Hammer Motor Control standing guard. In another, tons of rock roar through whirling crushers with Motor Control again alert to protect men, motors and machines.

In paper mills, the burden is just a film of soggy, flimsy pulp . . . a sheet barely capable of supporting its own weight. Through one set of rolls after another it flies at speeds up to a thousand feet per minute.

Is this a problem for Motor Control? Each set of rolls is driven by a separate electric motor. The slightest variation in speed between successive sets of rolls will stretch and "flaw" the sheet. Only a trifle more variation will break the filmy web. Thus, the motors *must* be kept in pace to keep their fragile burden whole.

Cutler-Hammer Motor Control does it so well—makes the motors "lock-step" so perfectly that fifty hour runs without a break are commonplace.

This is typical of the difficult problems of Motor Control which Industry habitually brings to Cutler-Hammer for solution. Many can be solved *only* by designing entirely new apparatus. This pioneer engineering gives origin to better solutions for common problems, explaining why advanced features are found in Cutler-Hammer *standardized* Motor Control . . . features which assure more accurate protection to motors, permitting greater loads without risk . . . maximum savings of steps and time . . . and safety to men and equipment.

Because of Cutler-Hammer experience and the results of it, thorough-going machine builders incorporate Cutler-Hammer *standardized* Motor Control in their motor-driven machines, regardless of cost . . . farsighted motor manufacturers recommend it with the motors they build . . . and alert electric wholesalers stock Cutler-Hammer *standardized* Motor Control.

CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc.

Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

1259 St. Paul Avenue MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The Final Result of This Pioneering

Cutler-Hammer standardized Motor Control has features which only pioneer engineering could produce—features which only experience covering all problems of electric motor application could perfect. Thus, Cutler-Hammer "ready-to-use" equipment meets every common requirement with reserve to spare—provides for all usual motor applications the same superior performance, safety and economy for which Cutler-Hammer specially engineered Motor Control has been outstanding throughout three decades of Industry's electrification.

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

(A-204)

ONE *will always stand out!*

Chesterfield

sets the pace for

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LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.

MILDER *and* BETTER TASTE

Easy enough to get in front—but it takes a thoroughbred to stay there!

Chesterfield smokers stick to Chesterfield, because here they find those essentials of true smoking enjoyment which never tire, never vary:

MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

(Continued from Page 130)

they form a part, the summing up of a large number of such surveys will lead to grand totals far in excess of any conceivable possibilities."

Coming now to the particular enterprise, and assuming that there are not too many other securities ahead of the stock, or that the stock itself is not too diluted, it is perhaps true that good management is the most important single factor in producing the necessary profits. Suppose that in the early days of the chain-store industry profits come rather easily, and then later on, when each of numerous competitors has a good location in the same town, there is a falling off in profits. Even then the best-managed companies may do well. Or if business in general is suffering, there are always a few managements capable of steering their companies through with a minimum of injury.

But there is no way of insuring the permanence of managerial ability. With rare exceptions, time and age inevitably dampen the fires of the most vigorous organization. There seems to be what amounts almost to a law of decay in the energy of enterprise. Thus it is difficult for a company to keep its competitive position very long.

On the other hand, how is good management to be measured at any given time? One well-informed writer, who emphasizes honesty as well as ability, says that the investor must rely upon general reputation, upon his own insight into human nature and upon what bits of information he can gather which show that the character of the management is in accord with its reputation. The writer then adds this encouraging bit:

"Nothing we can say will help the student here. We can only emphasize the profound importance of the integrity of management, and leave the investor to his own resources in discovering the degree of integrity a particular management may have."

Behind the Balance Sheet

Most estimates of stock values obtained by investors, whether free or for a fee, are silent on the vitally important factor of personnel and management. Financial statements may indeed conceal the ineptitude or dishonesty of management. The most obvious case is that of a bank. Poor loans may yield a large return for a while, with the balance sheet showing large earnings and the loans at their face value. But ultimately the principal is eaten into and severe losses pile up. Then it finally appears that despite the temporary good showing, the management was really ignorant or crooked all the while.

Then, too, we cannot say that management is the only factor in the value of a stock. Success or failure results from the interplay of personal forces with environment and circumstance. There is efficiency of plant as well as of management.

A news item tells of the progress of a large rubber company in concentrating production in a few of its factories. If five years hence profits are large as a result of this change, someone will say that it was all due to the foresight of the 1930 management. But will not the task of the 1935 management be rendered easier because of the different arrangement? Which comes first, the chicken or the egg? It is like an equation with two unknown quantities instead of one.

It is a mistake also to overemphasize the part which even net earnings, tremendously important though they are, play in corporate success. Overemphasis upon earnings leads to the underestimation and disparagement of the asset element and, according to one writer on investment subjects, J. E. Kirshman, is a great cause of loss and a "pernicious influence on the mental attitude because it dampens independent and thorough analysis."

Obviously the price and value of numerous stocks are influenced by the asset element. It is true on a large scale of several of the great railroad systems; one has or has had immense holdings of land, timber, oil and mineral resources. I doubt not that with the multiplication of holding companies, especially in the utility field, it is to the interest of many enterprises to make the stock-buying public believe that earnings are all that count, the entire assets having long ago been pledged as security for bonds of the underlying companies.

Naturally, however, in most cases the trend of earnings is one of the chief tests of stock values. But it is not an absolute test, because it cannot be measured absolutely. This may seem like a strange statement, but it is true. Though earnings admit of a closer statistical measurement than the intangible element of managerial ability and honesty, the result is by no means certain.

One is reminded of the story told of the late Andrew Carnegie. On a trip he attended service one Sunday in a modest Negro church and slipped a fifty-dollar bill in the collection plate. After the sermon the minister announced the results as follows:

"Brethren, the collection this mawnin' am one dollah and thuty cents, but if the fifty-dollah bill which the gentleman in the cornah gave am real, the offerin' am fifty-one dollahs and thuty cents."

In other words, as soon as anyone begins to study the earnings of a company he enters the awful jungle of corporate accounting. There is very little standardization in regard to reports, except for railroads and to a less extent for public utilities, and changes in form are frequent enough in some cases to make comparisons with past years difficult. Nor is it always possible to tell whether the gross intake comes from operations, investments or the sale of assets.

Where there are numerous related companies, especially where a series of holding companies exists, it is difficult to analyze the accounts of any one company. Where mergers have taken place or where recapitalizations, such as stock dividends, occur, it is distinctly arduous to find out what the true earnings are as compared with, say, five years before. In many situations the real earnings are confused in a perfect maze of different companies and recapitalizations.

It is when we begin to study the outgo rather than the intake, the expenses rather than the earnings, that we approach some sort of a test of values. If we find that the average allowance for depreciation, depletion and similar items in a given industry is, say, 15 per cent of the gross earnings, and the company in which we are interested puts aside reserves for these purposes substantially larger than the average, then we can be fairly sure, other things being reasonably equal, that the values of the stock are growing. This is real appreciation. I asked a man who is president of several private investing companies, which buy only public-utility securities and which have a successful record running back for many years, whether any new methods of evaluation had come out of the bull market and subsequent panic of 1929. He replied:

"The founder of these companies had good insight and judgment, but he followed rules of thumb. We have found the only way is to study relative values. We tear apart the reports for about 90 per cent of the whole industry and find the average depreciation figure. We classify the gross items into gas, electricity, and so on. We allow for the difference in expense of water power and steam plants. We also find what the percentage of capitalization, or securities outstanding, is to the gross earnings for the whole industry. In some companies the ratio is more than twice that of others. For all these differences we find the reason.

"Of course there are more definite facts to be had in the utility field than in the industrial. We don't know anything about industrials, but we can place any particular utility security in reference to the entire industry. The methods we use did not come out of the bull market or the panic at all; we have been developing them for years."

There has been much complaint because a number of the larger industrial companies have been overconservative in their depreciation allowances, often setting up all kinds of excessive special reserves and thus concealing their true earnings and profits. No doubt the mystery attending such methods has led to many false and exaggerated stock-market hopes. Yet the only real chance which the investor has to make money in stocks in the long run is to buy into companies which deduct a larger percentage of earnings for depreciation than the average for the industry.

Ordinarily a company is compelled to pay for its labor and materials, and failure to show such payments in its reports is a deliberate falsehood. But most companies are not compelled by law to set up adequate reserves for depreciation, nor is the failure to mention such inadequacy in their reports considered a deliberate falsehood. It is a very common practice in the field of business to skimp on depreciation. This means that apparent earnings and profits are not real; the company is merely using up its capital. It is the very opposite of this practice which more nearly than any other one factor makes for true growth in stock values.

Invest Dollars With Sense

This may seem a rather juiceless conclusion to reach after such a discouraging voyage, but I can provide no other. One college professor intimates that if the corporations would furnish more details in their reports, the true values of their stocks could be arrived at, and he says the failure to give details indicates an intent to conceal the true situation. Perhaps so, but the stock buyer won't study even the details which are available. A working woman would go to several stores to compare design and materials before buying a seventy-five-dollar dress, she would not lease her farm without carefully investigating the standing of the applicant, and she would insist upon a pedigree before buying a pure-bred cow. But when she invests her life savings in stock, a strange veil or curtain of hope and gullibility descends between her and the object itself.

But the same statement applies to all classes, to the wealthy and sophisticated no less than to the poor and simple. We all hate to face the realities of life, which include such a depressingly large element of risk. Even at age twenty-five, out of a thousand men more than eight will be dead within the year. If we do not face the risk of death itself, what is there so strange in the fact that we fail to face the risk of loss in stocks? Naturally we ask for rules of thumb, short cuts and the like, for these conceal the painful truths which arduous investigation only too clearly reveals.

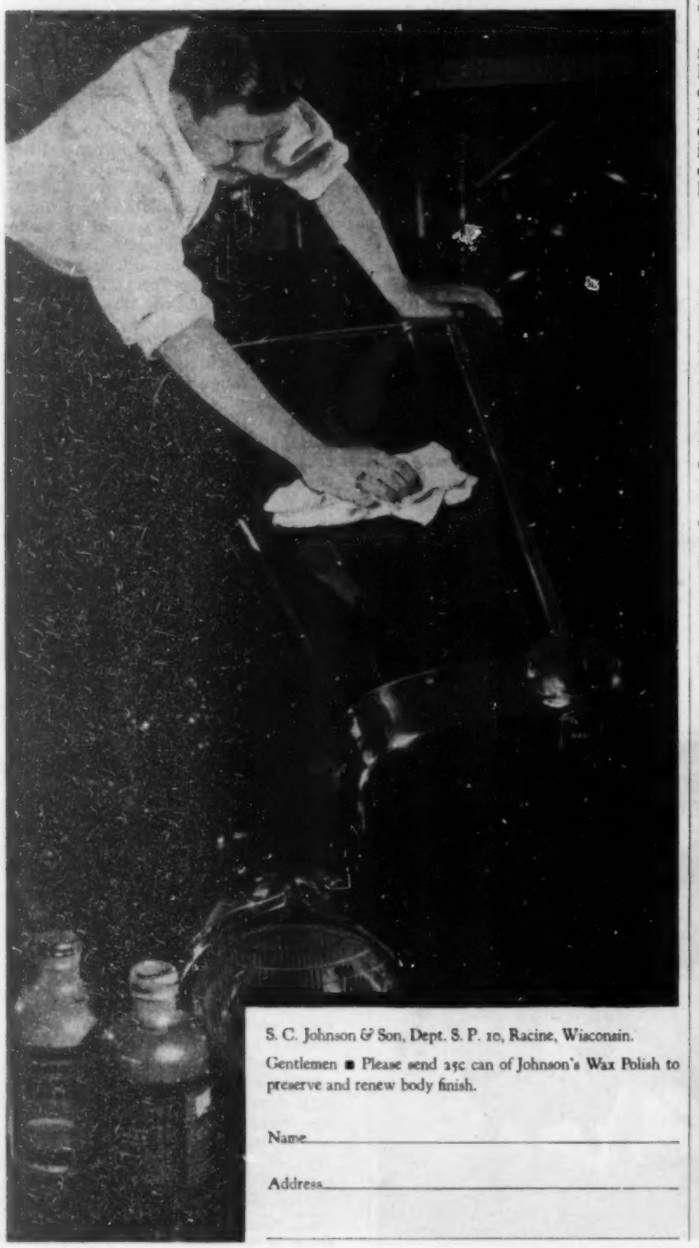
There is not one word in this article intended to deny the large growth of stock values in the past, or even the likelihood of such growth in the future. All that I have sought to show is the complexity and variability of the elements of risk involved. As these are understood, the popularity of short cuts and rules of thumb fades away. There is of course one certain and absolute short cut to enhancing stock values, and that is good luck. It is the rule which very many people hope to follow, but unfortunately we lack any index which in turn shows how to distinguish between good luck and bad. I can see only two methods of investment which tend to eliminate the element of luck. One is to buy stocks after a truly thorough and detailed investigation, and the other is to purchase a different type of security, of which the best classes of bonds are examples, in which the risk element is not so great.

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM M. RITTASE

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood.

SAVE
$10 to $15 now...
$50 to $200 later

■ Waxing—to prevent body depreciation—is a precaution which any automobile dealer will urge you to take. Next time you wash your car, see how easy it is to wax it yourself with Johnson's Wax. This easy flowing, quick-drying polish gives you a professional result without the cost of professional labor. Adds $50-$200 to your car's trade-in value. Absolutely insures the body against film, ordinary scratches, dullness, and needless depreciation. Usually all that's necessary is a bottle of Johnson's Wax and a few clean cloths. If stubborn dirt has *accumulated*, Johnson's Automobile Cleaner will remove it. Just return the coupon, as thousands have, for a free 25¢ can of Johnson's Wax as demonstration. Carried at all hardware, grocery, paint, etc., stores.



S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. S. P. 10, Racine, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen ■ Please send 25c can of Johnson's Wax Polish to preserve and renew body finish.

Name_____

Address_____

LOS ANGELES IN FACT AND DREAM

(Continued from Page 7)

that has no monuments? This is to speak of monuments in the classic sense, not of works which for their magnitude may be called monumental. The city itself is an incredible monument to the will of the experimental American spirit. The city hall is a monument to civic pride, the harbor is a monument to obstinacy, and so on, but for monuments in the other sense—meaning effigies and symbols in bronze and stone—you may look in vain. In one corner of Pershing Square there is a Spanish-American War veteran and in another corner a World War marine letting his colors touch the ground, both very ordinary. Somewhere there is a sculptured portrait of the United States senator who moved the Federal Government to help with the harbor, and another of General Otis, of the Los Angeles Times, who led the fight to make Los Angeles an open-shop town. That is the list.

Would you say a city without monuments is one without a history? That has been said. Sophisticate comment on Los Angeles seldom fails to make a point of it. A city with no past, ephemeral, each day new again, existing only in the present; or it is like a man without a shadow, unable to demonstrate his own reality.

Engineering a Past

For a long time the people of Los Angeles did not react to this line of attack. Only recently did it get under their skin, and then, perhaps, they minded much less to be wanting a history than to be told there was anything whatever they didn't possess. New Englanders especially kept saying there was something missing. They liked it well enough otherwise, all but for that one vacant feeling, which was so strong that some could not stand it and went back. Not only did they go back, they did not return. Their not coming back was what made Los Angeles anxious. She began to inquire and think. What was the matter with these people? What was it they missed? History. That was it. That was what they felt the lack of—history, as in Boston. A sense of the past, of belonging to it, a feeling of human continuity, without which there is no sense of permanence; or, at least, for some people that is true.

So Los Angeles, where nothing shall be wanting to give people the right feeling, undertakes to relate herself and all Southern California to a past. It shall be the finest and most glamorous past of all. Naturally. She goes about it in a characteristic manner. You engineer a past as you engineer anything else you may want—a city, a harbor, a water supply or a Spanish village.

Los Angeles Goes Spanish

The sudden passion for Spanish villages, in fact, is from the resolve to have a visible history. Getting the idea whole at one stroke, somebody says: "What we need in Southern California is the Spanish-colonial village to symbolize our past." He finds the ideal spot, forms a syndicate which includes a bank, and suddenly there is a glittering village where three years before there was nothing but sagebrush and thin sheep pasture—a historic village complete in three years! A grand community clubhouse, swimming pool, golf course, three hotels, several tourist apartment courts, shops of all kinds, miles of paved streets lined with geraniums, a flood of electric light, no house but in the Spanish-colonial manner, with white stucco walls and handmade red-tile roofs, garage for one or two cars incorporated in each design, the newest plumbing, electric heating. With its balconies, winding outside stairways, red-and-blue windows, bright awnings and endless fanciful variations of the type, it is quite lovely; also, it is well founded. For these reasons the houses are taken as fast as they can be built.

But what is it? Certainly not a Spanish-colonial village, nor like anything that ever appeared in the world before. It never grew; it was made all at once. Idea externalized. It may be a Wisconsin or an Iowa idea of what a Spanish village ought to have been in Southern California. And since a Wisconsin or an Iowa man may never

SPENCE AIRPLANE PHOTOS

Los Angeles From the Air

have thought overhead wires unsightly, a beautiful Spanish village, all new, may lie in a forest of poles and cross arms. Suddenly, no doubt, a thought of their ugliness will strike them like lightning. They will then disappear underground in one night.

Well, in that spirit, from the idea, Los Angeles proceeds to furnish herself with a history and to create the visible signs of it. First a day of nativity is set aside and a custom of birthday celebrations is summarily established. The Spanish *fiesta*, a local pastime, is organized on a large scale and ordained to be a historic institution. There is tremendous enthusiasm for the annual event of Old Spanish Days—best of all at Santa Barbara—when Americans get themselves up most gorgeously as dons and doñas, gay caballeros and blushing señoritas, parade through the streets on fine horses, have a Spanish wedding with two movie stars from Hollywood, then races, rodeos, fandangos, everything but the bullfight, all pretending to be the Spanish and Mexican Californians who lived the romantic life on the great ranchos a century ago. As pageantry it is exceedingly fair; as history in facsimile—well, the old Spanish and Mexican Californians would be astonished.

Off the neglected Spanish plaza, in that historic part of the original city that had long since fallen out of the grand view, there was an ash alley one block long. It was marked to disappear under a street-widening program and that certainly would have been its fate, as had been the fate of many other historic scenes, but for the new fashion of thinking history. Someone remembered that in this alley was a forgotten adobe, the oldest of the few surviving in Los Angeles, and that it had housed Stockton, of the United States Navy, and Kearny and Frémont, of the United States Army, in what Californians now call the time of conquest. That was during the Mexican War. California then was Mexican territory. The United States first occupied it by force and then took title to it from Mexico. The historical passion seized this adobe and saved it; seized also the whole ash alley, cleaned it, paved it in the Spanish manner, with a gutter down the middle, and closed it to traffic—at one end with an olive tree and at the other with a cross. Now, along either side are Mexican booths, under awnings, to sell jumping beans, small pottery and any kind of old-looking junk; also some antique shops and a toy theater with a Spanish name. To enhance the ancient effect, silhouettes of shrines and mission fronts are painted in white on the abutting brick walls. "A little foreign world," says a writer in Pictorial California; "a great spot for tourists, and a greater one for Californians, who needs must be reminded now and then that there were other days and other ways." Motor-busses now stop there with their sightseers. It is like a movie set.

Lost Landmarks of History

Spectacle and relic are to remind people of history. To know it they must read it. "History?" says Los Angeles. "Well, listen. Los Angeles was here before there was any United States. Four years before the Boston Tea Party the site of Los Angeles was indicated as possessing all the requisites for a large settlement."

Suddenly there is a large, spontaneous output of historical narrative. Historical pamphlets have an enormous circulation, not because they are free, but because there is a hunger for history. People want to know what has happened here before. One fine set of such pamphlets is distributed by the largest banking organization of Southern California through all its branches. The Chamber of Commerce, in presenting Los Angeles County to the visitor, sets out first of all Points of Historical Interest. Unfortunately, in some cases the point itself is everything. That is owing to the fact that history was so long neglected. Campo de Cahuenga, referred to as the most historic spot in Southern California, because it was there the paper title to California was handed to the United States, now is 3919 Lankershim Boulevard. La Mesa Battlefield, where the Mexican Californians in 1847 fought their last fight and lost Los Angeles, now is occupied by the Union Stockyards.

No matter. The landmark may have vanished, the site may have been improved; such accidents cannot mar the historical narrative. And what a film that is! Pure romance that once was real, in a world that can never be again. Every Southern Californian should know it by heart.

The Birth of Los Angeles

First, how the Spaniards came up from Mexico into unexplored California, not because they wanted it, but because it was like a wall to the west and north of their Mexican empire. They controlled the sea and forbade it to other people. Between the Sierra Nevadas and the seacoast they established a system of military posts, villages, and then those Franciscan missions which to this day, only partially restored or still in ruins, pierce the æsthetic sense with delight.

How, on September 4, 1781, a band of eleven Mexican families, two priests and some soldiers—one soldier bearing a sacred image, another the holy cross, a third the conquesting banner of Spain—having marched with the sun all day from San Gabriel, arrived at a certain valley they were told to find; and that they should know it, when they found it, by an arbor and an altar prepared for them there. The Spanish governor had said there should be another village at this spot, of thirty-six square leagues, formed on four sides of a plaza, and that it should be called the Town of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels. That was Los Angeles.

How, back of this system of military posts called presidios, villages called pueblos, and the Franciscan missions, appeared also the high-caste life of the great ranchos. This life rested upon vast legal grants of natural pasturage, upon the fecundity of cattle, upon the impressed labor of Indians and the low-caste industry of the villages. It was proud, gay, reckless and devouring—the Castilian temperament in a free environment. One of the exciting sports was the wild-horse drive. When a herd of wild horses had been corralled, a few fine animals were selected and the rest were destroyed. It is remembered that one herd of 7000 was driven off the cliff into the sea near Santa Barbara. This Spanish régime endured fifty years.

How, then, when Mexico cast off the hand of Spain, the Californians, though at heart loyal to Spain, gave their allegiance to Mexico, since there was nothing else left to do. The Mexicans destroyed the Franciscan-mission system. The wealth the priests had created was dissipated and consumed. The

(Continued on Page 138)

DAVIS Tailor Made CLOTHES

Economize this Fall. Invest in "better clothes, preferred."—Enjoy the dividends of confidence in your appearance!

At less than you're used to paying for quality clothes, you can enter the ranks of the satisfied thousands who have found Davis Tailor-Made Clothes one of the soundest investments in the market.

Davis service makes selection of your clothes a pleasure. At your leisure, in home or office—day or evening—the well-trained Davis man will gladly show you hundreds of such fabrics as are found only in the most exclusive tailor shops—at prices surprisingly lower!

Davis Clothes fit! Through 45 measurements and specifications of you which the Davis man submits to us, perfect individual tailoring and enduring satisfaction are guaranteed by this nationally famous institution.

By Invitation Member
Rice Leaders of the World

Why not call in the local Davis man today? If you do not know him, write for his name and address and your copy of our new style booklet "The Fall Parade of 1930."

The P. H. DAVIS TAILORING CO.
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PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES IN 3000 CITIES AND TOWNS

"At 8 o'clock (very sharp!) He lays his finger on his NOSE"

by Christopher Morley

How important is *Time to the radio programs you hear? Christopher Morley, famous novelist and poet, went to three studios in one evening. Here he gives you his impressions in his own gay manner.*

"Right on the Nose" is broadcasting argot for getting the program done 100% on the split minute!

IT was 7:20, and pouring rain was a gauze of liquid gold at the front door of the National Broadcasting Building.

That evening I was to hear voices at the beginning of their career, to say good-bye to them as they left on long journeys—voices uttered on a predestined second, departing on a scheduled moment, parcelled and sent to market by humanity's one universal measure—TIME.

7:24:—In the brilliantly lit studio is a delicious feeling of imminence. I look at my watch and feel more important for doing so. For Time here is definite merchandise, available in precious standardized parcels. It is to be mixed with Words and Music and delivered into Space. It costs money, we take it seriously. How much is Time worth in 1930? I can tell you exactly. Half an hour of evening, relayed over 37 jobbing stations (a national network), costs $4,435.94.

7:27:—The brokers in this Time Exchange are aware of the enormous romance of their trading. They are selling Eternity on margin and show it in their mien. The station announcer wears a dinner coat. He has earphones on his head. He is talking through his phone to some distant arbiter of ether who has a large container of Time and Space ready to hand to him. Into that parcel of receptivity he is to pour a half hour of program. This is a practical world, and the representative of the purchaser of that parcel is here to see that the goods are duly transmitted.

7:28:—The announcer's voice is very formal as the moment approaches. "Three quarters of a minute . . . Stand by, please . . . Quiet . . . "

A little green light sparkles on his board. "You are listening to Station WEAF in New York." Ken Fickett, the program announcer, with a glance at his left (or Hamilton) wrist, takes the word. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen . . . here is news about Socony Special plus Ethyl." None of that familiar Hullo folksy sort of stuff. We represent the seller, and we are talking to several million possible customers. Follows a little dialogue between a service station and a lady customer—Ethyl herself, I imagined. And then Arthur Allen and others go into one of those little Soconyland Sketches, based on episodes of New England history.

7:40:—In the control room, behind a glass window, sit the masters of the event. An electric clock is above the instrument board. A young engineer sits with his hand on a vernier knob; he seems to be regulating the outgo of sound according to the flicker of a galvanometer needle which trembles continually. On either side of him sits a sort of umpire with a time schedule. Every item of the program has been rehearsed for time and checked to the second by stop watch, but each performance varies slightly; it is the umpire's duty to signal the director, through the glass window, if the running time is ahead or behind. You can almost hear the whetstone sharpening Father Time's scythe. The little green, yellow and lilac lights on the board mean something, no doubt, but it is the unflinching minute on which these referees concentrate. Elapsed time is scribbled on the schedule as against rehearsal time. Now we are a minute behind schedule, and they are making little cuts here and there in the dialogue to come through on the tick.

"A young engineer sits with his hand on a vernier knob regulating the outgo of sound. You can almost hear the whetstone sharpening Father Time's scythe."

(Advertisement)

THE sketch ends at 7:58:30. Then just the briefest commercial reprise to remind you that this wasn't all just for fun. 7:59:51 the plugging is over. The director waves his watch; the station announcer taps his little chime seven times. Some other station "takes it away"; all that vast area of Human Attention is handed over to some other studio where a customer has already contracted for it. The announcers look at each other, and Fickett lays his finger on his nose with quiet satisfac-

tion. "Right on the Nose" is broadcasting argot for getting the program done 100% On Time.

8:10:—Off through the rain to another station—WABC—where Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit were singing ballads woven most cunningly into some humorous dialogue in honor of the Blackstone Cigar. With the easy impartiality of the mere spectator I could look through the control window and watch Julia in her leaf-flecked dress with little gold frills and a pert green hat, swaying slightly as she sings.

BUT the others in that little pilot house were intent on technicality. There was one exciting instant when apparently something went wrong. There were faces of anxiety, and they pantomimed wildly to the director. He gestured hastily to the performers, who retreated a little from the mike. The young scientist sitting with stop-watch recorded the episode thus in his Production Report: "At 8:20:40 control phoned there were hits, and at 8:21:15 we got one bad one." It was suggested that someone in the studio had tripped on the cable running from the mike. I wondered if it might have been Julia's lively little foot, unconsciously tapping time to the song she was singing with such gusto. At 8:27:50 the musical program ended; then the announcer's "signature," affectionately reminding the gallery gods of wave-length that that particular cigar is mild and fragrant; and at 8:29:32 "take her away." Roy Durstine, pioneer student of the art of ether advertisement, gayly shot his left (or Hamilton) cuff. "Right on the nose, this baby." Julia and Frank and their cigar were off the air, and instantly a different voice remarked, "This is the True Romance Hour." Aye, indeed!

Now it is 8:50, and back at WJZ they are getting ready for the Johnson & Johnson melodrama—one of those very

"Water sloshed about in a tin wash-boiler conveys the sound of a rowboat; a whip slashed on a cushion is a revolver shot . . . a clock, a ticking bomb."

bloodthirsty and comic little playlets that suggest the advisability of absorbent cotton and bandages and surgical supplies. The orchestra is trying out preliminary strains; the director is upsetting piles of folding chairs for thunder effect; the heroine gets behind a curtain to practise a muted scream. The big kettledrum behind the curtain gives the effect of distant explosion. Water sloshed about in a tin wash-boiler conveys the sound of a rowboat; a whip slashed on a soft cushion is a revolver shot; a table knife wrapped with tape and slapped against a book is the smack of a bullet hitting a wall. An alarm clock close to the mike is the ticking bomb; the key turned in a ten-cent padlock gives the snick of locking handcuffs. The announcer practises his apparently so casual "Good evening, everybody." 8:59, "Stand by." There is a last clearing of throats among the actors. "This is Station WJZ in New York . . . "

THE little melodrama is amusing, but in the control room the Parcæ are soberly vigilant. They preside at the actual weaving of this web of Time, Space and Sound. They watch it in process, second by second. At 9:15 they tell me we are ahead of schedule: the director is signalled to give a repeat on the chorus of the next number. This takes up the slack so accurately that at 9:24:30 we are only ten seconds off. The second hand on my watch goes steadily 'round. All the jury have wrist watches; the continual consultation of them makes a curious flicker of arm gestures in the little room, almost like tentative pugilism. I slip for a moment into the Main Control. Apparently smoking is allowed here, and I am about to light up when I am told that the Happy Wonder Bakers are on the air. I hurry back to hear a number of gentlemen caroling blithely about the joys of the bakery. In the old nursery rhymes the jolly miller did his own singing; now he hires George Gershwin's tunes to do it for him.

9:55:—It is imparted, in a tone of some solemnity, that the Westinghouse Salute is preparing. I wonder what this can be: I find myself upstairs in the grand salon, a vast studio like a modernist cathedral. A whole symphony orchestra is tuning up. The director wears a dinner jacket, and his watch lives in his hand. On one dais stands the musical conductor; on another sits in a sacerdotal chair a tall dark gentleman with a script. He looks uneasy and has a lozenge in his mouth. It is Pedro de Cordoba, who for his fine voice and trained elocution is to read the ceremonial litany. In front of him is a row of ladies in rich evening gowns; behind these a row of men in dinner jackets. I suppose them to be social guests. It is all very impressive; what is going to be saluted?

THE zero moment approaches. The director warns us not to crackle our papers. It is 9:59:39. A liquid gong sounds somewhere, rather like a Buddhist temple. From a raised altar at the rear of the great hall I hear some pontiff say with deep solemnity, "This is Station WJZ in New York." Crash! I am almost lifted from my seat by the explosion of music. The whole orchestra, with enormous violence, has burst into overture. Then, rising from his seat and laying his lozenge carefully on the seat of his chair, Mr. de Cordoba advances to the mike. He is to intone the text of this most genuine of all religions, man's worship of Big Business—

"Tonight, Westinghouse salutes the great Petroleum and Natural Gas Industries of all the world . . . Refiners, pipe line workers, tank wagon drivers . . . to keep the vast flow of lubricants moving . . . the wheels of industry turn rhythmically and smoothly upon cushions of oil and grease whereon friction vainly seeks a foothold."

And to celebrate the downfall of friction, the ensemble in evening dress bursts full-throated into Bizet's *Agnus Dei*. I sit in amazement through this half-hour service. Here is a religion with real passion in it, America paying homage to what it understands. Mr. de Cordoba's voice gravely recites the ritual. I remind myself that it's some time since the oil was changed in the old Studebaker. Now it is 10:27. A final orchestral flurry, the announcer's closing "signature" . . . it's 10:29:50 . . . and we are through. The director makes his pious little symbolic gesture. He lays his finger on his nose.

LIKE Cinderella's coach and horses the whole fairy tale has vanished. The hand of the clock has Taken Us Away. Ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, musicians with their bulky instruments, announcers and directors and comedians, we find ourselves out on the rainy street. That great flexible bubble of Time and Sound, iridescent with oil and amperes, has floated off forever into Space. How far did it go, trembling through the impalpable? I look at my watch. Hamilton tells me I can just catch the 11:09—"Right on the Nose."

* * *

The more important radio programs are generally sent on the air to Hamilton accuracy. The air-mail pilots time their flights by it. And of course the Century, the Broadway and other famous flyers of the rails rely—as they have relied for years—on "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy."

Accept this story Free

We should like to send you a copy of Mr. Morley's charming radio story, "On the Nose," in its full-length form, bound in a beautifully illustrated booklet—a handsome addition to your favorite pamphlet library.

"Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit singing ballads most cunningly woven into some humorous dialogue."

* *

Any fine jeweler will be only too glad to show you the new Hamilton models—wrist, strap and pocket. Or let us send you "The Timekeeper," an inviting little booklet showing the complete line. Simply address Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Wheatland Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Strap Watches—*Above*—The Perry—In 14k filled natural or white gold, $55. *Below*—The Palisade—In 14k filled natural or white gold, with filled gold band attached, $65. Pocket Watches—*Above*—The Farragut—With new seconometer dial. In 14k filled natural or white gold, $55. *Below*—The Stevens—In 14k filled natural or white gold, with dial shown, $77 to $130. *Center*—Two slim silk cords for a strap! In 14k white gold, with filled gold clasp, $75. Other Hamiltons for men and women from $48 to $685.

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Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

New Radio Program

Tune in on the Hamilton Watchman's interesting and entertaining radio program every Thursday evening at 8:45 Eastern Standard Time, Station WABC and 19 other stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

(Advertisement)

(Continued from Page 135)

docile Indians, whose industry had been indispensable to its creation, were already vanishing forever. Worst of all, the Mexican passion for revolution reduced government to an absurdity.

And how, meanwhile, the *gringo*—that is Mexican for Yankee—the original Yankee in Southern California appeared with a South American pirate crew, come sneaking up the forbidden coast to sack missions and ranchos under pretext of their being still loyal to Spain. This was a little before the end of the Spanish régime. His name was Joseph Chapman; place of birth, Maine. Coming ashore, cutlass in hand, he was captured by Don Ortega's band of defenders, and this was film perfect, because the famous Ortega rancho was the piece of booty Chapman had marked for himself. However, as a Puritan among Spaniards, he had no sense of sin. Not in the least embarrassed by appearances, and plausible in all circumstances, he took time to tell Don Ortega that he was a person of excellent parts and that he knew many honest tricks, such as how neatly to fall a big tree, to build a grist mill, to fashion a ship, to make water seem to run uphill for purposes of irrigation. All this turned out to be true. Doña Ortega, knowing a man when she saw one, married her daughter to him; and with the daughter went a vast parcel of land, so that Don Chapman of Maine became rich and lived long in honor.

The next *gringo* was Jedediah Smith. He terrified people by coming overland from the East, across those deserts and mountains that had been thought impassable. They made him go back the way he had come. Next year he came again, and again they sent him back; and although that time the Indians killed him, yet he was the true and awful *gringo* portent. Others found his path—trappers, miners, traders, men of strange and many resources—all badly received at first; usually imprisoned on sight. But they were such men as deepen with acquaintance. One liberated himself and his party by introducing the wonder of vaccination. One by one they were accepted; and the Mexican doñas, who were women of wisdom, gave their daughters to these purposeful *gringos*, rather than to their own Spanish and Mexican hot bloods, provided the *gringos* would change their religion and their citizenship, which they willingly did. Thus Stearns and Temples and Wilsons and Warners, from New England, Kentucky and Missouri—Puritan, Presbyterian and Methodist—became Catholic dons, married the beautiful señoritas and came into some of the finest ranchos.

The End of a Chapter

How, then, when the United States went to war with Mexico and sent the Army and Navy to take California, the Yankee dons retired to their ranchos and waited; how the American flag was raised at Monterey, Sonoma, Santa Barbara, San Diego and Los Angeles without the firing of one shot, and how all the fighting afterward was, perhaps, unnecessary. There was on one side the Mexican habit of revolution at the touch of authority, and on the other no understanding of the Mexican temperament. The Mexicans surrendered before they were beaten. What defeated them was sheer terror of the *gringo*. Gen. Andres Pico delivered up California on the field, but Governor Pico, his brother, a year before this had delivered it in spirit, saying: "We find ourselves threatened by hordes of Yankee immigrants whose progress we cannot arrest. Their wagons have scaled the almost inaccessible summits of the Sierra Nevadas. What that astonishing people will next undertake, I cannot say, but on whatever enterprise they embark they will be successful. Already, spreading themselves over a country that seems to meet their taste, they are cultivating farms, establishing vineyards, erecting mills, sawing up lumber and doing a thousand things that seem natural to them."

There the Spanish chapter stops. All that culture vanished from Southern California—not that it was overwhelmed at once, more as if it knew that what was to follow would be inimical. The rich and powerful of the Mexicans retired to Mexico. You might suppose there had survived a dynasty of Yankee dons; but, no, their line, too, was discontinuous. It is history; it is what once happened in this environment. Yet it is history with no projection. It belongs to the Americans who now populate Southern California only as a souvenir of the place; they cannot themselves be said to belong to that history in any sense whatever.

Buying a Place on the Map

There is a middle chapter. For more than twenty years Los Angeles was neither Mexican nor American. It had the leavings of one race and the lawless first scum of another. The very dregs of the gold rush settled down from the north. There was no law save that of the vigilantes, and no God at all. The mayor once temporarily resigned his office to take part in a lynching. A mob searching Nigger Alley for a criminal lynched eighteen innocent Chinese in one night. Out of that alley stupefied Indians were sold at auction to such as would haul them away and make them work. The name of Los Angeles was that of the wickedest town in the world. Preachers one after another gave it up to Satan and abandoned their churches, until there was none.

What a history, or what a past, for a city that now is a world asylum for religious cults, famous for its evangelism, for its churches, for keeping at Long Beach the largest Bible class in Christendom! If that Los Angeles was this one in the gristle. But of course it was not. That one in the early 70's was so disesteemed for many reasons that the Southern Pacific, first of the transcontinental railroads, meant to leave it off the track. To get itself on the road, Los Angeles gave one-twentieth of its total assessed wealth, right of way, sixty acres of land and also a little railroad it had already made for its own use down to the tide at San Pedro. This would seem to have been an act of high civic enterprise. It was, in fact, desperation. For even then Los Angeles could not keep a chamber of commerce going. It tried having one and let it die. The railroad arrived in 1876. Prosperity did not follow. For this the petulant people blamed the railroad and its builders and their freight rates, until the Southern Pacific threatened to leave the town and make grass grow in its streets. To make grass grow in the streets, it would not have been necessary to tear up the pavement. There was no pavement.

Later the Santa Fe Railroad arrived. It quarreled with the Southern Pacific, and out of this grew a rate war between them which caused a round-trip ticket from Chicago or St. Louis to sell for fifteen dollars. There was one day when you might have bought a ticket from anywhere in the Mississippi Valley to Los Angeles and back for one dollar. This was in the 80's. The effect was tremendous. There was a land rush that swamped not only Los Angeles the town but also all the immigration agencies, leagues and unions that had been sending propaganda East begging people in vain to come and see what was here. It was an unnatural tide, and cast upon Los Angeles a plague of human flotsam out of the Middle West. The Los Angeles Times printed an editorial, addressed to the East, saying such were not wanted as "dudes, loafers, paupers; those who expect to astonish the natives; those afraid to pull off their coats, cheap politicians, business scrubs, impecunious clerks, lawyers and doctors."

Why they did not want any more doctors is not explained. That, possibly, was a subtle bit of propaganda. No business for doctors in Southern California.

The Los Angeles land boom that began in 1885 and collapsed in 1888 was, of all such episodes in the annals of the country, the worst and wildest. Some of the town-lot stakes are still standing in the desert fringes. It deserves a monument, if anyone could think of the appropriate symbols; and that would be less difficult than to find among people the wisdom to cast their follies in bronze or chisel them in stone.

There the middle chapter stops. It is history. It is what happened in this place. Yet, again, it is history with no projection. Nine-tenths of the people now living in Los Angeles no more belong to it than they belong to the Spanish or Mexican history of Southern California.

In 1890, after the amazing land boom, Los Angeles is a town of 50,000, fifty-fifth in rank among American cities, smaller than St. Joseph, Missouri, only one-sixth as large as San Francisco. There is nothing about it, in it or under it to suggest that in 1930 it will be twice as big as San Francisco and the fifth city in the United States.

A Topsy Among Cities

Those who say this Los Angeles has no history and those who say it has are both right and wrong. Either they look in opposite directions for the same thing or in one direction for different things. If you take the place to be your subject and history to be the story of what has happened there, that is one thing. In that sense, Los Angeles has a history here. But if you understand the history of a city to be the history of its people, then the history of Los Angeles does not lie in this environment. It is, nevertheless, a long history. The people brought it with them out of the East and the Middle West. Pure American history. And the reason why Los Angeles cannot see its own shadow is that the Sierra Nevadas cut it off. When it is tall enough to see over them, it will find it. Almost, it is.

To speak of the growth of Los Angeles is misleading. Los Angeles, boasting of its growth, and other cities, like San Francisco, that let the statistical comparisons hurt their feelings, are equally mistaken. The increase of population in Los Angeles and in this whole Southern California environment is a definite social phenomenon of the first magnitude, strictly incomparable. The word for it is "migration." Nothing like it has happened before.

Take the figures. In 1900 the population of Los Angeles was 100,000 and its rank among American cities was thirty-fifth. In 1910 its population was 319,000 and its rank was seventeenth. In 1920 its population was 576,600 and its rank was tenth. In 1930 its population is 1,261,231 and its rank is fifth.

In Los Angeles County, all of which is properly suburban to Los Angeles City, there are six other cities above 25,000 each, and in the same decade all save one of these increased even faster than Los Angeles City, as follows: Long Beach, 154 per cent; Pasadena, 67 per cent; Glendale, 362 per cent; Santa Monica, 142 per cent; Alhambra, 225 per cent; Huntington Park, 444 per cent.

A Reversed Order of Growth

Here, clearly, is the phenomenon of human migration, an impulsive movement of population from every other part of the country to Southern California. And there is this singular fact about it—namely, that no adequate economic motive may be construed. Compare Los Angeles and Detroit. They have increased at almost the same rate—in the last decade, Los Angeles a little faster than Detroit; in the decade before that, Detroit a little faster than Los Angeles. But the increase of Detroit's population is from growth in the ordinary sense, amazing only in degree. The rise of the motor industry and the increase of population are coincident. The economic motive is controlling. People go to Detroit for work and high wages. That is not why they come to Southern California. Detroit commands population as her need for it arises, creating first the means and the tools, and then holding out jobs and wages—all by economic intention. But for Los Angeles the oncoming of population is a tidal event. First is the advent of people, and from that follows all else. If Los Angeles had been notified in 1920 that within the next ten years she would have to absorb again another city equal to her size at that time, as if all the people of San Francisco were to abandon their city and come to Los Angeles to live and work and play, she could not have imagined the way of it or how to find all at once the necessary civic and economic means. Yet it has happened, and without confusion. Los Angeles seems to think it happened naturally, in place of anything else that could have happened, and takes it all for granted. Nevertheless, except as a fact, it is incredible.

What motivates human migrations may be either simple or complex. Grass hunger, or the economic instinct, is sometimes the explanation. That is always clear. But where the economic motive is not imperatively acting, or acting weakly, many reasons will run in confusion. People may be unable themselves to say what moves them to change their environment. In Southern California people are continually asking one another two questions. One is: What brought you here? The other is: How do you like it?

Answers to the first question usually involve personal history, and from casting many of them together in one profile, you might derive the idea of life in its gregarious aspect, even here as anywhere else—that it is the exaggerated sum of little accidents—until you recall that in every answer there was the implication of search. All of them were questing. What they were in quest of is never quite defined. The answer to the second question—Do they like it?—varies only by emphasis. The least they say is that they like it better than anything else.

(Continued on Page 141)

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LOOK to the homes for your sales! There lie the steady earning power and the greatest spending force in any market.

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Look to Philadelphia . . . where conditions are most unusual!

Here is the greatest community of homes and home owners in America. *Individual homes*, 572,600 of them in Philadelphia's retail trading area; half of them owned by their occupants. Homes with their lawns and their gardens, their garages and cars; with their pride of possession, which finds its outlet in retail sales. Homes, with their every activity pouring a flood of dollars into the channels of retail sales.

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The Evening Bulletin exceeds the circulation of any Philadelphia Sunday newspaper, has more than double that of any other evening newspaper, and almost equals the combined total of all morning newspapers.

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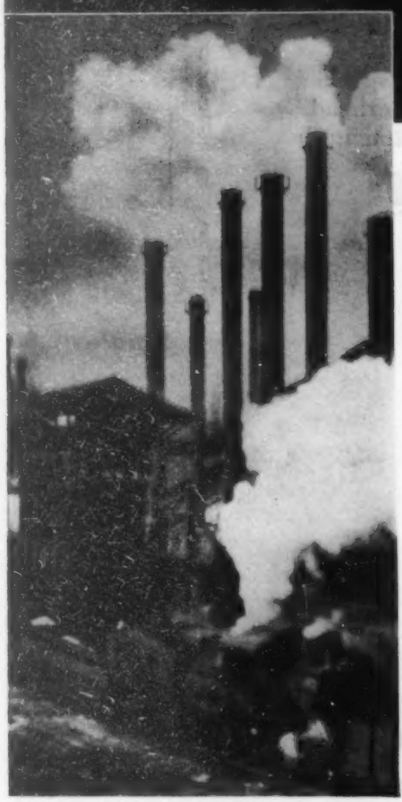
Investigate the Philadelphia Metropolitan Market, where the buying power of the individual home produces a *permanent* sales volume; where the reading habits of the people simplify your sales problems.



THE WORKSHOP OF THE WORLD . . . Philadelphia's 4,987 factories, with an invested capital of almost one billion dollars, turn out each year products valued at almost two billion dollars. Philadelphia's industry is so varied in its scope that unusually steady employment prevails. (View taken at the Pencoyd Plant of the American Bridge Company.)

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The Evening Bulletin

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(Continued from Page 138)

Migration in some cases may be a great business of the spirit, with a political or religious ideal in mind. Again, it may be that the urge is in the senses, with pleasure and comfort in view. In that case, a descent upon some gentle, languorous climate in search of softer living. Given a country in which a great surplus of wealth has been created by terrific exertion, mostly in the rigorous northern regions, with also a place in that country like Southern California, where no winter is and gardens are ever blooming, what would you expect? Ultimately a migration hither, increasing as more and more people could afford it—or, that is to say, increasing with the wealth of the country as a whole.

Ask those in Los Angeles who have been thoughtful about it, and the conclusion is invariable. The grand attraction is the climate. However, a very brief colloquy brings a contradiction to view, thus:

"Los Angeles is a great city?" with emphasis on "is."

"Yes," they say.

"And will be greater still."

"We are sure of that."

"But when in the history of mankind was a great city founded on soft climate?"

To this they say: Of course the climate is not the only thing. It touches everything, yet is not itself everything. You are to consider the economic factors. They mention the harbor, the Panama Canal, the abundance of electric power, the rich agriculture in the back country.

But are these factors unique? Has not San Francisco also a harbor, benefit of the Panama Canal, quantities of electric power, a rich agriculture in her back country?

How the Movies Help

Yes, that is all true. They admit it. No, these factors they have mentioned are not unique. They have only helped. Then they speak of the moving-picture industry.

"How important is that?"

"Oh, very important."

"But its contribution to the total wealth and growth of Los Angeles—would that be large, relatively? What per cent would you say?"

"Oh, no," they say; "in that sense, much less than you might suppose. Very small, in fact. Except, of course, for its propaganda value."

"And what of that?"

"Well, you see, more than four-fifths of all the movie films in the world are made here. That is tremendous advertising. Not the advertising of our name only—the name words, 'Los Angeles.' That is the least part of it. What counts much more is the constant representation of this Southern California environment in moving pictures. That must create in people everywhere a desire and longing for it. We ourselves do not realize, perhaps, how effective this has been."

"We are back to climate again."

"Yes," they say. "Well, see, you simply cannot get away from that."

They go on to speak of oil, admitting that perhaps more money was spent in the wild, competitive drilling of oil wells than the oil itself has yet brought back; of the rising steel industry, that has no coal and gets its pig iron from China, and of the fact that Los Angeles is an open-shop town.

"But have you seen our new industrial development?" they ask. And then they will show you, not the beginnings but the achievement. A really enormous rubber-tire industry, second only to that of Akron; furniture making, glass and cement manufacture, steel and machinery, tools, textiles, a great miscellany of production, making Los Angeles the first industrial city west of the Middle West. And where this industry appears, square miles of it, uncrowded, smokeless, the solemn, empty mountains in the background—there the great ranchos were. In the same place. Not in the same history. And all this, too, has taken place suddenly.

It may occur to you to ask: "How did the idea come to industrialize Los Angeles in this manner?"

What is Los Angeles?

They say: "Well, we began to feel that Los Angeles could not be the kind of city it ought to be without industry on a large scale."

A complete city, that is to say; symphonies by night in the Hollywood Bowl, music of industry by day. Again the contradiction. In this soft American climate, still the spirit of enterprise irrepressible, still the American passion to produce. Was there any other necessity?

In all basic economic premises Northern California had the natural advantage. It had the gold to begin with. San Francisco, with a more stimulating climate, the finest harbor on the coast, ships, trade, prestige, political supremacy—San Francisco was a city when Los Angeles was a town.

In 1900 Los Angeles was only one-third as big as San Francisco; in 1920 it was a little more than equal; in 1930 it is twice as big. This is not to say San Francisco has been backward. In 1900 its rank among American cities was tenth. In 1930 its rank is eleventh, and would still be tenth if Los Angeles had not passed it. This means that San Francisco has held its place in the tremendous growth of the country as a whole.

Los Angeles is a manifestation singular, architect of its own wonder, not the cause of its own being. The first fact is that at a certain time, under certain conditions, occurred a human migration to Southern California. It began to rise in the first decade of this century, gathered momentum in the second, and after 1920 assumed phenomenal proportions. From all signs it is still running, and that is the most anyone can rightly say. It was unpredictable; when it will subside—that also is unpredictable. And why was Southern California preferred? Certainly not for economic reasons. Opportunities were no greater there than in Northern California. There is one answer only: Climate.

California breaks on climate. In the north it is stimulating; in the south it is voluptuous. And the reason why the south was so long neglected and so sparsely possessed may be understood. A voluptuous climate is a luxury. Properly to exploit and enjoy it, a people must be already rich. The historical exceptions have been only in such cases as where a great trade was passing. But the profit from touching trade is a toll upon wealth elsewhere created. The rule of Nature is that wealth must be created in the changeable northern climates, where man will be stimulated by anxieties and the contrast of seasons. Moreover, in Southern California there was almost nothing to begin with save climate. Nearly everything else, including many forms and

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When your host has to leave the game to make the house just a little warmer, it's usually because his coal does not fit his furnace.

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In just ninety seconds a big six inch belt can be laced with this remarkable machine. Just one turn of a crank and a pressure of 37,500 lbs. forces a uniform row of hooks into the belt end—absolutely flush with the surface—yet without damage to the belt fibres.

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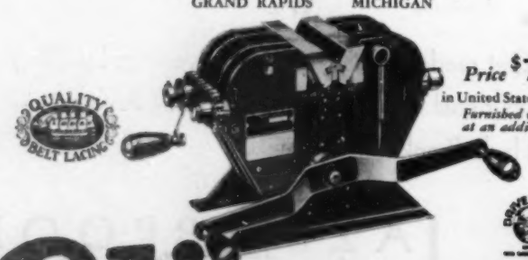

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No 6 Speed Lacer

varieties of the luscious vegetation for which, now, it is celebrated, had to be brought. So it was for the Indians; so the Spaniards found it. Indigenous things were few and sparse. Nature here was an unkempt goddess, living rude and wild, with no feminine pride in herself. Her adorable loveliness had first to be discovered. Then the goddess herself had to be petted, tamed and becomingly clothed. Only a rich people could do it.

Imagine a geometric curve to represent since 1900 the rise in this country of wealth, leisure, recreation, love of comfort and the use of motor cars; then another curve to represent since 1900 the migration to Southern California and the increase of population there. These two lines would remarkably coincide.

Those thoughtful Los Angeles people are right. Climate is the key. The grand attraction is the softness of the Southern California climate. Consider, then, how in climate there is acting a power both of selection and rejection.

In Arizona there is a place owing its placeness to a rude little railroad station and literally nothing else. The one man in charge of it is the total population. He has been there many years because he likes it. If you desire him to say why he likes it, he will look first to see what kind of person you are. He may not answer at all. Then again he may lead you slowly to the door, open his arms to the outdoors, and say: "Well, look at that!" And "that" is desert. Nothing in it but to stick or sting or scourge you. Awful desert. Yet he loves it. It is his own Los Angeles. You could not give him the softest climate in the world, without a desert.

Where Climate Selects its People

Well, there are people elsewhere—in the Pacific Northwest, for example, or in Northern California—on whom you could not bestow the Southern California climate. They could not endure it. Or it may be they fear it like a spell, fearful that if they should live in it they would lose their characteristic reactions to life. Thus, in a definite sense, the climate of Southern California has selected people who all have this one peculiarity in common: they prefer the climate. All of them have exchanged some other environment for this one. They are unlike people anywhere else, not as individuals, but as a community, by reason of this selection.

What is their history? Who are they? What are they? What happens to them here?

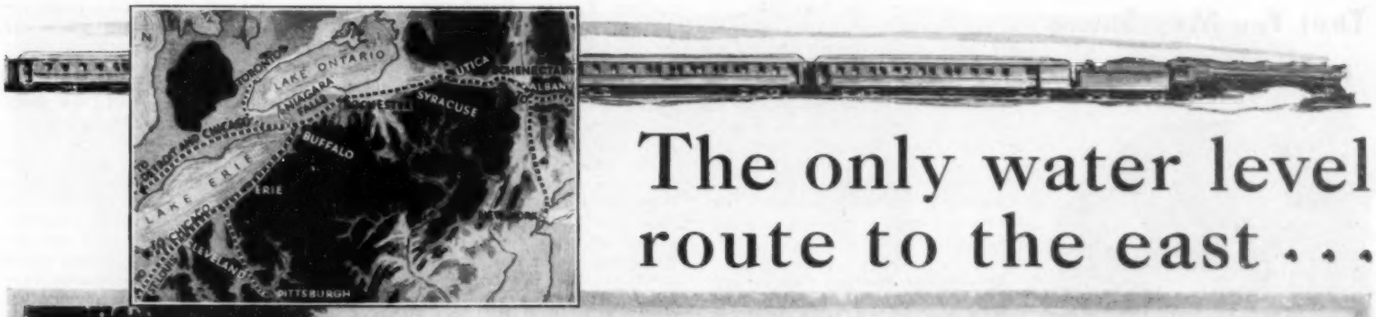
The original fact about them is that they are native Americans almost in total. Secondly, the principal source of them has been the Middle West. The most notable early single contingent was Iowan. The annual Iowa picnic in Southern California is a kind of Roman event—not in character, of course, only in gregarious magnitude. The number may be 40,000. You may wonder why the thought of an orange grove in the golden ever-ever sunlight made its deepest first appeal to the Iowa farmer. If you knew, you would know something about his phantasies and nothing more about how he got here. He was first among those who could afford to come. Beginning about 1900, Iowa agriculture became very affluent. The Iowa farmer, chastened and made wistful by years of much adversity, was suddenly land rich. He could sell out or let his farm and thereafter take his ease. Then it was that the Southern California climate selected him. Other early sources were Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Then Michigan, Ohio, New York and New England. Latterly the migration has been from every state, city and town in the country. The least of its source has been and still is the Atlantic South. Principally, therefore, Southern California now is the possession of native American immigrants from the Middle West, the Central West and the North Atlantic States—all knowing what winter is.

The City of Dreams Come True

And what were they? That is to ask: What did they do and how did they live before? They were everybody in cross section. They were farmers, craftsmen, technicians, merchants, manufacturers and bankers. On such a tide, to be sure, will come every kind of thing that floats or adheres. But the true immigrant, changing his environment from choice, is generally one who has retired from some kind of success elsewhere and comes to Southern California with the thought of living wholly or in part upon income. Success in one case may be merely the fruit of frugality invested at savings-bank interest. In another, it may be the proceeds of a small business. Then again it will be a great fortune. So you have the fact that besides the selection by climate already noticed, there has been another process of selection, represented by some kind or degree of enabling success beforehand. The retired capitalist with a fortune in his strong box, seeking the dream habitation; the retired farmer with his mortgages, seeking an ideal relation to Nature; the small, tired merchant, saying enough is enough, down to plumbers, electricians, carpenters and garagemen who on their own have accumulated a little surplus, not enough to live on where the winters are long and coal is dear, but almost if not quite enough to do with here—concerning them all, unlike as they are, there are certain facts in common: First, some portable estate, be it much or little, to bring with them. Secondly, by that sign they were all more or less successful in the competition from which they retired. Thirdly, what has moved them all alike was the thought of softer living.

You will not take this to be the character of the entire migration. Take it to be only its dominant and peculiar character, and that will be enough. For then you will begin to understand why the people of Southern California can spend more than they produce. Annually there comes to Los Angeles and is spent there the income from an enormous amount of wealth existing elsewhere—dividends out of the rich man's strong box, interest on the Iowa farmer's mortgages, and so on. You will begin to understand also why capital is abundant for any new purpose in Los Angeles. The portable estates that are brought here lie at first in safe-deposit vaults in such forms, very largely, as bonds and mortgages. As these become due and are paid off, in the routine of finance, the owners look around for something else in which to put their money, and naturally they prefer sound local investments. And you will understand this curious fact, besides—that when a new thing is proposed to be done, there is somebody here who knows how to do it, having done it somewhere else before. This will be true of the executive gift, of technical and professional ability, even of craftsmanship. When the first

(Continued on Page 144)



The only water level route to the east . . .

The wooded shores of Buffalo Harbor on Lake Erie, 120 years ago, where now are located the Buffalo terminals of the New York Central.
From an old lithograph. Painted by E. Walsh. Engraved by John Bluck, 1811. Courtesy Kennedy and Company, New York.

speeds you along Lake Erie's shores

WHERE THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE GOES

From Chicago two main arteries of the remarkable New York Central railroad system cross the level country of the Great Lakes and skirt the shores of Lake Erie, one on either side, to Buffalo. From St. Louis and Cincinnati another main line reaches through the prairies of the Mississippi Basin and connects at Cleveland.

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Then, at Albany, the water level route shoots down the East bank of the lovely Hudson; you speed at tidewater all the way to Manhattan Island.

The trip through the Mohawk and Hudson Valleys is one of the most beautiful and thrilling journeys in the world.

LOOK at a topographical map and you will see that there is just one "water level" route between the American East and West. Nature left a single low-level pass through the entire Appalachian Mountain Range . . . via the tip of Lake Erie through the lovely Mohawk Valley and down the Hudson River.

This *was* the main highroad of the pioneers, because it was easiest; *today,* for the same reason, it makes possible the unrivalled smoothness of operation of New York Central trains.

You can enjoy the comfort and restfulness of this smooth roadbed on every trip between West or Southwest and the Atlantic Seaboard.

From Chicago and New York the world-renowned *Twentieth Century* leads the water level fleet—greatest fleet of fast long-distance trains in the world. To and from St. Louis go the fast de luxe *Southwestern Limited* and its companion flyers . . . almost at sea level for a thousand miles! The water level route offers you the utmost in service and luxury modern travel can give . . . and much more . . . You enjoy your trip—and you can sleep!

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST SAFEGUARDED ALL THE WAY BY AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

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blended bristles

BY a scientifically precise *blending* of imported Badger hair with the hair of Wild Boar, the new RUBBERSET bristles give you exactly the proper balance of softness and firmness for a truly luxurious shave. These bristles are set, of course, in the *genuine*, original RUBBERSET way—clenched everlastingly in a never-give-up grip of hard rubber.

The new *modernized* RUBBERSET is a different-feeling brush — because of *blended* bristles — and finer looking, too, because it has been completely re-styled. A new collection of shapes in the modernized handles, and a wealth of new colors and color combinations is yours to choose from.

Get a new *modernized* RUBBERSET for yourself now. Or, better still, buy *several* —one for home, one for the office and another for your traveling kit. See how much more comfortable your shaving becomes. The wide range of styles is ticketed with a wide range of prices, from $1.00 up. Look for the name and trade mark RUBBERSET on the handle.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.
Sales Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 E. 34th St., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 142)

rubber-tire company had created a large plant in Los Angeles and came to the problem of personnel, it was surprised to find already living in and around the city enough people who had worked in rubber before to man its factory. They had been doing other things meanwhile, or nothing. So with steel workers, furniture makers—every other trade. The labor is already here, taking life easy, yet willing to put its hand in again.

Salving the Puritan Conscience

And then, what happens to the immigrant here. What actions and reactions take place between him and this soft environment. Native Americans, bred in the path of winter, morally derived from a stern tradition, now rich and coming with ample means to a voluptuous climate to live the life of creature ease—what would happen to them?

This is the strangest part of all, and yet nothing could be more familiar. They think their struggle with life is over, and it begins again on another plane. Elsewhere it was the economic struggle. Here it is the struggle between the idea of soft living and the inherited Puritan conscience making guilt of it; a struggle between the alluring thought of endless leisure and the American spirit that abhors idleness; a struggle at length against the climate itself, lest the spell of it, overcoming one utterly, should make one unfit to struggle.

In a little while they begin to be troubled. They are uneasy in spirit. A perfect house in a perfect climate, every comfort and pleasure of selfish being realized, and then what? Life recommending itself to all the senses—life, nevertheless, empty. So they turn to business, to agriculture or to evangelism, and if the business they like is not there for them to take hold of, or the agriculture, or the evangelism, they will invent it—one as easily as the other.

The retired capitalist plays golf until the sight of a golf stick gives him a feeling of depravity. One day he stops at his bank—the place where he goes to clip his coupons—and says he has the thought of going into business. He has been looking at Southern California. What it needs is more business, more industry. It is like a discovery. He is surprised they have not found it out for themselves. He proceeds to build a factory. A year later he may have a quarter of his fortune at hazard, but he is happy.

The retired farmer thinks he will play with a little orange grove, just for something to do. In a few years he is a large orange grower, up to his neck in it. Or he may try a new thing and torment himself with original problems. The world has been searched for new things to grow in Southern California.

Somebody said: "Figs would grow here. Certainly it would be a fine place for figs." They got some fig trees and planted them. The fig trees grew and flourished, only without fruit. They had planted the fig tree Christ cursed for its fruitlessness, and knew nothing about figs to begin with. They sent to Smyrna to see what was the matter. Fig trees, they found, are pollenized by a wasp; only this wasp prefers the Capri fig tree, which is no good at all. The way to get him into the Smyrna fig tree is to bring him in a Capri fig and hang him there. So the fig problem was solved and there was a fig industry.

Or dates. They name a very hot mountain slope Indio and introduce there the white Arabian date, to see what it will do. It does very well, and yet there are problems. In Arabia the white date is for the king, or for the very rich, since it is both luscious and scarce. It is scarce for two reasons: One is that the pollen, the Arabians said, had to be dusted on with a camel's-hair brush. Fancy Americans dusting pollen on date trees with a camel's-hair brush! The other reason for the scarcity of the white date was that the palm reproduced itself only once in a long time by sending forth a new sprout from underground. The Arabs treated each new sprout as an act of Providence. That would never do for people who might wish to produce white dates in quantity on quarter-section ranches. Well, now, as for the pollen, they use at Indio, in place of the camel's-hair brush, a dust gun; and as for new sprouts, they keep a box of moist earth around the palm tree at the base of the last frond, which is slitted, and in that way get as many sprouts as they want without waiting on Providence. And there is, of course, a white-date-growers' association. It has done more with the mysterious date palm in five years than the Arabs did with it in twenty-five centuries.

Delivering a River to the Door

Or avocado pears. The thought strikes them that Southern California would be a good place for avocado pears. Presently they will have an uncontrollable production of avocado pears and the marketing problem that goes with it.

Their irrigated agriculture creates a chronic water problem. The water in the subterranean basins keeps falling, because the basins are not, as was at first supposed, refilled each year. The pumping, therefore, increases in cost with depth, and even so the supply will fail. So they go 250 miles across mountains and desert with a viaduct—one of the fine engineering feats of our time—and having brought a whole river from that distance, they drop it first into the San Fernando Valley for the use of agriculture and then pump it out of the ground with power generated by the water itself and deliver it to Los Angeles City. They are now going to the Colorado River for more water. That will take, maybe, ten years. Meanwhile, in the high Sierras, up to 300 miles away, you will see those white-and-black markers which mean that Los Angeles engineers have indicated another lake for preëmption or another canyon to be dammed. If necessary, they will irrigate their orchards and vineyards with boiled sea water.

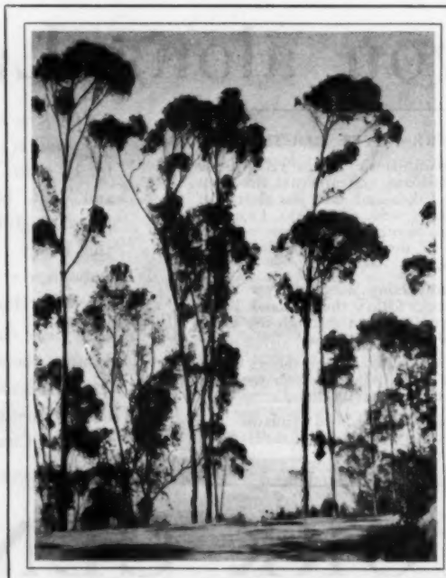
Aggression in this spirit would be nowhere else remarkable. It is natural to Americans. What makes it so interesting here is that the environment is strange to that spirit. Here, if anywhere, the American might learn indolence and how to seize the life of the senses. But just when he thinks he is about to escape from the tyranny of his nature, it overtakes him. No sooner does he find comfort than he is uncomfortable again in a new way. He stretches himself at ease to gaze at the lotus, and lo! there is a gourd vine instead, and a voice in him, the same that tormented Jonah, is asking: "What are you doing here?"

The Paradox: Los Angeles

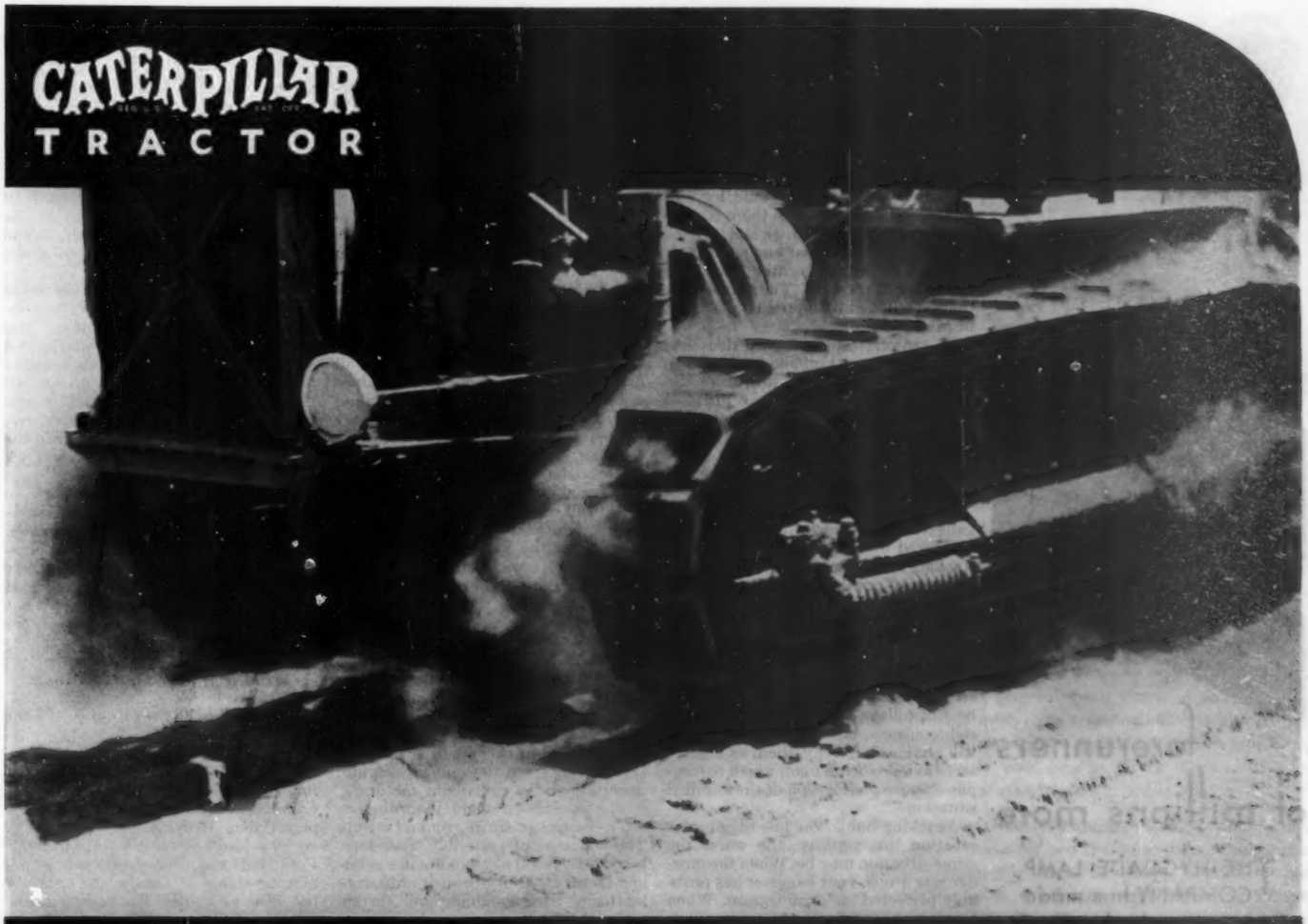
After that he cannot look at the desert outside without thinking to subdivide it; he cannot look at the dry bed of a river without thinking how to dam up the water for some useful purpose, particularly to irrigate the desert he must subdivide; he cannot hear of sin without thinking how to abolish it by organized attack. Southern California might have been the body's own paradise. Yet he will fill it with industry, works and economic turmoil.

There was no economic necessity to begin with. There was no need for anything to be produced here, more than was convenient for the needs of a sensory paradise. Yet it is as if they imagined necessity, only in order to meet it; as if they fabricated difficulties, only in order to be obliged to overcome them. Water is precious. That is so because the rain clouds from the Pacific break on the Sierra Nevadas and the water runs back to the ocean in two leaps. Well, having at great cost impounded the water until there is plenty for all purposes of luxurious living, they divert it to artificially irrigated agriculture on a very large scale and then annually export thousands of tons of moisture in the form of melons and citrus fruits to the markets of the East. Then they must find more water.

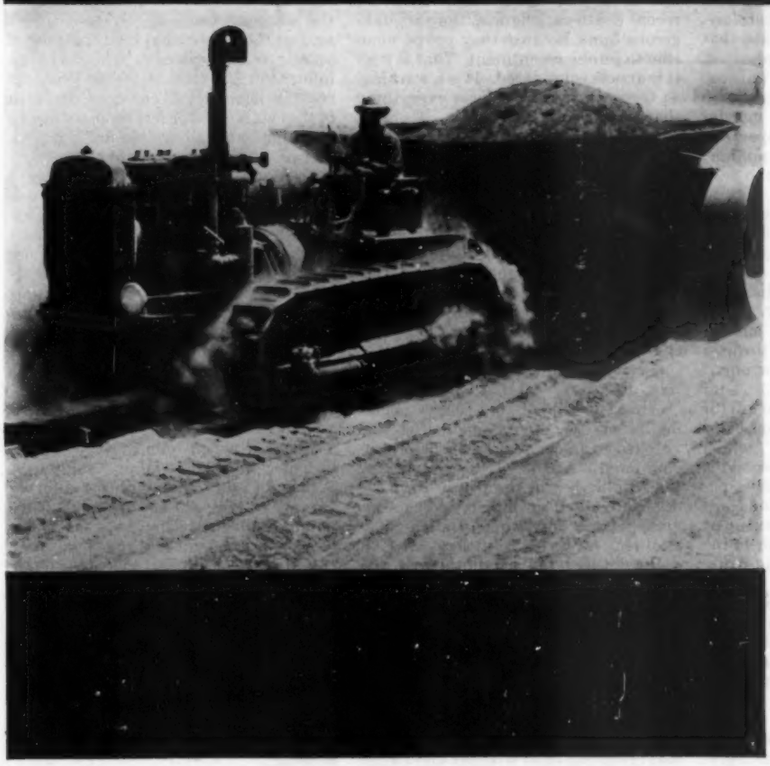
Fairly clear, at least, are two signs in one. The migration of people during the last twenty years to Southern California means that we have become rich enough to pursue an Oriental-like phantasy of soft living—the life of creature satisfactions. Then, in the moment of attainment, this phantasy turns out to have no validity. We cannot embrace it. The creative passion defeats it. In token thereof, Los Angeles.



Eucalyptus Trees in Elysian Park, Los Angeles



"CATERPILLARS" FIGHT THROUGH



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STATISTICAL LAW ENFORCEMENT

(Continued from Page 29)

certainly better than our neighbor, and our problem is a lot bigger too." A little truth atrophies an original alarm; an array of "facts" lulls suspicion and we ride along in the same old rut.

"New York," we say, "can't be so bad as these alarmists would have us believe. The murder rate there is practically nothing." And we add: "Look at Chicago. All we hear and read about Chicago as a crime center must certainly be exaggerated. The murder rate there is but slightly more than half that in Memphis."

So reasons the man who does not know the criminal mind. So reads the citizen and lawmaker of the future. So reads the statesman and the jurist of the hour. And all of them are victimized by ignorance of the situation.

Where Figures Fib

I have carefully studied dozens of gangsters and I never found one who murdered unless and until he had to. As long as things run smoothly, his business of crime flourishes and profits pile within his coffers, the gangster will not murder. He will steal and bribe, he will bootleg and corrupt, he will evade taxes and rob gambling victims, he will impose upon industry, he will foment strikes merely to furnish strike breakers, he will pillage and loot and mock at righteousness, but until forced to it he will not murder. Why, then, let murder serve as a predicate upon which to compile a figure photograph of the criminal situation?

Anything but! The less the murder rate, on the contrary, the worse the crime situation may be. When the murder rate drops, your gangster has probably perfected his organization. When he ceases to murder, he has greased his political connections, established control of his cohorts, scraped his nefarious rackets into the groove of efficiency, and simply doesn't have to murder.

The fact that he doesn't, therefore, must not, and does not, indicate that he has turned virtuous or disappeared. No. He is there, armed and waiting, ready to kill the moment things slip out of the groove. For a low murder rate which looks good on paper our big cities are paying in tribute millions and millions of dollars annually to keep the sleeping dog undisturbed.

The gangster is not first a murderer. He is last a murderer. He kills only when and because he thinks he has to. Because his whole activity is beyond the law, he cannot carry his disagreements to court for settlement. If he would maintain his business against competition, he must do so through the muzzle of a gun. So is wrought gang murder, and so only.

The gangster usually hates to kill for several reasons. The first is his everlasting fear of "the hot squat," which means the electric chair. The second is because of the ensuing animosities engendered in the underworld. The third is the public attention and resentment that murder rouses. The fourth is the cost of the crime itself and the fixing processes which follow it.

He rarely kills for hate, as is popularly supposed. He doesn't run around murdering people whose clothes displease him or whose public comments criticize him. He murders only that person who attempts, through competition or extortion, to interfere with his flow of money. That person he murders promptly, ruthlessly and unrelentingly. When he ceases murdering, no one is interfering with him. When he starts murdering, he is being hampered. So much for advertised "low murder rates." So much for carefully compiled but misbegotten statistics.

Crime can be suppressed in this country only through an understanding of it. Truth will light the way to solution. To avoid truth on the ground that it is abhorrent is not alone cowardly, it is immoral. Such a program aids, comforts and abets the predatory pistol toter and makes of us, in effect, accessories before and after the crime.

It will be seen that corruption and fearlessness of law do not alone conduce crime. Ignorance of the criminal mind and its weird processes is a contributory element of huge proportions. The average man, steeped in the ethics of legitimate business and inherently honest and social, butts his head against a brick wall when he encounters an intelligence inhibited by no more scruples than grace the moral structure of a crocodile. He gets exactly nowhere, sees no solution of the criminal menace short of vigilantes.

Tell him that, and he erroneously feels that you are impugning his intelligence. If, maturely, he sets out to discover things for himself, he inevitably encounters the aforementioned statistics. All told, his problem is not an easy one. All statistics essentially arise from results, and in a study of crime results are the one mystifying, uncertain and everchanging factor.

The passing of a single city ordinance often changes an entire criminal set-up. The statistics of yesterday, therefore, become as useful as a bonfire in a celluloid factory. A city-council ordinance legalizing trick gambling will change overnight the trend of a municipal underworld and alter completely the type of crime in which it indulges. Statistics? I repeat, they are tremendously apt to be the bunk. And, as in the recent death-rate figures, they are dangerous bunk because they prove soporific to public resentment. That is why this article is prepared. It is a warning, so to speak, not to believe everything that figures out.

The Reasons Back of Riots

With supposedly illuminating statistics on convicts at our finger tips for years, we suddenly see our prisons become volcanic. They erupt fire and death, murder and ghastly suicide, sabotage and rebellion as hopeless, as futile, as astounding, as any in all history. Where are the understanding and the progress that innumerable prison reports have indicated annually for the past ten years?

Are we to believe that these staggering prison riots were incubated and hatched in an element never before encountered? Are we to believe that all the trouble lies in the prison itself? I doubt it. Overcrowding is given as one great source of rioting. Bad food as another. So be it.

But let us build a hypothetical case which may offer an explanation of greater clarity and force. Let us isolate the source of the low murder rate in the well-oiled crime machine. No experienced person will dispute us there. Now let us take one more step forward by tinkering a bit with the machine itself. First we find pollution of the civic enforcement agency. No organized crime can exist without knowledge of the police. Pollution comes, in the last analysis, to bribery. Once an official takes a bribe he is irretrievably in the hands of the briber. Accordingly we have the situation of some policemen pursuing the men for whom they labor and by whom they are paid. If our laws specify that no man can be made to testify against himself, should we expect the same fellow to arrest himself?

Out of this naturally grows protected law violation, crooked trials, fake indictments and all the rest of it. But now and then the public rebels and somebody simply has to be arrested and spend a little time in prison. All this is common knowledge. It is not exaggerated. It was true, to a degree, fifty years ago; proved to be true in the Lexow investigation of the New York City police department.

For the sake of argument, try to weigh the thoughts of the man selected to spend a little time in prison. What does he think as he hears a prosecutor flay him in court when he knows the prosecutor is one of the gang and soon will help to get him paroled? What are his thoughts when a judge he knows to be corrupt sends him to prison?

Making it Soft for the Crook

Now, before he goes to prison, what sort of deal does he make? The warden is politically appointed and the convict protected. As he offers himself for the sacrifice, do you imagine the criminal does so heroically? "For his pals?" No. He bargains. He agrees to go, provided he "does a soft stretch." Politicians can choose between so arranging things or having the criminal tell what he knows. The answer is obvious.

So the crook does his "soft bit." If he does not, he will drag others in with him. If he complains from prison, pressure is brought to bear upon and against the warden. Immediately resentment against the powers that be is engendered among other prisoners who have no influential backing. Special Privilege rears its head and all convicts lose faith in the established order, come to believe all things and all people are crooked, and promptly ripen for rebellion.

Or, to follow personally the case of the protected prisoner, imagine his feelings when a reform wave sweeps his power into the discard or he is deliberately double-crossed. Can we expect such a man to lie acquiescent while his pals remain at liberty? Fill prisons with antisocial minds under conditions such as these, and all the fancy-bound statistics and reports on earth are as superficial as the zephyr that stirs the surface of the mill pond.

It is unwise, of course, to show how a community is polluted by crime and corruption when you are trying to lure new industries to that community. We build our appeal in the alluring manner of the perfect sales talk. If we do not deliberately lie, we at least prepare our angle of approach so that the statistical mirror reflects to our interest.

Taking murder as a barometer of the crime situation is like lengthening a chain to strengthen its weakest link. Letting murders, or lack of them, indicate a community's crime situation is like doing away with lighthouses because Nebraska has done without them for years and never had a fatal sea disaster.

836

CAN CHILDREN GROW WHERE FLOWERS CAN'T?

WHEN the bloom fades from children's cheeks—when flowers droop and die—change your heating system! Dry, stagnant air in homes heated by old-fashioned methods is an enemy of health and growth. Moisture is taken from everything—even the human body. Children become easy prey for colds and other ills. Drowsy, fretful days and restless nights make every member of the family listless and weary.

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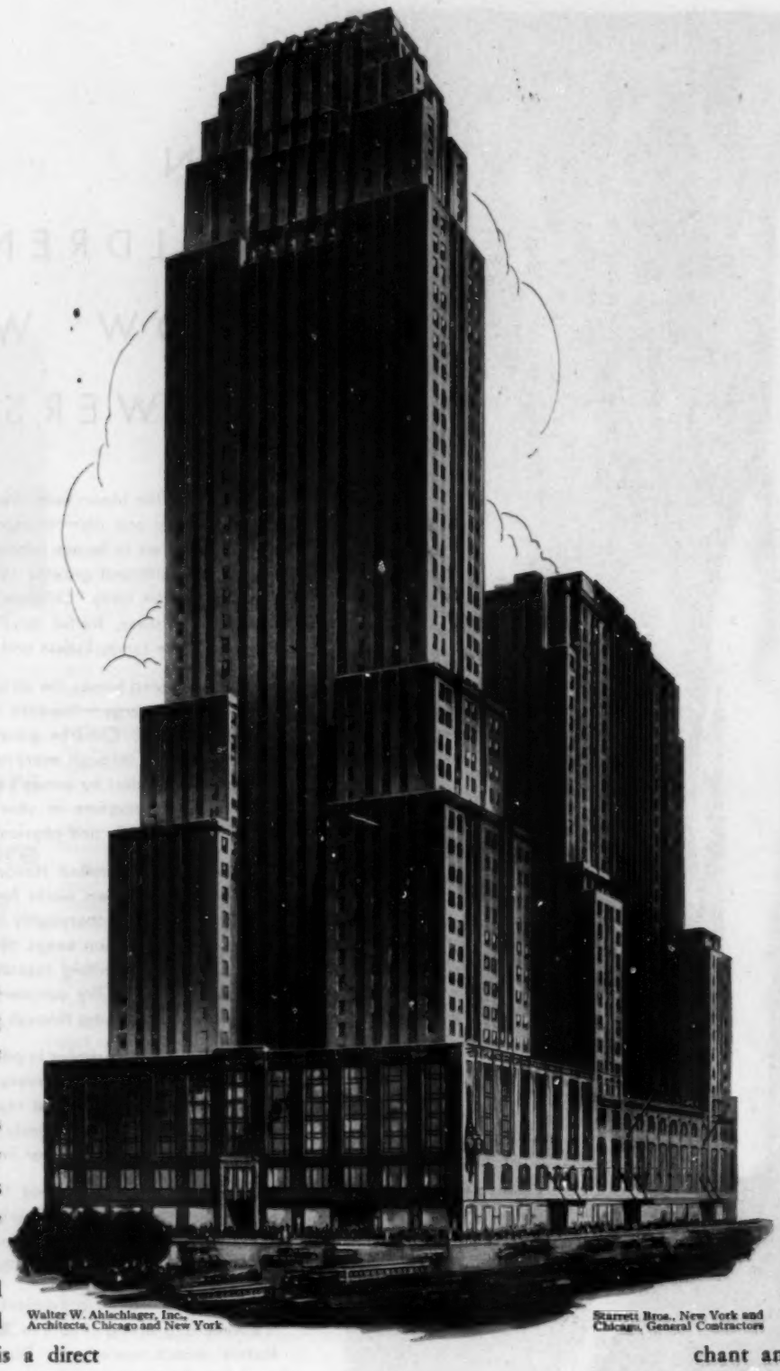

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STORE EQUIPMENT

UNFISHED WATERS

(Continued from Page 11)

likes to see what is over the hill; streams that have never been truly explored, lakes that have known only the alder branch and salt-pork bait of the Indian, or the occasional troll of the wandering prospector and trapper. Each year, several thousand men, eyes popping with piscatorial anticipation, go into Algonquin Park. But do they seek new streams, new lakes, new stretches of rapids where every evidence indicates that here is a place uninitiated as yet to the artificial lure? Perhaps a few dozen do; the rest of the several thousand follow the rote of years and go right back to the same old place. Five lakes alone accommodate an average of twelve hundred persons each year, doing the same things this season that they did last, traveling over the same waters, casting the same holes—and sometimes complaining about the fishing. Fifty miles away may lay a fish paradise, to be reached with little extra effort and no more cost than the amount expended in the daily hire of guides—but such a journey requires initiative, a quality which seems as lacking in fishermen as it does in other branches of the human family.

Yet the reward is there, often just around the bend. Last summer, during a wandering course of fishing from the Atlantic coast of Canada on to the Pacific, Billy Robinson and myself arrived one day at what once had been a noble trout stream. But, as our pack sacks fell out of the baggage car, and the porter juggled forth our tackle and rod cases, we thought we detected a slight falsity in the hoop-la of the outfitter and the half-dozen Indian guides who had gathered to greet us. An old hand at fishing doesn't need to see his fishing stream, nor to receive a detailed report on conditions; his ear is attuned to a nicety that catches the slightest off note in the welcome of his guides. No school of acting ever existed that can teach an honest guide the ability to dissemble fully when something has happened to the fishing. We cut in abruptly.

"So the river's rotten, is it?" asked Billy.

Our head guide rubbed his chin. "Well, it's running pretty high," he confessed. "This hydro dam has made a lot of difference; they're always buggering up the water."

A River in Bondage

An hour later, two mournful fishermen and an equally mournful cameraman stood in survey of what once had been one of the greatest trout streams in the world. We spoke but little; there was a genuine pang in the sight before us, as though we were looking upon a human thing whose former grandeur deserved a better fate than the one which had befallen it. The old riffles where hulking trout had fed with the evening shadows were gone. The familiar sworl of former rapids had disappeared. Familiar shore lines had vanished from the old pools; in swollen bondage, the river now roared and bellowed and frothed in angry effulgence; where once a horseshoe falls had rolled, there now thundered the straight shoot of tempestuous waters from the gates of a power dam. In far-away cities, greasy hands pulled at switch levers, and this harnessed river must obey.

There was an element of the tragic about it. In years departed, princes had crossed the ocean to fish this river. Romances had been born and fostered on its shimmering waters, honeymoons floated their course upon it. But now it was a rushing demon, bawling its progress between its rocky banks, a romantic thing become thunderously prosaic to the demands of electricity. We turned away.

"Lots of people still come here," said the head guide sadly. "But of course they don't get the fishing that they used to. Oh, the fish are still here, but you just can't get at them. You can't expect people to believe that though. They stay a week or so and don't catch anything to speak of; then they go away and don't come back."

"Why don't they try some other river in the district?" Billy asked.

"I don't know," the guide answered. "They don't though."

A Fisherman's Paradise

That night, with our guides, we made a mental survey of the streams in this particular section of Ontario. There were about twenty of them, the Indians said; little was known about them however. Everybody had fished the big river and given little attention to anything else. Yet this was not a new district; it was, in fact, one of the oldest angling regions of Canada. But the fact remained; outside of information on the big river, there was practically none available. So we began to scout.

Here we found an Indian who had invaded a few of the streams; down in town we discovered a few railroad men who had dropped off their freights for a day of investigation; farther on we interviewed a trapper. Then we set forth. Late the next afternoon we cast the beautiful pools and riffles of a tumbling stream, surging onward through lakes and narrows and rapids toward Lake Superior. That is all we did. There was the scenery, the water—but no trout. At dawn the next morning our canoes slid onward to another stream. Carefully we waded into it at the head of a long rapids. Billy made a sweeping cast, and fingered his line nervously. I did the same. Then came a shout.

"I've got one!" Billy yelled.

I eyed him with that superiority which only a fisherman in the ascendancy can know.

"Only one?" I asked. "I've got two."

And they were worthwhile fish, a total of seven pounds of trout struggling at once upon a four-ounce rod. Soon after that it began to rain, cats, dogs and big and little casino. We didn't care. We were occupied with something greater than rain—three pounders, four pounders, even five pounders—both of us standing almost side by side in these unfished waters, and yelling directions over the roar of the rapids, that Billy's four pounder might not tangle in the line which throbbed to the fight of my three-pound catch; with doubles, and once, when we tried it just to see if it were possible, a triple—three fish, all more than two pounds apiece—on the same line. We sighed and kissed fish good-by as we replaced them in the stream after the short time in which our limit had been reached; we tried fool stunts and caught fish; we yelled and shouted and splashed water—and still caught fish. In that dazed two hours our aching wrists dragged to the net a bigger catch of big fish than had been known in the last ten years' history of the big river. The water in which we caught them lay not more than five hours' journey from that stream to which thousands of persons had gone because thousands of other persons had gone before them, never taking the trouble to inquire, when the fishing was poor, if there were not some other place in the vicinity where a fellow might hook something besides vacancy.

Next year there'll be a well-worn trail along the mossy, timber-strewn banks of a stream where Billy and I floundered and fell and scrambled that dripping afternoon of forty-odd big fish. The outfitter wrote us the other day that business was picking up considerably in that district. Thus fisherman will follow fisherman along a trail of leader cards, empty cigarette boxes, multicast holes and well-waded riffles until the big fish bite no longer; never once stopping to think that where there is one new fishing stream, there may be others. There are nearly a score of them. But the pioneers who will invade them will be few. In that same district, for instance, I paused one day at a big hole on the Wintering River and shouted a question to my guide.

"I don't know what's below," he answered. "There haven't been many parties in here. They've always caught fish in these rapids, so they've never taken the trouble to go any farther."

Billy and I took the trouble. The result was two miles of the most beautiful dry-fly water we ever had seen—and not a vestige of previous human penetration.

Nor does one need the sight of scattered newspapers, of a cast-away cigarette container, to tell him when he has reached unfished waters. The fish do that. For there one learns much of the guilelessness of Nature in its unadulterated version. The moose does not scamble into the dense bush from its feast among the lily pads with the first scent of human; instead, it stands and curiously watches the canoe glide nearer, nearer, until rods have become yards and yards dwindled to comparatively few feet. The partridge drums close to camp, and insistently; the camp robber chatters curiously and gratefully as it literally snatches the crumbs from beneath the camp table—it has had little experience with city folks, equipped with a .22 rifle and out to kill everything in sight. And the fish present an entirely different picture from those wary, watchful strategists which tradition has announced the trout to be.

Angling on All Fours

In fact, I sometimes wonder if the persons who write so authoritatively about the wariness of the trout are as expert as they pretend to be, or whether they merely suffer from a limitation of experience. The picture of a trout fisherman as it exists in the usual imagination, is that of a four-footed animal, not a biped. He must continually sneak to a trout stream on hands and knees, never getting within twenty feet of the stream for fear of frightening his quarry. He must be silent—hardly breathing, in fact—lest the merest noise disturb the trout he desires to catch. He must use the smallest of flies, and flick them upon

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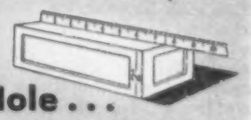

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the water with such gentleness that there is not even a wrinkle from the impact. When he can do that, according to the fables, he is a trout fisherman. A lot of that is bunk. It's a fact that most fishermen like to appear greater than they really are.

True, there are places where such conditions exist. I know one tiny stream in the Black Hills of South Dakota, where even the shadow of a fishing rod, no matter how carefully the angler is sneaking forward, will cause the water actually to ruffle with the exodus of frightened fish. The tiny streams of the East often present the same troublous conditions. The reason is that even a poor fish has enough brains to realize after a constant sight of humans that men with long rods in their hands mean harm. So they get out of the way. But when one invades unfished waters, or streams that are only moderately lashed by the fisherman's line, one encounters no such phenomena. That goes even for the big fish, the wise old fish, the sagacious, wily, tricky old fellows that one hears so much about.

Hooking a Big Fellow

One day, for instance, Billy and I paused at the head of a rapids on the Wabanosh River in the Nipigon district, and flipped for sides. I drew the opposite bank and went into the water. I did not glide gently in. I sloshed. I also slipped on a round bowlder, splashed mightily and cussed as loudly as possible for a cracked barytone. Then, with recovering good nature, I howled a verse or two of Alouette and splattered to the other side. Then, as I began to strip my line, I saw Billy in heavy conference with our Indians.

They were bog-eyed with excitement. One clapped his hands like a five-year-old boy. Another pointed to the water about midstream. There, finning lazily against the current, was the usual big trout which almost invariably lies at the head of a rapids, taking his choice of downcoming food before it can sift onward to smaller fish behind him. My plunging progress through the stream had not disturbed him in the slightest. There was a game run at the head of the rapids; our trail had borne the tracks of bear, of moose, of porcupine and red deer. The old trout which held the head of this rapids had seen many a pair of legs splash across his vision without any harm resulting. That some new animal had just traversed the water meant little to him.

"Take him!" I shouted.

"He's your fish," Billy answered. "Nick spotted him."

Nick was my Indian; what belongs to a fisherman's Indian belongs also to him. But it was a hard cast.

"Take him yourself," I answered, and Billy cast.

It wasn't a tiny fly which Billy dropped on the water, without causing even a wrinkle, as the books describe. It was a big No. 2 Jock Scott, chosen in imitation of the bugs in that district which the trout seemed to like best. Gracefully it swung through the air, pulled short as the line kinked and dropped upon the water with all the gentleness of a foul ball crashing into a pop stand.

Immediately a swirl resulted and Billy yelled as he struck. Then he stared blankly across at me.

"He just seemed to spit it out," he said.

"Ever try spitting out a No. 2 barb?" I asked laconically.

Fishermen are always sympathetic that way. Billy rolled his eyes viciously and said things under his breath. Then Nick pointed excitedly.

"O-o-o-oh, boy!" he exclaimed. "He's still there."

The big, wary, sagacious old trout had returned to his former station. Now and then he shook his head in a puzzled manner, and opened his mouth as if trying to get another taste of that fly with a stinger in it. Billy changed flies; this time to a Silver Doctor as big as a mouse. He cast upstream and let it float down. Water foamed; a great, square tail lashed mightily; there came the scream of Billy's reel, the bending of his rod, a chorus of shouts from the Indians—and then everything was still again.

"How can I hold him when he just lets go?" Billy asked across stream.

"Might try a club," I said. "Now, if I'd been handling him, I'd ——"

"Maybe you'd have landed him like you landed that one this morning," shouted Billy acridly.

"Well, that was different. That fish had me in an awful current."

"Oh, yeah?" asked Huffie, the cameraman, from up the hill.

"O-o-o-oh, boy!" shouted Nick again. "He's still there."

And there he was, right back at his station again, with a hunk torn out of one side of his mouth, large enough to be seen even through three feet of water. Billy put on the Jock Scott again. For a third time he cast, and for a third time the fish struck. The hook sunk deep into the roof of his mouth; there was no spitting out or letting go. The station at the head of the rapids, where moose crossed and bears swam and the big flies floated down, was vacant.

A Dwindling Family of Ducks

In fact, there is only one thing that can match Nature's guilelessness. That is Nature's cruelty. It is relentless, unceasing, sometimes tragic. There was, for instance, the mother duck who splattered before us one evening as we swept into the big pool at the foot of an Ontario rapids, and with skittering progress strove to lure us away from the twelve ducklings which paddled madly before our canoe. She was still there, two days later, when we came that way again, and once more she pursued her imitation of a wounded bird as she strove to save her brood. But now there were only ten ducklings in the panicky little family; on a far-away spruce a big hawk preened himself with the contentment of a full stomach. Again, a week later, we shot the rapids, and the mother once more rose before us from the big pool. But the babies she strove to protect were only six now. And once more, as we made our way out of the district, she splattered and squawked before us, struggling as valiantly for the protection of her one remaining baby, as she had struggled when her brood was twelve. She swam and dived and circled, she lagged before us with one wing dragging, she rose and flew a short hundred yards and settled straight before our canoe. But we had ceased to watch her.

Cannibals of the Trout Stream

The one remaining duckling, surviving from the twelve which, one by one, had felt the talons of the hawk, the coil of the snake, the teeth of the weasel and the maw of big trout, had paddled into what seemed the protection of grassy reeds. But the water had surged behind it, once, twice, a third time. A great, ugly, green head and wide, toothy jaws had shown for an instant above the foam of attack. There was the instantaneous vision of tiny, outspread wings, the outstretched head and fanlike legs, the faintness of an agonized cry, quickly muffled in death. Then the water ceased to boil, a twenty-pound pike swam lazily away, while in the distance a duck mother still skittered and circled and flew—to protect a brood that no longer existed.

The battle for life—always, incessantly; it confronts one continually in the bush. The battle to live by the death of something else. Out in British Columbia, one finds an easy way of learning where the fish are. He merely watches the eagles as they soar, suddenly to dart from their heights in bulletlike descents to the water. Where eagles feed is where the fishing is; they're on the surface, feeding upon other life, while the eagles feed upon them.

In fact, the more one learns about fish, the less one would like to be one. Life is an existence of causing and dodging death from the fry stage to the adult one; the fisherman who feels a qualm of conscience over catching a fish soon loses that uneasiness when he is able to watch game fish at their daily task of killing one another off. For the little fish eat the littler ones, and the small fish eat the size just beneath them and thereby fatten to make a meal for some fish that's bigger. And when they've reached a stage where there should be some protection in size ——

I watched quite a commotion in the Medway River last spring. A twenty-pound salmon was performing all the gyrations of a circus performer; he leaped, he slithered along the top of the water, he bounded and dashed and swung high into the air in a steady succession of jumps which told of trouble. Dodging eels is a serious thing for salmon—even if that eel happens to be only about one-tenth the salmon's size!

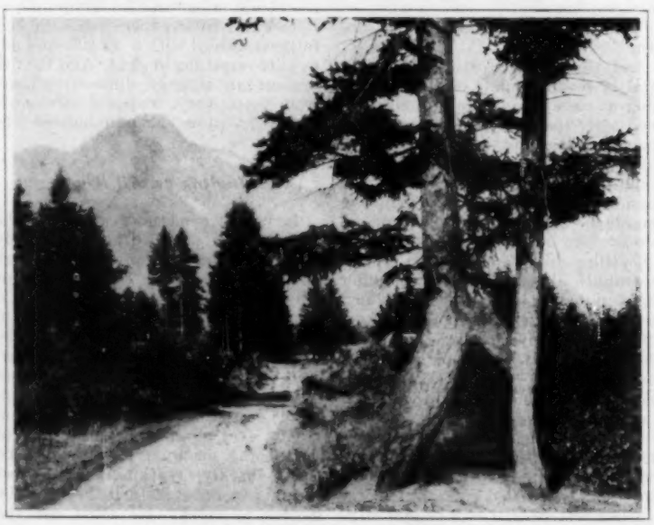
But there are times when fish cannot dodge. One day we trolled out in British Columbia on a quest for a giant rainbow—and any trout is a giant when it attains a maximum of twenty-five pounds. We were on Lac Trembleur—which, freely translated, means Shaky Lake—one of the headwater supplies of the Stuart River, and for once Shaky Lake belied its name. The water was smooth, glassy; here and there we could actually see the riffles caused by the movements of tremendous rainbows as they cruised about in search of food. Suddenly our guide shouted from the bow of the boat. Fifty feet away, a school of pound trout moved gingerly through the water, every one seemingly intent upon gaining the center of the assemblage. Instantly one found himself on the outside, he wriggled desperately for a place in which others might be beyond him.

Another Form of Cruelty

On they went, changing positions, each striving frantically to gain the exact center—while ten feet behind them, herding this school of pounders, swam two giant rainbows, taking their ease as they followed their captives, and not bothering to extra exertion unless one of their quarry should indicate a dash for liberty. On they went, the herders and the herded; we watched them for ten minutes. Finally the full stomach of a pursuer settled sufficiently to allow another inmate. There was a swift rush, a splatter of silvery forms above the water, a gulp, a swirl—and then the herding process was renewed again. That made us curious—especially Big Ed, who had joined us at Jasper Park. We caught sixty-four big fish in British Columbia waters. They contained a total of two hundred and ten other fish, from eight to fourteen inches long—and those two hundred and ten each contained a full stomach of other fish!

But there are other forms of cruelty besides those of Nature. For one thing, there's the cruelty of nonappreciation. Huffie, our cameraman, had never been on a fishing trip before. Since there was no basis of comparison, there was little excitement for him in three and four pounder trout, or even one that dragged scales to six. Huffie didn't know that the usual fisherman mounts a five pounder on a plaque and bores his friends with lies about how he caught it. To Huffie, a trout was only a trout. So he arose one morning, gave a hitch to his belt and gazed scornfully at our preparations for another day at the rapids.

"Well, fellows," he said, "I thought things over last night. And I've decided that unless something really unusual bobs up, I'm not going to waste any more film. I've got enough footage of just these ordinary fish."



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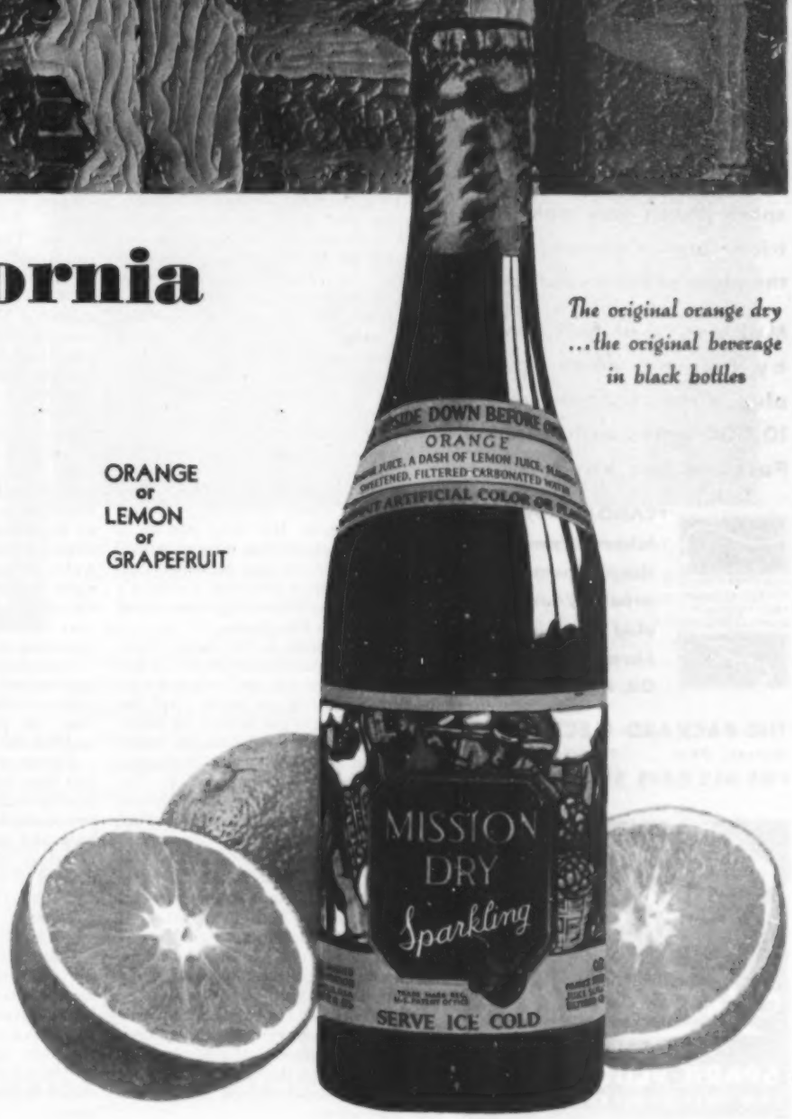

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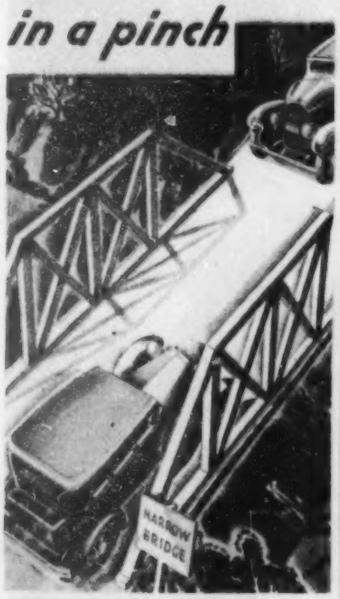

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CUSTARD'S LAST STAND

(Continued from Page 25)

humbled; he bowed abjectly before Florian's friendliness and blithely accepted the little man's protestations of undying affection.

"An' furthermo'," continued Florian, "I crave to do you a favor."

"No? Honest, Florian, you is the too-muchest felier I has ever met. I ain't used to havin' favors done fo' me."

"You is this time, big boy. An' how!"

Cornelius was impressed. "What you aimin' to do fo' me, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey lowered his voice and placed his lips close to the ear of the Gargantuan black gentleman.

"How would you like to git a job in the movies?"

Cornelius trembled violently. "Not really?"

"Posolutely."

"Oh, golla, Florian. I always has thought I could ack."

"You an' the rest of the world."

"You—you mean you can really git me a chance?"

"Uh-huh." Florian's voice became crisply businesslike. "I ain't sayin' it's anything swell, mind you. In fack, it's the menialest job on the lot. But it's a matter of breakin' in, an' then, if you has got the right stuff, the rest will be easy."

"I don't care what that job is, Brother Slappey, I assept."

"Good." Florian whipped a piece of paper from his pocket and shoved it, along with a fountain pen, into the large paw of Cornelius Fish. "Sign there."

"What is it?"

"It's a contrack," explained Florian, knowing that this was the supreme touch of deception. "As you know, I is manager fo' Excelsior Nix, the chile progeny; an' also fo' Magnolius Ricketts, Midnight's on'yan' exclusivestar. Now I also take you under my wing, which means that I git 25 per cent of whatever you make off Midnight."

"It ain't enough," declared Cornelius as he vigorously scrawled what purported to be his autograph. "It ain't half enough, but it suits me. An' now, brother manager, what does I do, an' when?"

Florian appeared thoughtful. "You can take yo' screen test tonight, if you want, Cornelius. But befo' you do, I had better esplain what it's gwine be." Thereupon Mr. Slappey launched into his own version of President Latimer's afternoon speech anent the revival of custard pies in film drama.

"Now the point is this, large feller. Any time a custard pie is th'owed it has got to hit somebody an' it has got to hit him square in the mush. An' the target has always got to be a big feller, because that makes the people laugh harder, on account it's mo' ridiculum to see a large man all smeared up. An' yo' job, Cornelius, will be to git custard pies th'owed at you, an' to look sad an' funny when they hit."

Mr. Fish nodded thoughtfully. "It ought to be easy to look sad."

"That remains to be seen. On'y this afternoon did we find out about what Latimer was plannin', an' right away I thought of my good friend Cornelius. Also, I was thinkin' that I could make a li'l money off you."

Mr. Fish was impressed. Florian's insistence on a salary split was an excellent strategic move, in that it removed his interest from the realm of pure altruism and thus allayed Mr. Fish's final suspicion.

"I aint promisin' nothin'," pursued Florian. "'Cept that you is to git fust chance. But if you ain't a good custard-pie receiver, then you don't git no job. It just depen's on has you got a knack fo' that sort of actin'."

"I—I b'lieve I has. When do I git a trial?"

"How about right now?"

"Suits me."

Florian demanded his check, and paid it with gusto. Then he voiced an additional warning as they walked from the place arm in arm: "This ain't gwine be nice, Cornelius—so if you ain't willin' to suffer for art's sake, then you better turn back."

"Ise willin'. Ise even happy about it."

"Good! Ev'ything is all arranged at the lot. Production Manager Julius Cæsar Clump will be there to handle things. Julian Fever will have all the electricity on, an' Exotic Hines will run the cam'ra. Up in the monitor loft will be Callous Deech to git the sound effecks right, 'cause you see nowadays we got to hear the pies sqush an' the feller grunt. An' I think also Mistuh Welford Potts will be there just to find out all about it."

Cornelius was properly dazzled by the prospect. These were names to conjure with in Birmingham—persons of unquestioned power and dignity—and he felt the world well lost for the mere privilege of meeting them within the sacred precincts of the Midnight lot.

As they approached the lot Florian gave a final bit of advice. "Bein' yo' manager, I crave to see you git a square chance, so Ise gwine th'ow these pies myse'f. An' you has got to ack right up, see? You got to ack funny, just like you would in a regalar pitcher."

"An' if I does good, do I git the job?"

"I ain't got nothin' to do with that," answered Mr. Slappey cannily. "They inspeck all the tests an' give the job to whichsoever is the best. Tha's why us has got to work particular hard to see that you is him. Ain't that fair?"

Cornelius agreed that it was simply elegant. They reached the lot, bulking gloomily in the half light of a few stray bulbs. The gateman recognized Florian and permitted him to enter. Mr. Fish stared with delight. In common with all his friends in Birmingham, he had yearned for a glimpse of the magic realm beyond the iron gates. But Midnight issued few passes and, since the installation of sound apparatus, visitors were no more popular on the lot than dynamite.

Cornelius appeared to shrink as they approached Sound Stage No. 1. The unknown had gripped and shriveled him. He was abject by the time he reached the stage.

The promised dignitaries were there and they filled his cup of joy to overflowing with their cordiality. Mr. Slappey winked broadly behind Cornelius' back and asked a single question: "Is you doin' this of yo' own free will an' discord?"

"I is."

"Good." He turned to the others. "Le's get busy, boys."

Callous Deech climbed to the monitor loft and fiddled with the dials of his sound-mixing machine. Julian Fever inspected the interlock which was to run one camera and a single film recorder. Exotic Hines placed a chair for the pie victim and threw the switch which flooded the stage with a blinding glare.

"Sit down," ordered Florian, as he removed his coat.

Cornelius did as bidden. Mr. Slappey then stepped to a wooden table which was piled high with specially concocted pies. He selected a particularly large and juicy one and balanced it affectionately. His voice was stern and positive.

"When ev'ything is ready, I is gwine start th'owing, Cornelius. You is to look square at me, an' catch 'em right in the face. Take two or th'ee sittin' down, then stand up an' turn yo' back to me. Then when I say turn, you turn an' I'll deliver a few more. Understan'?"

Cornelius nodded, somewhat fearfully. Then Florian ordered the motors on, and received the okay signal from the motor room. Exotic Hines signaled that his camera was operating at proper speed, and the final okay buzz came down from the monitor loft.

Cornelius, somewhat frightened but nevertheless exalted, sat rigidly in his chair. Florian tiptoed forward, balancing the pie:

"Take that!" he shouted.

Mr. Fish took it. No pie in the history of slapstick was ever taken more completely. It splattered with a delightful ploppy sound against Mr. Fish's face, and spread eagerly over the front of his torso. Cornelius gave vent to an agonized and emphatic grunt. He raised one hand to remove some traces of disaster from his countenance, and as he did so another custard missile arrived from the hand of Mr. Slappey.

Thereafter for perhaps five minutes custard pies rained upon the large frame of Mr. Cornelius Fish. With each hurling of a pie, Florian uttered a phrase not complimentary to Mr. Fish. He stood at a distance and flung them; he came very close and smeared them where they would be most effective; he splashed and splattered the big man with every form of delivery which had ever been used on the screen. Then he called a brief halt.

Mr. Fish was incased in custard. He presented a woeful and bedraggled picture, and Florian felt slightly revenged for the new suit which had been ruined the previous night. The officials witnessing the shambles were convulsed with laughter and the guileless Cornelius regarded their merriment as approval. As he dug custard from eyes, ears and mouth he inquired of Florian whether the test was meeting with greater success than Mr. Slappey had anticipated, and Florian assured him earnestly that it was.

And while Mr. Fish was adjusting himself for the final test, something was happening on the lot of which Mr. Slappey was blissfully unaware. A person presented himself at the gate and demanded admission. The gateman murmured a respectful, "Good evenin', Mistuh Randall," and permitted the large actor to enter. The gateman also mentioned casually that there were evidently some big doin's on Stage No. 1.

Instinct prompted Opus Randall to proceed with discretion. He heard the gateman mention the name of Florian Slappey, and it was part of Mr. Randall's philosophy to observe Florian without himself being seen, if that were possible. He was by way of being Mr. Slappey's most chronic enemy, and he had been so frequently discomfited by

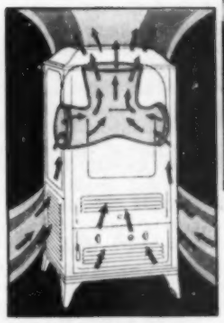
(Continued on Page 154)

CALIFORNIA *agrees with* CONNECTICUT *and* MISSISSIPPI *agrees with* MAINE

» ABOUT THIS FAMOUS WHOLE-HOUSE HEATER «

EVERYWHERE—there is the same high regard for this famous home-heater—the Estate Heatrola. And it is a source of satisfaction to know that your selection is not only the best, but also the best-known.

AT eight o'clock tonight, you will see happy scenes of contentment just like this in thousands of homes, in every State, in every community, in city and country alike. Heatrola-heated homes! By the end of this month, there will be thousands more. For thousands of householders, tired of antiquated heating methods, are having Heatrola installed, ready to greet the first chilly days, with its cheerful, cozy warmth.



This marvelous heat-maker and fuel-saver, the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, is found only in the genuine Estate Heatrola.

This wave of Heatrola buying has been going on for ten years—ever since Estate pioneered the modern, cabinet heater idea. Yet, you are not surprised at Heatrola's popularity when you realize the modern beauty it brings to the home . . . the new comfort and economy, too, because of its many heat-making, fuel-saving features. Notable among them is that ingenious invention—the Intensi-Fire Air Duct—which practically doubles Heatrola's heat-circulating capacity—gives you whole-house furnace comfort, at the fuel-cost of a single old-fashioned stove.

Be sure you get* the genuine *Heatrola

Heatrola is not only the most popular heating plant, but it is also the most widely imitated. Of course, you want the genuine. For it is an investment that pays big returns in family health and happiness—in carefree, economical warmth, for many years to come. So—look out, look in. Be sure that the heater you buy has the name *Estate Heatrola* on the outside of the cabinet, and the Intensi-Fire Air Duct on the inside.

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Estate Heatrola—for coal, wood, coke, gas—is sold by the leading dealer or by the gas company in almost every community. You may choose from a wide variety of models—a size to suit any heating requirement. See your dealer now, or mail the coupon to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 25-A, Hamilton, Ohio.

Sales Branches in New York, Boston, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Portland (Oregon).

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Dept. 25-A, Hamilton, Ohio
Gentlemen: Please send me illustrated booklet on Heatrola for
Coal ☐ Wood ☐ Coke ☐ Gas ☐

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Estate HEATROLA

THERE IS ONLY *ONE* HEATROLA . . . *ESTATE* BUILDS IT

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On Coldest Days — HEAT TO SPARE

with this new blower unit

EVER since the Francisco was invented we have unqualifiedly guaranteed it to deliver more heat than any other car heater. This year our heater is better than ever. Note these improvements: An electric blower dash unit that floods the car with heat—even when the radiator front is closed tight—at any car speed—and for 25 minutes after the car is stopped. Push-button control regulates the volume to suit your needs.

Heat flow director—rear compartment heating unit—absolutely fume-proof construction—these advantages, combined with the patented basic principle that gives you 2 to 5 times more heat, make the Francisco the most efficient, most satisfactory heater you can buy. Remember, when you install the Francisco you get pure, fresh-air heat—perfect ventilation! It's the car heater for comfort—and health!

Patented construction utilizes heat from the manifold to fullest extent. New Francisco covers solid metal only — no joints or gaskets — no dangerous fumes!

Sold and installed by auto supply stores, car dealers and garages everywhere. Standard Francisco, guaranteed to deliver more heat than any other car heater—only $3 to $10 (extra for V-type motors). De Luxe outfits with quiet-operating electric blower unit at higher prices. If your dealer does not handle the genuine Francisco, write us

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.
Columbus, Ohio. . . *In Canada:* The Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ontario

The Francisco Car Heater

(Continued from Page 152)

the smiling and ingenious Florian that he was perpetually on a hunt for ways and means to avenge himself fully and publicly.

Opus Randall was more or less a lone wolf. Being large and fat—and an excellent comedian—he boasted a fine contract with Midnight as a leading man. But he considered that every hand was turned against him, and believed that the force which directed that concerted enmity was the brain of Florian Slappey.

Opus approached the stage cautiously. The doors worked noiselessly and he entered the cavernous recesses beyond and concealed himself behind a nearby set. One glimpse of the tableau conveyed considerable information. He saw the Brobdingnagian figure of Cornelius Fish dripping custard; he glimpsed Florian's delighted expression; and he recalled hearing that Cornelius had spilled Brunswick stew on Florian's finest and newest suit the previous night.

Mr. Randall suspected that he had stumbled upon a situation which might be utilized to his own advantage, and he was wary enough to keep his presence a secret. His vigilance was rewarded a few minutes later when lights and camera again commenced functioning and Florian resumed the heaving of pies into the face of the definitely uncomfortable Cornelius. Opus was quite sure that no man had ever before been subjected to such overwhelming brutality as Mr. Fish was now experiencing.

The big actor's fat frame trembled with indignation as he heard Florian order Cornelius to lie supine, and saw the big man do as bidden—whereupon Florian stood over him and slung custard pies into his upturned face with cruel abandon.

Eventually the ordeal was completed—but only when there were no more custard pies. Florian and his friends informed Cornelius that he had conducted himself with a fortitude which might augur well for a screen future. And then, at Mr. Slappey's suggestion, Cornelius started for home—on foot. He presented a miserable and bedraggled appearance.

Opus remained concealed. Following the departure of the misfortunate victim, Mr. Randall heard the ribald laughter and cruel remarks of the merrymakers. It appeared to be the consensus of opinion that Mr. Slappey was now more than adequately revenged for the stew-spilling episode of the previous night at Bud Peaglar's.

Opus tiptoed from the sound stage. He made his way to the modest boarding house on Avenue B which Cornelius called home. Mr. Fish himself answered the knock and conducted Opus to his room. Mr. Fish was pleased to see Mr. Randall. That a Midnight leading man should visit him at eleven at night no longer seemed amazing to the modest Mr. Fish. Already he was regarding himself as an actor, for he was quite sure that no human frame less mighty than his could withstand such a fusillade of custard pies. He felt that he had proved his receptivity beyond any shadow of doubt, and it never occurred to him to question the honesty of Florian's interest.

Opus surveyed the human wreck and hastened to explain. Mr. Randall spoke caustically and impressively. He informed Cornelius, in meticulous detail, just exactly what had happened to him. Mr. Fish heard the latter part of Opus' explanation sitting down. His legs no longer seemed able to support him. And when Opus had finished, the head of the other man moved protestingly from side to side.

"It ain't possible," he moaned.

"Which ain't?"

"That Florian and them fellers would do me such a dirty trick."

"Foolishment what you utter! It is possible 'cause they already has done such."

"Says you!"

"Yeh—says me! An' I can prove it."

"How?"

"Tomorrow mawnin' you go to the Midnight lot. Send my card which I give you heah th'oo to President Latimer, an' when you see him you ask about how yo' screen test came out. Right away you will find out that there never was no screen test an' that Brother Slappey just smeared you up thataway on account he wasn't man enough to take it out of you with his fists."

A menacing expression appeared beneath the coating of custard. Two hamlike hands clenched.

"If what you say is true, Opus, Ise gwine exterminate Mistuh Florian Slappey immedjitly an' completely."

"Good!" Opus rubbed his hands together gleefully. "An' when you finish doin' that, sock him an extra one fo' me."

Mr. Fish enjoyed little sleep that night. The following morning he presented himself at the front office of Midnight and inquired for President Latimer. Mr. Latimer's secretary informed him that the chief executive of Midnight was in story conference with Director Eddie Fizz and Author Forcep Swain and therefore could not be disturbed. Mr. Fish then asked her whether she had any information as to how his screen test had materialized, and she met his query with a look of utter blankness.

"I don't know anything about any screen test, Mistuh Fish."

"Ise speakin' of the one which was took of me on this lot las' night."

"We have no record in our office, and no orders were sent out. When did it happen?"

"'Bout ten o'clock. Florian Slappey directed it."

The girl's eyes twinkled. Not sensing the ordeal which Cornelius had undergone, she made a devastating comment:

"Mistuh Slappey must of been havin' some fun," she explained. "He ain't got nothin' to do with directin', nor neither screen tests."

Cornelius lurched from the office and staggered to the gate. Admittance was denied him, and he then requested that his name be carried to the dressing room of Opus Randall. With some reluctance the gateman complied, and a few minutes later the pudgy frame of Mr. Randall, arrayed in the grotesque habiliments of slapstick, appeared.

"Whoa is me!" wailed Cornelius to his fat friend. "Florian sho' done me wrong."

"I'll say he did," responded Opus. "An' ev'ybody on the lot is laughin' about it today. A'ready he is boastin' 'bout what happens to folks which spill Brunswick stew on his new clothes, an' all the fellers is talkin' 'bout how he made a monkey out of you."

"Yeh?" Cornelius' face was not pretty. "An' mighty soon they is gwine be discussin' how I made hash out of him."

"When is this happy event gwine occur?"

"Right away, if you can git me on the lot."

(Continued on Page 157)

Are your taxes buying the pipe that lasts a century?

WHAT kind of pipe are your taxes paying for . . . short-lived pipe that will soon have to be replaced at great cost and inconvenience, or cast iron pipe which serves a century?

Some part of your tax money, or of the bills you pay for water or gas, must go toward paying for underground pipe lines. How city funds are budgeted few citizens attempt to understand. But whether your city puts down pipe that will have to be paid for once, or several times over, is a question in which you can and should take an active interest. And, it has a simple and conclusive answer—the use of long-lived pipe.

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The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practical for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it.

You can identify cast iron pipe by the "Q-check" symbol stenciled on every length. It is your assurance that this pipe will never have to be paid for twice in your lifetime.

CAST IRON PIPE

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, detailed information regarding the advantages of using cast iron pipe for water, gas, sewers, culverts and industrial needs. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Cast Iron Pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the leading pipe founders listed at right.

Look for the "Q-check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trade mark of the Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

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"ON NIPPY DAYS IN CAROLINA —OR ANYWHERE ELSE—WHAT A JOYOUS DISH THIS IS!"

says Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company

"When mornings get nippy, as they must even in Carolina, and black Emma swings along the road, kitchenwards, and sees a glint of frost on the rail fences, then some lucky white family in 'Cah'lina' is going to get meat pie for dinner.

"And such a meat pie! Big, deep, steaming—with a flaky, brown crust crimped so becomingly on its circumference, and pierced twice in the center. What goodness is concealed in its depths! Meat or game—with the tenderest of vegetables—and the tiniest and daintiest of dumplings, and a rich, thick gravy over all!

"You serve it *invariably*, as black Emma's 'fambly' has found out, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. They are inseparables, these two. For the rich essence of plump, vine-ripened tomatoes that is Heinz Tomato Ketchup, adds its own delightful flavor, and awakens the full flavors of the pie."

CAROLINA MEAT PIE

1 pound shoulder of Veal (or rabbit, venison, etc.)
1 small slice of Ham • 1 tablespoonful butter or lard
2 carrots • 2 tablespoonfuls flour • 1 quart boiling water
½ cupful Heinz Tomato Ketchup • 2 onions • 4 potatoes
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut Ham finely—cut meat into pieces about one inch square. If using game, combinations of rabbit and game birds or venison and birds are best. Sprinkle meat generously with salt and pepper. In a pot, put a tablespoonful of fat and when hot add meat. Brown well, add chopped onions and cook a few minutes longer; add carrots cut in dice. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoonfuls flour, and when browned add the boiling water combined with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Simmer for one-half hour until meat is tender. Add potatoes cut in dice and cook until potatoes are tender and the stew rich and thick. Meanwhile prepare your favorite pie crust. Line a deep baking pan with this; pour in the cooked meat and vegetables. Cover with a top crust, embellish edge and pierce the center and bake until brown, in a hot oven. Or in place of using the pie crust, and baking with an under-crust, pour the meat mixture into a deep baking dish or casserole—place a biscuit dough over top and brown in the oven. Garnish with parsley. Serve, of course, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Few dishes are more delightful than this one.

ONE OF THE **57**

Enjoy these radio talks • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

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Opus cogitated. "Ise gwine let you in, Cornelius; but now ain't the right time to do it."

"How come not?"

"Wait till noon. Then when ev'ybody is hangin' aroun' the cafeteria you can smear him up. The bigger the audience, the mo' revenged you is. Ain't that the troof?"

"It ain't nothin' else."

The gate swung back and once again Mr. Fish was privileged to tread the sacred soil of the Midnight lot. He was conducted to Opus' dressing room and bidden to remain in seclusion until further notice.

Meanwhile, Mr. Slappey was busily engaged doing nothing. In his official capacity as manager for Excelsior Nix and Magnolius Ricketts, he was allowed the run of the lot. Most of the employes were friends, and now they were all looking at him with unconcealed admiration.

No use talking, Mr. Slappey was a wizzid! He had brains, that lad. The lot was intensely amused by the subtlety and completeness of Florian's revenge, and there was scarcely a person who permitted sympathy for Cornelius to dim his appreciation of Mr. Slappey's strategy. True, Welford Potts, who was himself a skinny little runt, expressed some trepidation.

"Sposin' that big feller finds out what happened to him, Florian—won't he most ruin you?"

"Fumaddidles! He ain't never gwine find out. An' why? 'Cause I esplained to him that it wasn't no sure thing nohow; an' when he don't git the job, I'll just tell him that there was some others which custard-pied better than he did."

At noon, when the two sound stages disgorged actors, directors, technicians, gripsmen, helpers and extras, an admiring throng gathered about Florian and escorted him triumphantly to the cafeteria. Mr. Slappey was tremendously pleased with himself. His colored brethren admired him today; they looked upon him as a slim and dusky Napoleon. He swung his Malacca cane, walked jauntily and talked boastfully.

And when he reached the cafeteria door something caused him to pause.

This something was a large and evil figure; a figure better than six feet tall and correspondingly broad.

One glance at the face of Mr. Cornelius Fish, and Florian knew that a monkey wrench had destroyed the smoothness of his machinery. Cornelius radiated hostility. Mr. Slappey's friends dropped back, leaving Messrs. Fish and Slappey staring at each other.

Florian's poise deserted him. He started to explain and then experienced the horrid realization that nothing he might say would be of the slightest benefit. He wanted to run, but there was no place to which he could travel. Even the great iron gate at the exit was locked, and before he could pass through it, he knew that Cornelius would have him. Therefore he stood his ground, terrified. He didn't know just what was going to happen, but he knew full well that it would be awful.

For a few seconds the dramatic tableau held. Mr. Slappey's glassy eyes discerned the grinning face of Opus Randall in the background, and instinct informed him that Mr. Randall was not entirely without advance information concerning the impending shambles.

Then Doom descended. Five powerful Fish fingers were wrapped around the puny arm of Mr. Florian Slappey; a deep voice boomed in his ear, and Mr. Fish struck. He struck with one open hand, and he struck Florian squarely in the face. Then he struck several more times—swiftly and furiously, so that the blows resounded and Florian's head seemed about to bounce from his neck. Had Cornelius walloped Florian with a clenched fist, Mr. Slappey would have passed swiftly and completely from the picture. But since he was merely being slapped, he retained consciousness. For every custard pie there was a slap, and then several more for lagniappe.

Florian's head was ringing, and the assembled throng, so lately eager to applaud Florian, were now laughing derisively. Mr. Slappey felt that his dignity was gone forever. He was plumbing the nethermost depths of degradation. But the end was not yet. When Cornelius had reduced Florian to a quivering wreck, he seated himself on a handy chair and pulled the erstwhile debonair Mr. Slappey across his lap. Then he proceeded to administer a thorough, impressive and old-fashioned spanking. That finished, he flung Florian from him. He then rose with amazing dignity and dusted his hands. He made a single impressive remark:

"The time I spilt the stew, Florian, was an accident. But I done this on purpose."

He walked away, leaving a crushed and whimpering Florian; a man whose whole philosophy had been shattered. Things would have been bad enough had Cornelius punched him as one man punches another. But no ——

Florian raised himself from the ground. He gazed at the sea of grinning faces—the faces of those who a few minutes before had been acclaiming him so enthusiastically. He stared after the swaying shoulders of his departing Nemesis. And then he raised his right hand and swore a mighty oath.

"The end ain't come yet!" he vowed. "No man can do Florian Slappey thataway an' laugh about it." He swung viciously on the assembled crowd. "You watch!" he ordered.

And out of that crowd came the sneery voice of Opus Randall.

"We just been watching, Florian," observed Mr. Randall. "It was a swell show."

Florian Slappey staggered from the lot, taxied to Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house and immersed himself in solitude. He wished to be alone, to wallow in his own abject misery; he despised the thought of human companionship; he speculated upon the fickleness of human friends—and then he commenced to scheme vengeance.

The thing was no longer a joke. It did not occur to him that it had ceased to be a joke—so far as Cornelius was concerned, at any rate—when the big man was absorbing custard pies the night before. All Florian could see was that a terrific indignity had been put upon him, and that he must obtain a public revenge if he was ever to hold his head high again in the colored community.

During the afternoon he plumbed depths of despair theretofore unsuspected. He drove his brain to work and evolved a thousand schemes ranging from light insult to complete manslaughter. But not until late that night—after having dispatched a messenger to a nearby barbecue stand for a few sandwiches—did the first symptom of an idea come to him.

It was an idea, however, and Mr. Slappey turned it over in his mind with gusto. At eleven o'clock he presented himself at the Cozy Home Hotel and entered the room of Exotic Hines, head cameraman for Midnight. Mr. Hines was properly embarrassed. One does not quite know how to address a gentleman whom one has last seen across the knees of another gentleman. But Florian did not stoop to evasion. He explained to Exotic that he sought plenty of revenge and demanded to know whether the custard-pie scene of the previous night actually had been shot. Exotic stated that it had, and, at Florian's insistence, agreed to have a complete film made of the whole proceedings, provided Mr. Slappey would bear the expense burden. To this Florian readily agreed, considering the money trifling as against his shattered pride.

The next day Florian called upon his friend Jasper De Void, and through him made arrangements for the showing of one reel of comedy film at Mr. De Void's Castle Theater that night. Mr. Slappey insisted that the final impression was of paramount importance. Jasper understood the situation and was only too glad to assist his friend.

That day seven hundred feet of film were run through the laboratory and delivered to Florian by Exotic Hines, and immediately Mr. Slappey commenced circulating through Darktown. He was greeted on all sides with overt grins and unkind sneers, but he merely smiled.

"You-all has heard tell what Cornelius Fish done to me," he admitted, "but you ain't seen what I done to him. Come to the last show at the Castle Theater tonight an' take a look fo' yo'se'f."

Word of Florian's activities was bruited through the city. Excitement was at fever heat, for Darktown desired to know every detail of the ignominy which had been heaped upon Mr. Slappey. They understood vaguely that Florian had photographed some particular indignity which had been visited upon Mr. Fish, and that this was to be publicly displayed that night. Sheer curiosity did the rest, and long before the final show at the Castle a long line was clamoring to buy tickets.

Cornelius himself was there, though somewhat uncertainly. Florian Slappey was inside with a group of his friends. In addition to those particular intimates, several other movie officials were in attendance, in as much as a new Midnight comedy was being previewed.

The feature picture ended in a clatter of horse hoofs. The Midnight comedy unrolled through two reels of delirious laughter. And then the theater flashed upon the screen an announcement that a special added attraction was being offered, and suggesting that patrons remain in their seats.

Immediately there flashed upon the screen a close-up of Mr. Cornelius Fish seated calmly on a chair. The assembled spectators saw Mr. Florian Slappey shed his coat, lift a large custard pie from the table, command the attention of Mr. Fish, and then sock Mr. Fish square in the face with that pie. A loud and enthusiastic guffaw answered the impact of pie on face, and that laughter was followed by a hearty chuckle at Cornelius' agonized expression as he dug at various portions of his physiognomy, only to be greeted by the impact of another large pie.

Thereafter for almost ten minutes the multitude was treated to a spectacle of Mr. Fish acting as target for an earnest and relentless Mr. Slappey. The house roared and rocked with laughter. This drama, having a significance of its own, and involving two persons of prominence in Darktown,

(Continued on Page 159)

FOSS-SET *Makes This Test Possible*

BRISTLES never loosen in the vise-like grip of Foss-Set! Powerful paint solvents cannot harm it! That's why Foss-Set is the perfect bristle holding compound. The only Foss-Set brush is a Wooster Brush. Use it in anything .... *the bristles can't come out!*

FOSS-SET GUARANTEED USE IN ANYTHING

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TEST A WOOSTER

See what a really good brush will do. Try a Wooster Test Brush—No. 44 pacesetter Sheen (2½" wide). Ask your dealer or send one dollar and we will forward one direct.

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The SUB-DEB

MORE than a hundred thousand girls from ten to eighteen write every year to the friendly editor of their page in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL » » » » » » » » »

"It is to your department that I turn first on getting the JOURNAL each month. It is full of interesting suggestions." » » » » » » » » » » » »

"Each month I anxiously wait for the mail man to bring the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to our home. I have saved the Sub-Deb pages for a year and eight months." » » » »

"Your splendid Sub-Deb page has the greatest fascination for me, although I am a college senior and somewhat older than the girls for whom it is intended." » » » » » »

"Seems to me I can't plan a party without consulting your articles, and always before buying clothes I look over your page for suggestions." » » » » » » » » » » » » »

"I think your Sub-Deb page is a keen idea, and the bigger it gets the better I'll like it." » » » »

From forty-eight states, from Canada and England and Australia, the letters pour in. From girls who like parties and new frocks and outdoor sports. From girls who sit in family councils to decide what car or what radio to buy. From girls who are learning to cook and to sew and to run vacuum sweepers. From girls who will be earning their own money soon—or will be homemakers on their very own. » » » » » » » » » » » » » » »

Starting with their own Sub-Deb page, their interest broadens rapidly to the fiction, the fashions, the travel articles, the homemaking department, the advertisements. » » » » » » » » » » » » » » »

Right now they are becoming friends for life of the JOURNAL. » » »

LEADING WOMEN EVERYWHERE READ

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 157)

was a rare and rich treat which was keenly appreciated. Florian was more than satisfied. The assault upon him had been perpetrated before a small audience. His successful attack upon Mr. Fish was being viewed by no less than four hundred hilarious persons.

It was glorious. Cornelius was convulsively funny, particularly in the last sequence where he lay upon the floor and a triumphant Florian stood over him hurling gooey pies into a dripping countenance.

Mr. Slappey gave ear to the laughter and realized that he had revenged himself adequately. No matter now what the public may have heard concerning his own suffering, it had seen and heard for itself what had occurred to Mr. Fish.

In the one reel of film Florian was magnificent and Cornelius utterly humiliated. He was so humiliated, in fact, that long before the conclusion of the film, Mr Fish departed from the house. Cornelius had seen more than enough, and he had heard far too much laughter.

As a matter of fact, Cornelius was considerably dazed. Events had occurred entirely too swiftly and conclusively for his slow intelligence But as he stood at the curb and gave ear to the gibes of a half dozen urchins who had got wind of what was happening inside, Cornelius was obsessed by a great ambition to separate Florian from his earthly existence.

It seemed to him that here was a feud which could only be ended one way—and that was by the extermination of Mr. Slappey. Florian was a snakelike enemy; Opus Randall a true friend. Yet Opus' interest had reacted against Cornelius.

Even now he didn't know whether to be grateful to the fat actor or resentful of his intrusion. He figured that Opus could have left matters where they stood and the affair would never have become public property. Now everyone was familiar with the details of his own discomfiture. Mr. Fish sensed that the scales balanced much in favor of Mr. Slappey.

He was mad clear through, and he waited outside the Castle Theater, listening reluctantly to the hilarity and determining that he would commit mayhem on Mr. Slappey the minute he appeared.

Eventually the show ended, and the audience started streaming from the theater, sides aching from the after effects of too enthusiastic laughter. Someone saw Cornelius and his thundercloud expression. Immediately the crowd halted, for it knew that the inevitable meeting between Florian Slappey and Mr. Fish was certain to be fraught with drama.

Florian then emerged from the theater in the center of a joyous group of friends. Mr. Slappey was riding high, wide and handsome. His triumph had been complete and absolute. He laughed loudly and heartily—and then his eye fell upon the scowling visage of his *bête noire*.

Mr. Slappey curled up inside. So this, then, was not the end of the feud! He knew without asking that he was about to happen to a terrible accident. His group of friends dissolved at sight of Mr. Fish, and Florian closed his eyes in unhappy anticipation of the first wallop.

This, he knew, would be no mere face slapping Already he could feel the bone-crushing impact of Cornelius' fist on his face. He could see himself mangled beyond recognition by the wrathful man Mr. Slappey's victory had been gorgeous—but all too brief.

Cornelius started forward, his eyes flashing fire. But just before he reached his quivering victim, someone intervened. Orifice R. Latimer, president of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., grabbed the mighty arm of the vengeful Cornelius.

"Just a minute, Mistuh Fish—I crave to make talk with you."

Cornelius attempted to shake off the importunate executive, but Orifice merely clung the tighter.

"You was marvelious," President Latimer was saying with enormous enthusiasm. "I never seen nothin' funnier than you in my whole life, and right away I decided I was gwine sign you to a contrack to act fo' Midnight."

Mr. Fish was utterly bewildered. Latimer's words failed to make the slightest impression. He knew that something unexpected was occurring, but he didn't understand what it was.

On the other hand, the brain of Florian Slappey was working with lightninglike speed. Contract! Midnight! He heard Latimer repeat his offer to sign Cornelius to a movie contract.

Florian needed no further hint. By nature an opportunist, he now attained new heights of grandeur. Using his most superior manner, he stepped calmly forward and insinuated himself between President Latimer and Cornelius Fish.

"Just a minute," he announced quietly. "I is Brother Fish's manager, an' I has got a writin' to prove it. Any negotiatin' which is to be done has got to be pufformed th'oo me."

Thereupon the suave and efficient Mr. Slappey assumed complete charge of the astounding situation. Conducting himself as though this development was the most natural thing in the world, he accompanied President Latimer and Cornelius Fish to the offices of Lawyer Evans Chew in the Penny Prudential Bank Building. And while Florian dickered with the eminent attorney over contractual details, Cornelius Fish slouched in a corner and stared at the dapper little man with wide-eyed wonder.

The contract was drawn and signed, and President Latimer congratulated Mr. Fish on having attained a position with Midnight where he was to rank as chief custard-pie receiver for at least six months at a salary of twenty-five dollars per week. Then Florian linked his arm in that of his protégé and conducted him into the night.

The brain of Mr. Fish had long since ceased to function. He was acting now entirely by instinct. Under a corner arc, Florian faced him reprovingly.

"I was disappointed in you, Brother Fish," he observed sadly. "There wasn't no call fo' you to slap me like you done the other day."

Cornelius was near to tears. "Ise heartbroke about that, Florian—but I thought you was just havin' fun with me. Tha's what Opus Randall said."

"So!" exclaimed Mr. Slappey righteously. "You would believe a snake in the trees like him instead of yo' friend an' manager! Ise ashamed of you, Cornelius—ashamed an' mis'able. An' on'y that I love you like a brother I never would of arranged this public showin' of yo' pitcher tonight, an' invited Orifice Latimer down there."

"Y-y-you did that?"

"Of co'se I did. I knowed the minute he seen how good an actor you was, he would sign you up. Brother, you has hurt me extensive, but I still feel affection. Is you willin' to let bygones be bygones?"

"I is." Cornelius was almost weeping. Then his face hardened. "All exceptin' one bygone," he said grimly

"What's that?"

"Opus Randall done me dirt," he snarled. "He tried to turn me against you, Brother Slappey. An' I ain't gwine rest happy until I has walloped him good and plenty."

A beatific expression appeared upon the Slappeyan countenance. He grabbed Cornelius by the arm.

"Come with me, big boy," exclaimed Florian happily. "Ise gwine conduct you right now to where Opus Randall lives."

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4 cups Occident Flour (sifted)

¼ cup water	2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup orange juice	1 teaspoon salt
Grated rind 2 oranges	1 egg yolk beaten light
2 tablespoons melted shortening	1 cake compressed yeast

Add dissolved yeast, sugar and salt to lukewarm liquid. Add one-half the flour and beat thoroughly. Add melted shortening and remainder of the flour gradually.

Knead until dough is smooth and elastic, cover, and put in warm place to rise, until double in bulk. Mold in loaf, place in greased pan. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

1½ cups Occident Flour (sifted)

½ cup butter	1 cup milk
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon soda
2 eggs	1¼ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 teaspoon vanilla
	2 squares chocolate

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, add egg yolks, beat well, add vanilla. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Fold in egg whites. Bake at 350° F.

ALMOND TORTE

½ cup Occident Flour (sifted)

¼ cup butter	2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup sugar	¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk	1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg yolks	

MERINGUE

4 egg whites ¾ cup sugar ¾ cup almonds

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Add well-beaten yolks. Add baking powder and salt to flour and sift. Add milk and flour alternately to mixture. Add flavoring. Place in well greased pans. Cover dough with egg whites which have been beaten stiff and to which has been added the ¾ cup sugar. Sprinkle with shredded almonds. Bake at 350° F. for 45 minutes.

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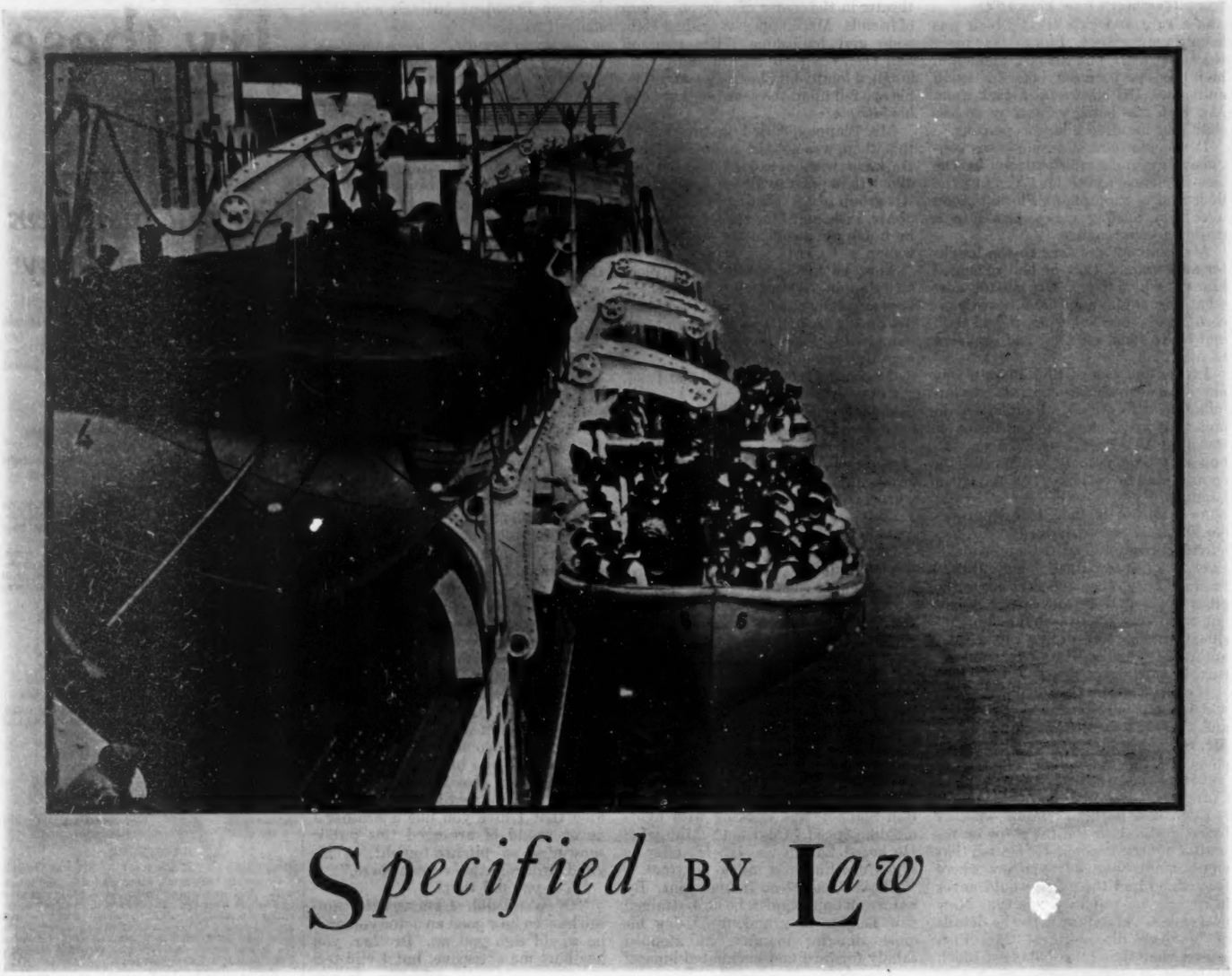

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No SHIP MAY LEAVE its port without lifeboats to care for its passenger capacity. Milk may not be marketed without first being subjected to the strictest sanitary tests. Factories may not operate unless fully meeting all Fire Bureau specifications. In these and numerous other fields of activity, at the sacrifice of productive space and at great expense of installation and maintenance, business must provide safety for those it serves and those it employs.

In such ways does the law recognize the responsibility of public servants. Even though the need for safety devices may never arise, the lives and property of citizens must be protected. But the individual is a law unto himself, an entity, free to guard or leave defenseless himself and his possessions. Only the laws of reason and foresight dictate complete protection of one's home, business, health, earning capacity and life.

With this end in view, our common sense and logic have banded us together into the greatest protective institution of modern times. Through insurance, at any time of need, we may rely upon the support of the united strength of many. Fire may raze our home, drought ruin our crops, accident or disease cut off our earning power without a moment's notice. Train wreck or marine disaster may destroy the most valuable shipment of merchandise. But through insurance all our life values and our property values may be maintained in face of every danger through an assured indemnification of loss.

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THE COVERED STAIRS

(Continued from Page 21)

"Aw, me eye! Who's afraid of a kraut? They run if yuh look at 'em. All the newspapers is agreed on it."

"Who should know better than them?" scoffed Wally. "Counted your blankets yet? Don't give four away just because we get four stretchers shoved in the back. These days more'n half the cases don't have blankets on 'em."

"Forget the blankets!" pleaded Rooge. "I'm tryin' to get you a trip to Paris. Listen, we'll go at it simple! M means money, an' P means Paris."

"Yeh, an' M. P. means trouble!"

"Will yuh listen to me?" demanded Rooge again.

"I won't listen to no such plan as goin' up an' tanglin' legs with the whole German army, no! I'd rather stay to home! I have enough sad experiences with them Jerries throwin' freight cars at me while I go up an' down the roads, without goin' right into their house and sayin' 'hello' to 'em. If I get my carburetor drained, it'll be in line o' duty an' not pirouettin' round the scenery with no bunch o' doughboys."

"Now, yuh all through? Yuh said all that? Got it off your chest? Now, will yuh listen?"

"What?" invited Wally, leaning from his seat.

"We don't go pirouettin'!" said Rooge firmly. "We don't say 'hello' to no boche! We don't get our carburetors drained nor our tubes punctured! Think I want them barbarians to make a holiday outta me? Not much!"

"Hey!" said a gruff voice from the darkness. "You'll have the gas signal blowin' if you two don't lay off the debate!"

"That you, Hump?" cried Rooge. "Listen, MacNally. Is it straight what I hear that every prisoner a man takes, the looey gives him a hundred francs?"

"Well, so he said just before we come up! Whether he means it or not, I can't say."

"MacNally," went on Rooge, "what would you say if me and Wally was to borrow your stretcher and just take a little stroll with it behind this here Knights of Democracy parade?"

"Huh? You'll take my stretcher and do what with it?"

"We'll go over the top with it."

"Oh, you will," said MacNally slowly. "An' what do I get out of it?"

"What do you get out of it?" cried Rooge hotly. "Why, a night of rest, yuh hammerhead! Five or six hours' shut-eye while we're luggin' your wounded for you!"

"An' collectin' a hundred francs for every Jerry," said MacNally slowly, emphasizing every word. "Nah. I thought of it first."

"We'll give yuh ten francs on every one we take," said Rooge.

"My eye!" replied MacNally. "There'll be wounded Jerries, an' unwounded too, that won't ask nothin' better than to climb on a stretcher an' get a free ride out. A hundred francs apiece! Why, you'll make more money in a night than the looey does in a month."

"We'll give yuh fifty francs for the stretcher," said Rooge desperately.

"Got it with yuh?"

"No, but I'll give it to you pay day."

"Not to me, you won't," sneered MacNally. "Fifty-fifty or I carry my own stretcher! I got a big bohunk workin' with me tonight's gonna carry the heavy end."

"T' hell with yuh!" said Wally, who up to this point had remained silent. "Shove your stretcher up your nose. I hope it smothers you."

"All the Jerries you'll capture ——" began Rooge, but a sudden step crunched the dirt of the road, followed by a thud and a gasp of anger or surprise from Rooge.

"Condemn your ignorant, simple-minded soul!" said a voice, trembling with rage. "Didn't I tell you to be quiet? You can hear you all over the sector! Blah! Blah! Blah! Why don't you shin up a tree with a megaphone and announce that these woods are full of men? Will you shut up, or do you want me to wrap your neck into a half hitch and stop your jaw that way? You, stretcher bearer! What are you doing here? Get back where you belong!"

There was a long period of silence after MacNally had gone hastily away and the mysterious visitor of the vigorous language had followed him. Wally spoke softly.

"Whyn't yuh consult with me, senseless?" he demanded. "Whaddyuh want a stretcher for?"

"So we can go along with the doughs. Gee, you can't wander around with a raidin' party without some excuse. But if you got a stretcher over your shoulder, that's enough. Everyone knows what you're doin' an' no questions asked."

"Well, why monkey with a premature burst like MacNally? Ain't we got a rack of stretchers on this ambulance?"

"Yes, but we'd kind of take MacNally's place in the line-up ——"

"Line-up hell!" scoffed Wally. "It's night, ain't it? One stretcher crew more or less, who knows? Who cares either? Them lads got lots o' things on their minds besides how many stretcher bearers they see round 'em."

"Are yuh with me, Wally—are yuh with me? I thought you wasn't fussy about gettin' to know Hans an' Fritz better."

"I wasn't," said Wally, "but if that gold-brick MacNally is so confident about this get-rich-quick scheme that he won't let no one go over the top in his place, why, then it's somethin' to look into. Gee, if he could take a kraut prisoner, you an' me should bring back the Kaiser!"

Rooge made no reply, being already occupied in unstrapping a stretcher from the side of the ambulance.

"Take an old one, Rooge," advised Wally, getting down to help, "'cause this is just our admission ticket. We're gonna throw it away the minute we get off. Don't figure I'm really gonna lug wounded on it. I ain't paid to lug 'em; I'm paid to drive 'em."

"We ain't gonna throw it away in such a hurry as that neither," whispered Rooge. "You notice when that looey bawled us out for talkin', there was a kind of thump? He give me a kick like to jerked my back teeth loose. He could be court-martialed for kickin' an enlisted man."

"You couldn't hang it on him," advised Wally judiciously. "It was dark an' the witnesses couldn't see it."

"Yeh, well, the witnesses won't be able to see it when I wrap this stretcher round his neck neither."

Fifteen minutes later Wally and Rooge lay on their stomachs behind a row of silent men. The raiding party lay at the edge of the woods, waiting, as the two had learned from mutters about them, for the signal for the advance, which was to be the falling of the box barrage on the enemy lines. Paths through their own wire had been opened directly after dark, and it appeared that there was nothing in front of them, the ground being commanded by trenches on higher ground in the rear, until they arrived at the German positions. Other than that, nobody knew anything. The officers had planned it, and it was hoped they had known what they were doing, otherwise the result would be awful. As the moment for the assault drew nearer, a sort of dreadful silence fell, broken only by the growl of a gun away off toward Lunéville somewhere. Men coughed nervously from time to time.

"Man," exclaimed Rooge, "you'd think you was in a theater! Why, I can hear people coughing way out clear to the main entrance. How many guys are in on this party anyway?"

"Gee, there must be nearly two hundred," whispered a man beside him.

"Nearly two hundred. And every one after a prisoner. Hear that, Wally? Well, there's gonna be some disappointments."

"It's only this provisional A platoon that gets a hundred francs a prisoner, ain't it?" asked Wally.

"Yuh," replied the other man, "but all the other platoons are wise to it. How's a guy goin' to know in the dark what platoon a man belongs to? They'll all be tryin' to collect."

"Wow," husked Rooge, "this is gonna be good."

"Scared?" whispered Wally. "Wanna back out? Yuh don't have to go, yuh know. I'll go alone."

"H'm. So you won't have to split with me if yuh capture any krauts. No, thanks. I'll go along too."

Bong! went a lone gun behind them. They heard the shell sigh overhead and fall in the enemy lines with a crash of tinware.

Then, as everyone held his breath, the storm descended with the suddenness of summer rain. The thunder, however, was the roll of the barrage, and the lightning the flash of bursting shells. Whistles piped faintly, men shouted; then, like some gigantic beast, the raiding party heaved itself to its feet and surged down the slope beyond the woods.

Wally and Rooge, clutching the folded stretcher between them, followed. The moonlight beyond the woods was brilliant, but clouds of smoke were already sweeping across the ground.

It was uncanny how little could be distinguished. Shadows ran and rippled, flowed together and separated again. What seemed to be men suddenly turned into wire posts, leaning all crazily; then, as by magic, all was gone and there was nothing there at all. Beyond, but more and more plainly seen as the raiders advanced, the flames of the barrage—red, green and blue white—burned at the base of the smoke, like brush fires.

"He's mine! I got him!"

"Yuh did not! I had hold of his arm before yuh ever jumped down the hole!"

The line of advancing men wavered; there was an eddy in the advance, as when a tide swirls about a rock.

"What's this?" exclaimed Rooge.

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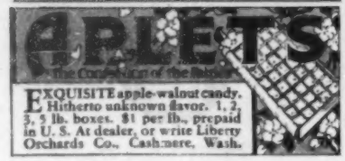
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"They caught a Jerry! I can see his helmet!"

They could hear the jabber of arguing voices:

"Listenin' post—there was two of 'em—yeh, I seen the other run—couldn't shoot at him—might hit one of our guys."

"I tell yuh Tom captured this one. Couldn't I see? Wasn't I right here beside him?"

"The hell you was! Why, I seen you come runnin' up myself!"

"Well, listen!" barked one of the claimants. "I'll settle this argument!" His hand went to his automatic, but ten men hurled themselves upon him.

"Lay off!" cried the claimant. "I ain't gonna shoot Tommy, only the kraut! If I can't have him, no one can!"

"No! No! You'd drill the slug clean through him! There's too many of our guys around! No shootin'!"

"You men! What are you doing here? Get forward; you're holding up the advance!"

Wally and Rooge, hastily shouldering the stretcher, started to move off as another man tried to explain to the irate officer, but an excited voice cut him short:

"Lieutenant, I got a prisoner! Lookit, lieutenant! Why ——"

There was a movement of consternation; some men hurriedly moved off in the direction of the enemy, others seemed to search the ground. The first speaker's voice took on a note of anguish:

"Why, he was here! Where is he?"

"Get forward!" ordered the officer again. "Never mind him now! You skulkers! You're yellow!"

"No, sir! No, sir!" protested several. "There was a prisoner here! He excaped! He must have excaped while we was—while we was tryin' to find the other one was with him!"

"Carry on!" shouted the lieutenant. He shoved two or three of the men bodily forward. Wally and Rooge waited no more, but hurriedly trotted after the first wave of raiders.

"Who got that Jerry? Did you see?" demanded Rooge.

"I think he got away while the big wrastle was on! That lad was going to bump him off! If he couldn't capture him, no one could! 'Magine that! Yeh! So the Jerry hits the ground a couple o' times an' is halfway to Berlin by now!"

"Naw," objected Rooge. "Some guys grabbed that lad's gun, and some more grabbed the Jerry. I seen 'em. He ain't in Berlin; he's back in our woods by now! They ain't gonna allow no hundred francs to be ruined that way!"

A machine gun buzzed into action like an angry rattlesnake.

"Whoop! Careful, Rooge! Now the fun begins! Keep your eye on our guys, for John's sake! Don't let's get separated in all this smoke an' magoozulum!"

"'S all right! Here's a trench! Our guys are in it too! I c'n hear 'em cursin'!"

Beneath them, black in the moonlight, like a narrow stream of unknown depth, a trench slid away into the smoke. They jumped down, cursing the unwieldy stretcher that thumped their heads.

"Well," said Rooge, "this is far enough. If any Germans come down this trench, we'll capture 'em. If they don't, why, that'll be all right with me too."

"You said it!" agreed Wally. They listened for a few panting minutes to the crash of grenades and the roll of the barrage, now tumbling and thundering away up the hill like a great waterfall. Men suddenly erupted into the trench with breathtaking clamor.

"Get forward!" they shouted. "Gwan! There's nobody in the trench! Come on! Get goin'!"

"There's a machine gun ——" protested Wally.

"There ain't no machine gun! Come on! Shove up! This is just a communication trench! Come on, trot; the boche'll be in Denmark!"

They shoved Wally and Rooge ahead of them along the winding trench, onward and upward toward where the barrage roared. An enemy shell fell close at hand, the smoke from its bursting ghostly in the moonlight.

"Hey!" cried Rooge. "Ow! What hit me then?"

"I hit yuh, yuh flathead!" replied Wally. "Looka what yuh got us into now!"

It was impossible to hold back, for the trench was narrow and the hurrying, panting men behind shoved the two stretcher bearers before them. Ahead of them there was only a strange murmuring, a chorus of sounds deadened by the rumble of the barrage. They erupted suddenly into a fire trench, wide, revetted with planks, and with a well-boarded floor and fire step. Shadows swirled and tossed here, and language was from the heart. There was a shelter built from one wall of the trench to the other that bulged with men. They would not believe that the place was empty, that the tumbled blankets and overturned bunks did not conceal a German.

"Any Jerries here? Any Jerries?" cried the men behind Wally and Rooge.

"Naw!" replied someone. "The place was empty! Only a sentry! He's gone back a'ready, with fifteen or twenty clawin' an' cursin' an' claimin' each one took him! The lieutenant's crazy! The raid's gummed a'ready!"

"'Tain't neither!" cried someone else. "They never have no one in the fire trench at night! They all go back to the third line!"

Whistles shrilled from somewhere on the left.

"What did I tell yuh?" went on the same voice. "They're goin' in farther! Come on, let's go!"

The crowd of men surged forward, fitted itself into a narrow communication trench like a mass of quicksilver, and hurried along it, rebounding from the traverses, falling down, getting up again, the faint cheeping of the whistles guiding them.

"Hurry!" panted the men. "Them guys'll grab 'em all before we get there!"

"Rooge!" panted Wally. "Duck into a machine-gun bay or somethin' an' let these nitwits go by! Yuh realize we're runnin' toward Germany all this time?"

"Naw! I come this far, I'm gonna have me a kraut before I go back! They're worth a hundred francs on the hoof! . . . Ow! Hey! You're clubbin' me with the end o' that stretcher! Lay off! Ow!"

"I'm tryin' to beat a little sense into yuh, yuh poor mistake!"

Suddenly the trench came to an end. Those ahead could not move and those behind perforce came to a cursing halt.

"Move up!" they cried. "Leave us spread out! If they start shellin', we're marmalade!"

"There's no place to go! There's a stairway here!"

"It's a dugout! Ask 'em out!"

"It ain't a dugout! It goes up! You can see the stars at the top!"

"Well, go up it!"

The mass moved forward again. The leaders had gone up the stairway.

It was a huge tunnel-like thing, four men wide, and, as the man had said, at the top, as up a chimney, they could see the stars, with streamers of smoke from the barrage drifting across them. At the top of each short flight of stairs was a broad landing, with transverse galleries running off. Down these could be heard whistles and men urging one another on in good old Yankee language. Just once Wally could hear another voice that by its accent must be an officer's, but by its language might be a longshoreman's or a mule skinner's.

"Rooge!" cried Wally, tugging his end of the stretcher. "Rooge! Come on! Don't yuh hear what that looey's tryin' to do? He's tryin' to get 'em out of here! Come on! To the rear, march! Want the Jerries to stew yuh up for soup grease? There! Listen to that!"

There was the bark of a pistol, many times redoubled, in the closeness of the galleries. Followed a deep shout, then the ear-splitting crack of a grenade. Wally jerked violently at the stretcher; there was no resistance at the other end, and he went over backward down the stairs, bearing with him four or five unwitting doughboys that had been behind him. They landed in a sulphurous heap, but the pounding of a riveter drowned their protests. The clamor submerged every other sound. A machine gun was firing from above.

The surviving officers still tried to control their men. These stairways had not been foreseen. The sector, carefully studied by map and airplane photograph, had revealed an arm of trench that swept out around the base of the hill, protected by a thick belt of wire that did not, however, continue around the blind end of the trench. Wire there was not necessary, since approach to that trench was across a tiny valley commanded by the slope above. The entrance to the trenches on the slope and that to the trench at the foot of the hill were plainly visible on the photographs. The box barrage, laid down on these entrances, would prevent the arrival of reënforcements. The Americans, dashing across the narrow valley, could swing around the end of the wire, submerge the feeble garrison that would be left in the fire trench at night, and return to their own lines in safety.

But the fire trench was not so unprotected as it appeared. A million men passing through that sector in four years had each contributed his bit to build these covered stairs, to cover them with sod, to shore them within with strong timbers, to build transverse galleries connecting them, and to dig dugouts, telephone stations and first-aid posts off the galleries. There was no sign of these stairs on the photographs, and the French, whom the Americans had relieved in that sector, had, assuming that they knew of them, forgotten to mention them.

The German garrison, aroused by the firing and the pounding of the alarm signals, hurried to descend to the positions in the ravine by way of the stairs. They were justly astonished to meet the Americans coming up. There was no arguing over prisoners then. There were Germans enough there to satisfy the most ambitious—two, three, four to the man. All they had to do was to capture them. But these Germans were not in the same mood as the first ones encountered in the listening posts. The fighting was bitter. The din was as near

(Continued on Page 165)

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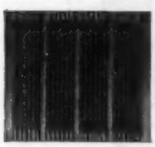

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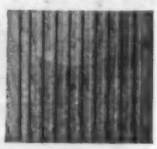

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In the Willard wood-insulated battery the insulation is of selected Port Orford cedar, chemically treated and dark-room inspected. This battery has the same full capacity plates, the same standard Willard battery design — the same scrupulous care in manufacture.

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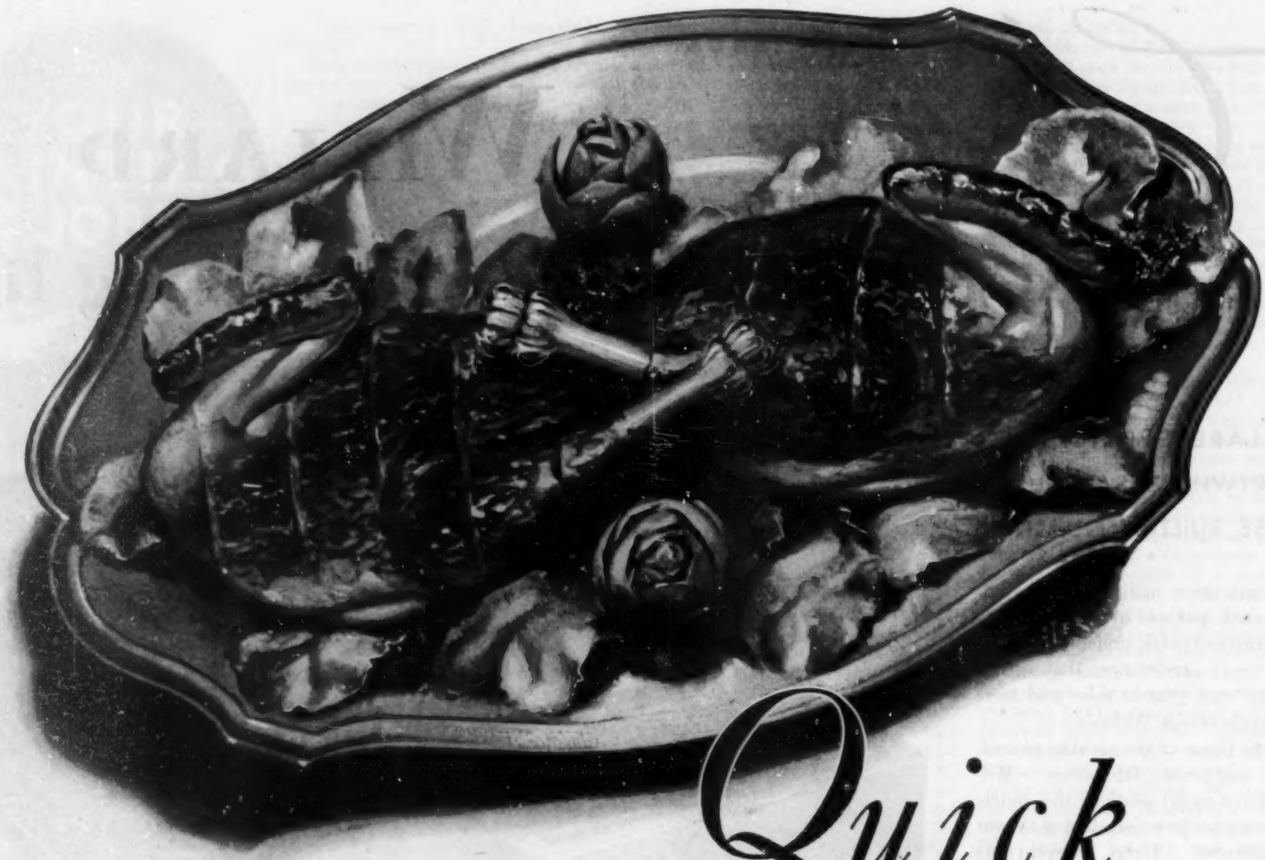

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HORMEL★ Flavor Sealed CHICKEN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 162)

to hell on earth as mortal ear had ever heard.

Wally had flattened himself against the wall at the sound of the machine gun, but there had been no wall there, and, rolling, he had discovered himself in a narrow passage, one of the transverse galleries. He stood up here, feeling that he was safe, but the machine gun had ceased. A blast of rifle fire from the Americans had destroyed its crew.

"Rooge!" shouted Wally. "Rooge!" He could not hear his own voice. He peered fearfully from the end of the gallery. Flash! Flash! Flash! went pistol and rifle, but he could hear no sound. A dull red glow lighted for an instant all the stairway. A grenade. Wally ducked. When he looked again, the Americans were several stairs lower down, and he could not go out, for he would be between two fires.

He turned and began to feel his way along the gallery, hoping that it would come to another stair, down which he might escape. Where was that dumbbell Rooge? Had he fallen back with the Americans, or had he, too, got into one of the galleries?

"Ah, the hammerhead," muttered Wally. "If I get my hands on him he'll wish the krauts had got him first."

Then followed a wandering in those frightful alleyways that was like a nightmare. Lights glowed at times, far down below him, and looking down he could see deep holes, whence fearful faces peeped at him. Then he was past, and saw them no more. He collided once, full tilt, with a man in a shirt, and by the acrid, unclean smell, he knew it was an enemy. But the other, grunting, ran away, and Wally did not follow him. He fell down a flight of steps and felt a door opening against his back that closed again swiftly as he tried to open it. Farther, he heard men calling in German. He found, in feeling his way, a rack of rifles, with one of which he armed himself, only to throw it away a minute later because it hindered him. He panted from exertion and excitement, he coughed from the bite of powder fumes. A second time he collided with someone—a group this time—that blocked the way. This group dissolved instantly, there was a muffled shot, and they had fled, leaving a man on the ground for Wally's flying feet to trip over. Then, suddenly, he was in the open air, beneath the stars, in drifting smoke and among Americans. There were five or six, their round helmets outlined against the moon-pierced smoke, hurriedly stuffing their pockets with ammunition from belts they had taken from the wounded or dead.

"Hey!" gasped Wally. "Friend! I'm a stretcher bearer! Where's our gang?"

"Dunno!" said two or three, with the quick comradeship of those who stand together in the shadow of death. "Got any ammo, buddy?"

"No, nor no gun neither," said Wally sadly. "I'm a stretcher bearer, that is—hot dog, my ambulance!"

"Your ambulance?"

"I'm an ambulance driver! There'll be wounded bein' loaded an' I won't be there to drive! Oh, boy, what they won't do to me!"

"Well, I wouldn't worry about that right now," said another. "Your captain won't be able to bawl you out right off."

"Yuh know," began another, who stood on the fire step looking over the parapet, "I think we can make it. There's our lines where the rockets keep comin' up. There's men goin' back; I can see their helmets. Well, whaddyuh say? Who'll try it with me?"

"We're all with yuh, sergeant."

"Yuh goin' back?" demanded Wally. "Say, my orderly's up there in the rat holes somewhere. Couldn't yuh help me find him? Gee, yuh can't leave a kid ——"

"Boy, if he's up there, yuh'll never find him now," said two or three solemnly.

"Yeh, but the looey—the others—— We'll get hell maybe ——"

"Not from them. We got a bloody nose outta this party now, what I mean. Those of us that get back won't need to take no backwash from no one."

"We ain't back yet," remarked another.

They arrived, however, in safety. It took them an hour, but they got there. Wally, panting, hurried back up the slope, through the woods and to his ambulance. It was there, and empty. Talking, hurried muttering, and white things gleaming showed him the first-aid post. They had some wounded—oh, so few—laid out beneath the trees. These would not be evacuated, he was told, for some time, because of enemy retaliation on the roads in the rear. Saved! But where was Rooge?

Below, at the edge of the woods, some superior officer with his staff looked out across the fields to the round boss of the German hill, where the bonfires of the American barrage still burned. He had heard from the survivors what had happened, of those holes that had swallowed officers and men, but he waited there, hoping against hope that more would come back than these few scattered remnants. To him appeared a body of men, dark figures, the moonlight glinting from their bayonets. Wally, hiding in the shadows, could hear these men ask for permission to speak to the colonel.

"Sir," said one of the newcomers, "could the colonel tell us where Lieutenant Barrie is at?"

"I wish I knew," replied the colonel. There was a long pause.

"We got three prisoners here," said one of the men diffidently.

"What's that got to do with Lieutenant Barrie?"

"We heard tell he'd give a hundred francs apiece for 'em."

At this moment a hand closed upon Wally's arm. He turned. There was a well-known silhouette beside him.

"Rooge!" he gasped. "Rooge! Rooge! Gee, I was sittin' here thinkin' of you maybe over in them rat holes still! Yeh, yuh gold brick! I might 'a' known! Gee, I wouldn't need to worry about you! The bad penny always comes back! How'd yuh know where I was?"

"I asked at the dressin' station if you'd come back. Then I seen the Red Cross arm band, so I come over, and it was you."

"Colonel," spoke an excited voice from the shadows, "they've found Lieutenant Barrie! He's just come in, wounded! Would the colonel ——"

"Yes, I would! I'd like to tell him what I think of his turning this raid into a free-for-all fight over every prisoner! Where is he?"

The staff adjourned to the dressing station, whither Rooge and Wally went also, to forestall any inquiries as to what they were doing away from it.

"Ah, Barrie," they could hear the colonel say, "this is a fine night's work! I'll be relieved, you'll be relieved, we'll all meet in Blois. A hundred men, all gone!"

"We got three prisoners here, lieutenant, if you'd like to see 'em," spoke a plaintive voice from the darkness.

"Take these men away! Get out of here, you! Get out where you belong! Now, you see, Barrie, what you've done with your silly idea? That's all they thought of—grab a prisoner and get home with him. They fought over them before my eyes! Well, never mind! It's over now! Failure, failure, failure! . . . How badly are you wounded? . . . Eh? . . . Well, how did you get back, then? . . . Man carried you? . . . His back—on his back? . . . Dragged you on your back! Well, I don't care, he had guts! Where is he? Who brought back this officer?"

Silence.

"Come, speak up! I want to see the man that brought back this officer properly compensated."

Silence.

"Yea, drivers! Ambulance ready! Come outta your holes, you gold bricks!"

Wally and Rooge moved hastily off.

"That Barrie was the guy that had charge of our platoon," remarked Rooge—"the one that give me the kick in the differential for talkin'."

"Don't talk to me!" growled Wally. "I listened to you once tonight! Now, when I'm all in an' run myself outta gas skippin' round them German alleyways, I can start to do some work and drive ambulance all night! Yeh, you fathead! You an' your hundred francs, when we could 'a' been asleep under the crate all night! My pay gone, an' my peace o' mind too!"

"The night ain't been lost," said Rooge calmly. "I got enough for you an' me to go to Paris an' spend a month. An' stay at the Creeyon too!"

"Huh? You gone completely nuts at last? Go to Paris on what—our face?"

"No. Eight hundred francs."

"Where'd yuh get it?"

"There was an officer," said Rooge slowly, "that stopped some lead intended for me. So I dragged him into a hole to put a first-aid dressin' on him. 'Don't leave me,' he says. 'There's eight hundred francs in my shirt you can have if you get me back. Don't leave me for the krauts to send to the ovens!' He seen the red cross on the arm band, yuh see."

"An' you brung him back?"

"Sure!"

"Who was it?" demanded Wally.

"That guy back there on the stretcher—that give me the kick in the rear end."

"Barrie?" demanded Wally. "Well, didn't yuh hear the colonel ask who brought him back? Gee, he wants to give yuh a medal! Why didn't yuh say it was you? You're passin' up a croy dee gerre, man! That lieutenant didn't know who yuh was!"

"I know it," said Rooge, climbing up on the step of the ambulance to put down the curtain. "An' he ain't goin' to know me either. I ain't takin' no chances on him askin' for his eight hundred francs back again."

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CARE AMERICAN EXPRESS

(Continued from Page 13)

Fathers of French families sported insufficient shaves and highly flushed cheek bones. Mothers waddled on lumpy, short legs. Children, shrilly excited, swarmed like hornets. "*Viens ici, maman!*" "*Regarde-moi, papa!*" Fathers, mothers and children breathed garlic in conjunction with *vin ordinaire*.

"*Messieurs, dames!*" cried the guides, leading each a flock inside the storied walls—flock after flock, tidily spaced. One would leave the Royal Chapel only as another entered it. The ghosts of Madame de Maintenon, Du Barry, even the high-headed ghost of Marie Antoinette herself, must be winging it like bats down those shadowy corridors to escape the invaders.

Celia said to a guide who would have added her to his charges: "Not Versailles. It is the Petit Trianon I wish." At which he waved her out into the searing sunlight again, directing her briefly and impatiently. Part of the way, obeying his directions, she rode in a shabby and musty-smelling victoria, behind a spiritless gray horse, but as she went she cursed her fate. The very grass teemed with humanity. No lane so narrow, no hillock so high, no bit of woodland so deep and so damp but what some boy and girl had found it. Children playing at games. Mothers and fathers taking their ease within the shade, or without it. Lovers—lovers everywhere, interlaced like angleworms.

Celia, who had wanted no more than escape from the madding crowd, began to sicken. She left the victoria and struck out for herself, past a fountain not flowing, past a centaur, mossy marble against a hedge of yew, through an ancient gate of wrought iron, down the merest muddy ribbon of a path. She had not expected to flee the vain world in company with every butcher, baker and candlestick maker in France and their wives and their young.

One thing to run away from Paris and "nothing for Miss Moor," another to find oneself one of a frowsy mob, all streaming in the direction of the little mill, the dairy, the pond with the carp. Not even the lichened and crumbling playhouse of a Queen allures when too many eyes regard it. Celia left the path; she walked fast, she almost ran because she thought she had glimpsed a bit of forest unoccupied. She thought: "If I could just be by myself for a while; sit on the grass and think about Alan; then I'll go back. There's another mail in tomorrow."

She came to her sequestered glade. It was as deep and cool and still as it had seemed—at which she took heart—but when she dropped, with a long, thrilled sigh of relief, at the foot of the tallest tree, out of deeper grass beyond came a deeper sigh and a mutter, and a young man rolled over, sat up and brushed a leaf or so from his hair.

Celia jumped to her feet at once. If he had been less good-looking she might have been badly frightened.

"Pardon!" said the young man. He got up more slowly, blinking amiably. Easy to see he had been asleep. In his heavy-lidded eyes, mists of dream yet lingered. He shook himself. He said: "I am sorry if I frightened you." The gentlest, deep voice—gentle, that is, to be so deep—that Celia had ever heard.

"It's quite all right," said Celia, only a little nervously. The sun struck through the leaves on her bared head; she had taken off her hat and was holding it in one hand. From her head a trickle of sun ran onto her cheek, thence to the smooth, slender arm. She smiled shyly under the undisguised appreciation of his look. He seemed to see her smile.

He begged, "Do not go, if you please," as Celia was turning away.

Celia said, "Oh, I'm afraid"—though not in the least really—only amazed and pleased with the suddenness of the adventure.

He became urgent, "I will go myself."

"Why should you?" said Celia.

"Is it that we may both stay?" inquired the young man.

Celia sat down. She gestured toward the ground. After making her a little bow, the young man sat down too. Celia thought she had never seen such eyes. So proud, so thoughtful and so kind. So hazel clear between thick, dark lashes. A girl should have had those lashes. But his was no girl's mouth—firm and full-lipped, arrogant and eager. Kings on the walls of tourist-ridden palaces had mouths like that. Celia looked almost to see him lay palm to the hilt of a sword—something in his other-world courtesy. For the first time that day she felt a breeze stirring. In her breast or in the tree above her—she couldn't have said. Certainly it was in the tree that a bird was singing, hushed, inattentive and low; sweet as running water in the dark.

She said, "What bird is that?" a bit primly. Because the extraordinary eyes regarded her so steadily and because to herself she was thinking—an inward cry of amazement—"I'm picking up a man in a park," her thought ran on to what her mother would say, how scornful Bob would be: "Alan would be wild!" But the very thought of Alan's probable wildness sustained her in some tortuous feminine fashion. Had Alan troubled to write her or had he not? For all of Alan, she might that moment be dying of loneliness in a land of dust and summer and sun; instead, the bird did sing, the breeze did stir, while the young man looked at her.

The young man said he could not say what sort of bird it was. Not a canary, he suggested helpfully.

Celia laughed at him. She felt all at once like laughing a good deal. Some heady fume mounting to her brain.

"A canary, way out here in the woods?"

"Nor a parrot," he seriously continued, "because my aunt ——"

"Is there a parrot of your aunt?" asked Celia. "Really?"

He asked her how she knew of its existence.

"It is in all the French grammars," said Celia.

The young man said he had no idea it was so well-known.

She could not tell if he was laughing at her or not. She could not help but feel he liked looking at her, liked listening to her voice. Almost from the first meeting of their eyes, while he had yet a dry leaf in his hair, something had begun the spinning of an intangible web around them, pulling them toward each other.

He said, "You are American, no?"

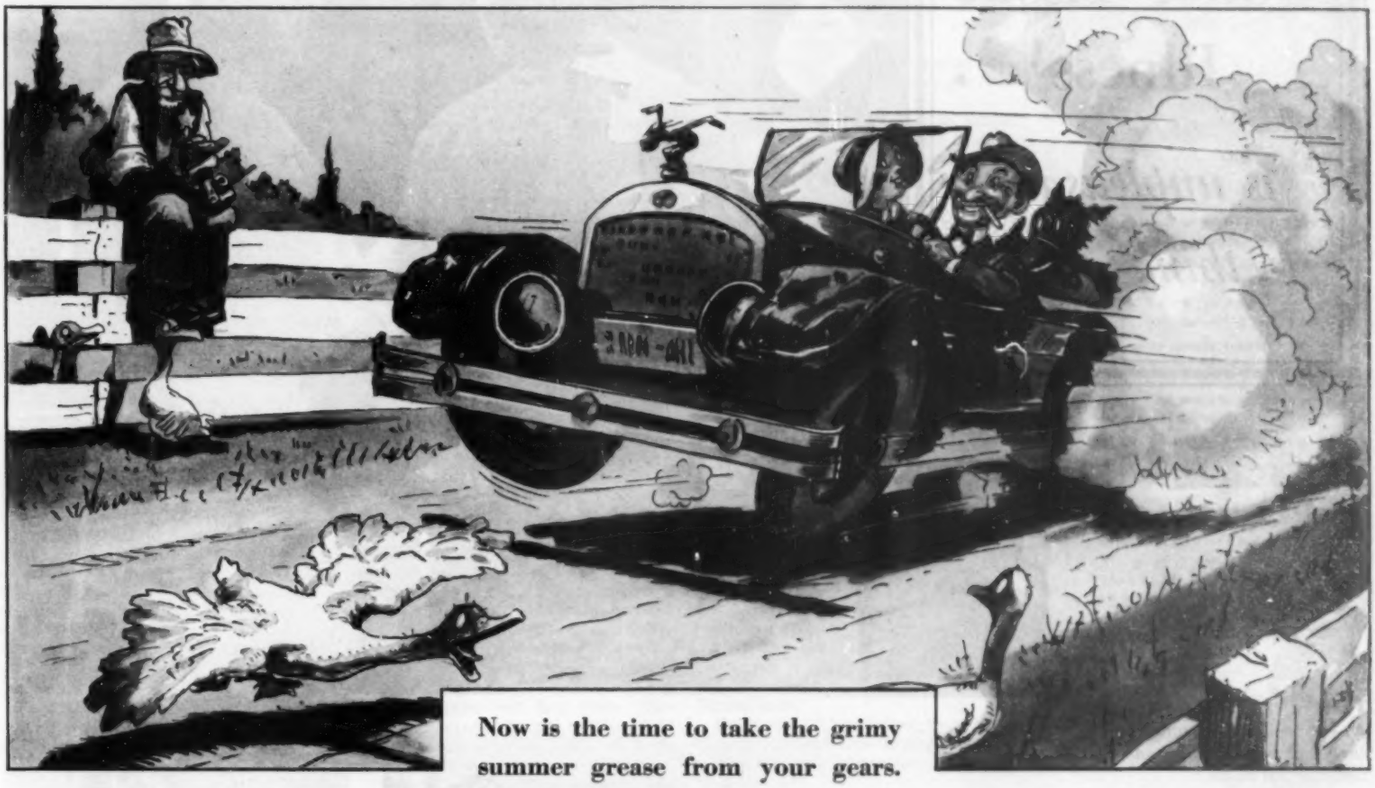
"Do I look ——"

"You laugh," he told her. "All Americans laugh very much. They amuse themselves always."

"Not always," said Celia. Her mouth drooped. Her eyes clouded. She

(Continued on Page 169)

ONE TREATMENT WITH WHIZ CURED OUR CAR OF "RHEUMATISM OF THE GEARS"!



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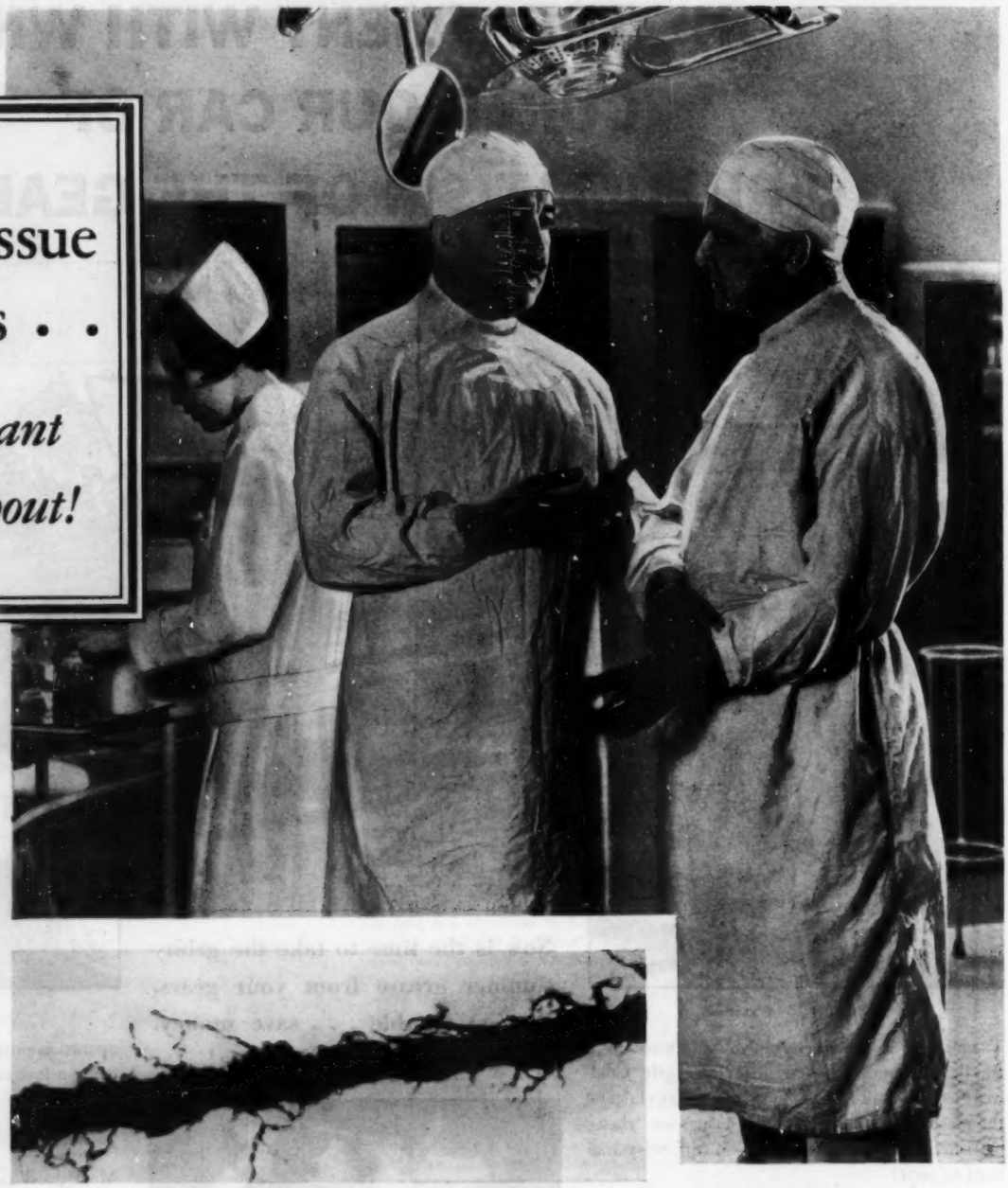

Photographed through a microscope, inferior toilet tissue reveals the roughness and irregularity of its edge. Such tissues, doctors say, can often cause serious injury to delicate membranes.

PHYSICIANS today are issuing repeated warnings on the danger of poorer grades of toilet tissue in the home.

A prominent intestinal specialist lists fifteen forms of rectal disease which may be directly caused or aggravated by inferior bathroom tissue.

Yet, unless they are extremely careful to demand a high-grade tissue, housewives may be sold paper which is totally unfit for bathroom use.

Many so-called toilet tissues sold today are not toilet tissue at all, but only ordinary tissue paper cut in rolls.

They may be glazed to a hard finish—non-absorbent, actually injurious to delicate membranes.

Some are chemically harmful—made from old newspapers and other reclaimed waste materials.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are three famous tissues which meet all the requirements medical authorities say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *softness*, *absorbency*, *chemical purity*.

They are extremely absorbent—without being blotter-like. And absorbency, as all doctors say, is absolutely essential to proper cleansing.

Scott Tissues are prepared from the finest, fresh materials . . . specially processed to cleanse the most sensitive skin—harmlessly, comfortably. They are unusually soft and actually cloth-like.

Crumple a sheet. Feel the suave texture, the absence of harsh fibres. Even your hand can often detect the sharp edges of ordinary glazed tissue.

Scott Tissues are always chemically safe, neither alkaline nor acid.

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Scott Tissues

"Soft as Old Linen"

In addition to ScotTissue and Waldorf, dealers now offer Sani-Tissue, the new popular priced white toilet tissue with the same health-protecting qualities.

(Continued from Page 166)

sighed—a bit too despairingly, perhaps, but she was, after all, barely seventeen.

He was quick to catch the sigh. "You are not well amused?"

Celia said, "I am an awfully lonely person"—utterly believing it.

"Impossible!" he commented with equal simplicity. He hesitated. He seemed to decide upon audacity: "You are not alone in the world?"

"I am alone in Paris," said Celia, "practically." Could you, she thought, after all, consider the Leaches human beings?

The young man frowned and shook his handsome head. "What a pity!" he said, gentler and deeper than ever. "That ought not to be."

"I came out here today," said Celia, "to get away from Paris."

"I too," he broke in eagerly. "That is strange, no?"

"Because it seemed to me," said Celia, "all at once, that I could not endure it another moment—the dust, the noise, the heat."

He said, "The tourists—oh, the unending tourists!"

Celia said, "The taxies, squawking and chittering."

"No more than women," said he, "on the streets, in the shops, in the restaurants; even at the opera of a Sunday afternoon. One might hope for peace there, but no!"

Celia said, "Are you fond of opera?" politely, a trifle awed. She said, "I heard Lakmé at the Opéra Comique last Sunday. It was perfectly lovely."

"I also was there!" said the young man, ineffably astounded. In a voice slightly husky but plangent and sweet, he began to sing, "*Tu m'as donné le plus doux rêve.*" He demanded of Celia: "You remember?"

"My French is not very good," said Celia regretfully.

"Lakmé," said the young man, "when she is dying." He translated: "You have given me the most sweet dream."

"Oh, I know now!" cried Celia.

The young man sat with his knees drawn up, his arms hugging them closely, and looked up through the patterned canopy of leaves at the unseen bird. His throat was strong and brown above his open shirt collar. The corners of his mouth were deeply indented. He said: "Even if Lakmé had to die, she had had it."

As when Celia watched the boy kissing the girl in the dark little room, now she felt her cheeks begin to burn, her heart to check and stumble.

She said, "Lakmé hadn't anything to be sorry about, had she?"

"Pardon!" said the young man, delightfully frowning. His English from time to time revealed itself inadequate.

"I mean," said Celia, "the dream—the most sweet—most people don't ——"

He caught her meaning and hastened to agree, "Most people don't dream, no?"

"Most people are worms," said Celia sincerely.

He said, "You would always dream, I think."

She shook her sad young head. "What good does it do me?"

"You think you cannot have your dream?"

"Life is like that," said Celia sighing.

"*C'est la vie!*" said the young man, openly moved.

In so short a time they had come so near ——

Beyond their leafy sanctuary, fathers and mothers of French families both actual and to come disported themselves on the turf. Cameras were being snapped; food was being eaten. Here and there an artist sat at an easel and employed the brush with a curious horde at his back. No good trying to see Marie Antoinette come down the path, a gleaming milk pail on her arm, her rosy skirts held high to clear the dew.

"*Viens'ci! maman . . . non, non, non, non, non, Pierre! Que diable fais-tu la maintenant?*"

No good listening for the sound of the horn, the drone of the wheel on the Queen's mill; over grass and road and hill and hollow echoed the raucous calls, the yet more raucous laughter of commoners.

"And I thought this place would be full of ghosts," said Celia suddenly. "That is why I came."

The young man told her: "I was only looking for peace, to be a little cool, but when I come here next time I shall come to this spot and there will be a ghost waiting for me."

"With powdered hair?" asked Celia hopefully. "And hooped skirts, and the Queen's necklace about a slim white throat?"

He said, "Her hair is pale gold, like a child's; her dress is very simple—yellow, with no sleeves—and her gloves are from Harry's. Her bag—I am not sure—I think it is from America. And her charming feet ——"

He did not take his eyes from Celia's face. It was the strangest thing—a light had begun to burn in them like a light seen through mists. Something trembled in his voice. Even with Celia's slight experience of men, she could not help but know that what was taking place before her was the miracle called falling in love. It made her feel small and shamed and unworthy. It made her shiver curiously. It made her want to put out both hands, and it made her want to hide her face in them. He may have felt her finger tips straining, because he put out his hand suddenly and covered both of hers, locked in her lap.

"You go back to America soon?" he asked.

"In two days," said Celia.

He said, "I thought so. I thought that was how it would be."

Celia sensed the feel of his hand all the way up her arms. It was a strong, sensitive hand, and it tightened on hers. She thought: "This is terrible—in a park," but she didn't stir. She looked back at him imploringly, questioningly; she would not have known her own face in a mirror. Her pretty, lipsticked mouth trembled so, she set her teeth to steady it.

He said, "Do not be hard."

"I'm—I'm not!" said Celia.

He said, "From the moment I woke and saw you sitting at the foot of that tree like an adorable child, lost in the forest ——"

Celia said, "I'm seventeen," shaking with a delicious ague.

He told her, "I'm twenty-four. That is very old to you? It is sometimes very old to me; sometimes not."

Alan was twenty-five. Alan seemed a long way off—hardly in the world at all. Someone who had existed in the beginning. The beginning was long and long ago. Celia's whole life seemed a road leading uphill to this moment. To the thin, bronzed face with the extraordinary eyes, with the splendid mouth, with the splash of sunlight across the wave of the thick, dark hair. He laid his face down upon her hands. The touch of his face unnerved her exquisitely. She said, "Someone will see."

He laughed a little at that, but he sat up and went back to looking at her, merely. Burning through her flesh to her soul. That was how Celia felt it.

"In France," he said, "we are not so easily ashamed of what we feel. Have you never seen a boy kiss a girl on the street?"

"In a room," said Celia eagerly. "I wish you could see them."

"I can take my own happiness," he said, but he pressed her hands and smiled at her tenderly. "This room is near yours?"

Celia told him about the attic with the red-curtained window. "I think they're just married."

"*Chère petite!*" said the young man very softly. "*Que tu es douce; que tu es gentille!*"

Celia liked him to speak to her in French like that; it needed no translation. She smiled into his eyes—more of a little-girl smile than she knew; more of a woman also. As Juliet may have smiled.

"I love France!" she said; so shy her own mother would never have known her. He kissed her hands for that, and she did not even remind him of the cloud of witnesses about them.

In France it was different. They were not ashamed of what they felt. When he put an arm around her, she leaned back against it; flushed, it is true; timorous, it is true. Still she felt the arm between her and the tree trunk, and let it be.

"It must be getting late," was all she said.

He took out a fat gold watch which marked after five. But the sun still dripped through the trees.

"May I see your watch?" murmured Celia. She loved touching his watch, warm from his pocket. It was old-fashioned and heavily engraved.

He said, "It was my father's. My father was in the army." Pride rang in his voice like a trumpet beginning the Marseillaise.

Celia said, "My father was in the Quartermaster Corps during the war."

You couldn't make a trumpet out of that.

He said, "Are your parents living?"—very respectfully, very tenderly.

Celia said, "Oh, yes!" with a little gasp. Fancy mother or dad dead!

But both the young man's were dead. He said so. His deep voice shook a little. It appeared his mother had died only six months before. Celia leaned closer against his arm. She wanted to do something to comfort him. Any mother must have adored him; it must have been worse than death to any mother to go and leave him. Proud head, strong hand. She felt as if she had known him awfully well for a long time, having him tell her about his mother. She felt his heart beating against her shoulder. It didn't frighten her at all. She had known love at first sight would be hers some day. This was very beautiful. It made her feel almost as she did in church the day she was confirmed. People who said love wasn't holy just didn't know.

He said, close to her ear: "*Tu m'as donné le plus doux rêve.*"

There were fewer people on the path, fewer people on the grass. Vaguely Celia realized that the fat gold watch had been accurate as well as sacred.

She said, "People are going home."

"I know," said the young man. "I know. You must not stay too late, so far from Paris. Do you go back on the tram?"

Celia said she had a car waiting. When she saw his look of consternation,

» » GAY

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she added instantly, and without a qualm, that it was not her car. She remembered that since the war most French were very poor. She could have cried, to have hurt him so with her disgusting revelation of prosperity.

"Let me take you back to Paris," she begged. She went so far off the path of truth as to say it would cost her nothing. The car belonged to friends.

He said she was too kind, but he was staying the night in the village, with friends also. She remembered then that Versailles was a village as well as a palace. He looked a bit happier when she said that the car was not hers. Long shadows lay beneath the trees, between fainter and fainter splashes of sun. The bird overhead had long since gone away. From yesterday—or it might have been tomorrow—a chill came down the air.

Celia said, "I don't want to—please don't think I want to, but hadn't I better go?" She leaned back against his arm and looked up into his face. She thought nothing in life would ever be so beautiful as the slight tremor about his mouth, the question in his shining eyes.

He said good-by and kissed the word down on her lips. A long time ago someone had kissed her and nothing happened—soft contact, no lightnings. She had wondered. She did not wonder now. She lifted her mouth like the girl in the attic. She shut her eyes. He kissed her again.

"*Ma petite!*" he whispered, over and over, before he let her go. There were, for some reason, tears in Celia's eyes when he took her hands and drew her to her feet. She blinked them away and he assisted her gravely with a large and spotless handkerchief. "Tomorrow," he said, "at twelve o'clock I shall be at the first stall in the flower market beside the Madeleine. You have yet two days before your ship goes; we must see each other again."

"I couldn't bear it if we didn't," said Celia simply. She said: "I'm terribly happy. Are you?"

"*Le plus doux rêve*," he said. She clung to his hand all the way to the gate. They carried their hats in their other hands. She came just about to his shoulder. He had fine square shoulders, a slim waist. He wore a plain dark-gray suit. His tie was just right. Celia thought she should have died of pride and joy and amazement and longing, going back past the centaur and the hedge of yew, past the silent fountain.

When he had put her into the car, and the respectable chauffeur, grinning imperceptibly, had sat down behind the wheel and bent to release his brakes, the young man looked once more deeply into Celia's eyes and lifted her hand to his lips.

"*Au 'voir, madame*," he said. That was all.

The road back to Paris was cooler, not so dusty, with night coming on. Celia could not have said if it were the road to Paris or Peking. She only knew that interminably it unrolled before her, bearing her away from a place where miracles were done.

Passing through St.-Cloud, sunset faintly rouging sky and river, she suddenly thought: "I don't know his name. He doesn't know mine." Leaving St.-Cloud behind, she thought: "What does it matter?" She had remembered Psyche and glowed to find herself in such distinguished company.

Coming through the Bois, she dwelt with delicate ecstasy upon his choice of a rendezvous: "The first stall in the flower market beside the Madeleine." Not the lobby of the Crillon, not the tea room at the Ritz, not even the Closerie des Lilas; simply in the shadow of one of the most beautiful churches in the world, the dewy and fragrant magic of a flower market.

There would be Juliet roses—the rose that only Paris has to offer—ivory petals lined with scarlet; there would be orchids, great purple velvety blooms; gardenias, passionate and pure. It came to her, circling the Arc de Triomphe, Paris opening before her, that Juliet roses, gardenias and orchids grow mostly behind glass in the prudent chill of the florist's ice box. No matter! There would be other flowers in the flower market. Flowers, perhaps, such as the girl kept standing in little bowls on the sill of the attic window.

The Leaches were waiting, heavy with reproach. Celia had known they would be.

"My dear child, where have you been? Do you know it's almost eight o'clock? What do you suppose your mother would say!" Solo and in duet they upbraided her.

Doctor Leach, nervously snapping a lighter which refused to ignite, was even more annoyed than his wife: "You can't go around here the way you do at home, you know. You'll be misunderstood. These Frenchmen have no respect for women."

Celia said, "That's just a musical-comedy idea!"—tears stinging her eyelids. She said: "Respect is all American men have got for women." She could not let the chivalry of Frenchmen go undefended, with the feel of his lips still on her small, clenched hand.

"My dear, what an idea!" said Mrs. Leach nervously, glancing at her husband, now grimly resorting to a match. She twitched her smile across her small, crêpy face. When her smile was gone, her face looked oddly unfurnished. "If we'd known you wanted to go to Versailles, the doctor and I would have been delighted to go with you."

Celia got away from them both. She said she wanted to have dinner in her room and go to bed, if they didn't mind. She said she was tired—she who had never felt more gloriously alive in every finger and toe tip, with the blood running in her veins like rapids in a river. Still a little drunk she was, with the song of Lakmé; dazzled still by a flame her own eyes had lit between thick, dark lashes.

She ordered soup and sole and chicken and a sweet, and ate it, a little ashamed of her hunger. It was quite dark when she had finished her dinner. She went to the window and stood there looking down into the street. Before the nearer café two tablefuls of people were enjoying themselves noisily. Somewhere in a house a door or so farther on, someone was playing a steel guitar, or it might have been a phonograph record.

Celia thought: "I understand a steel guitar for the first time. It's heart-breaking, it's so sweet." She listened, standing in the shadow of a tall gold brocade curtain.

The sky was very deep, dusted with stars. The curtain of the attic window was drawn, with a light behind it. A dusky glow came through the curtain, like the scarlet of the inside of the petals of a Juliet rose. It no longer troubled Celia—the attic window. She said good night to it before she went to bed.

Almost at once she slept, though she had meant to lie awake all night and think of him. She did not even dream, which disappointed her, not knowing that dreams can wait. It was broad day when she opened her eyes, and the usual charivari of the Quai d'Orsay was in excellent swing.

"Another terribly hot day!" groaned Mrs. Leach, coming in at the same time as Celia's *croissants* and *café au lait*. She said, "Mercy, Celia, you look fresh as a rose! What I wouldn't give to wake up in the morning looking like that!"

Celia thought, if one had nothing to wake up for in the morning, what difference could it make? Fancy waking up to see Doctor Leach!

She pushed the soft hair out of her eyes—"pale gold like a child's," he had said it was. She rubbed her cheek against her own cool, slender shoulder and yawned happily, stretching like a kitten, arms above her head.

"Don't forget, dear," said Mrs. Leach, "you've got the last fitting on your suit this morning at Camille's."

"That's at eleven," said Celia quickly. To herself she thought, "I'll be away from there by half-past." Camille's was on the Rue de Castiglione. The Madeleine was not ten minutes away in a taxi.

"The Rochambeau came in last night. I suppose you'll be wanting to go to the American Express before you do anything else," said Mrs. Leach. She smiled significantly. Celia considered it a smirk. She mistook the wistful envy in Mrs. Leach's near-sighted gray eyes for a taunt. She lifted her head proudly, with her mouth full of *croissant*. "I may just stop by there," she said.

"We're sailing so soon, even if you don't get any letters," said Mrs. Leach, "you might get a radio on the ship."

"I've lost interest in the mail," said Celia languidly. Her heart sang in her breast. "Almost ten o'clock now; soon it'll be eleven, then twelve." She could see him standing by the first flower stall, in his dark suit, his soft felt hat in his hand, his dark hair waving back from his aristocratic face, a smile just touching his mouth at sight of her.

He wore his hair a little longer than an American man would have done. Celia liked it in him. It was like an artist or a musician.

She was glad when Mrs. Leach was called out of the room by Doctor Leach, who couldn't find a tie he wanted and was ready to be unpleasant about it. Mrs. Leach was beginning to be curious as to Celia's loss of interest in the mail.

"Why, child!" she said. "After the way you've been behaving about it!"

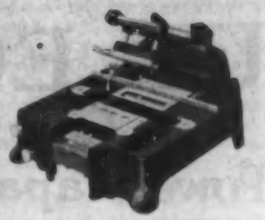
Alone, Celia leaped out of bed and turned on a tub. She dressed in a mælstrom of bath salts and powder, pale rosy underthings, and eventually a simple sleeveless frock of blue, no deeper than the palest delphinium that ever graced an English garden. She did her pale-gold hair in the simplest, most virginal of buns at the back of her head. She used lipstick, but no rouge. When she caught up her lizard-skin bag, her gloves by Harry, and ran for the elevator, she wore a close little hat of pale-blue felt, matching her frock, and looked like a fairy child, by Callot, or Lanvin, or Camille. And she was singing to some tuneless, blissful melody of her own arrangement: "*Tu m'as donné le plus doux rêve*."

The smile of the young woman behind the mail counter at the American Express was human. Her eyes were kind, her mouth was friendly.

"Here you are, Miss Moor," she said cheerfully, handing over to Celia

(Continued on Page 173)

A STRAIGHT LINE



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(Continued from Page 170)

three cables, four letters and a post card. One of the letters was from Celia's mother; the other three in Alan's slightly schoolboyish scrawl. The post card was from Celia's little sister, Charlotte. It said: "Have a good time." Charlotte was like that—very old for her eleven years.

Celia walked over to the unusually hard chair on which she had sat the day before, waiting for the car to take her to Versailles, and sat there looking at the blue envelopes which held the cables. The cables she thought she had better read. The letters could wait. She realized, sitting there, that she had rather hoped there wouldn't be any mail. She had rather counted on a continuance of the strange isolation of the day before, in which the ties that bound her to her home had all seemed broken.

However, no good pretending cables and letters weren't there between her fingers, waiting.

She said to a young man sitting under a tree on the way to the Petit Trianon—a young man with the gentlest, deepest voice she had ever heard—"It shan't make any difference." A passionate promise. Then she slit a thin blue envelope with a pink-nailed forefinger.

"Engaging massed bands," the cable said, "meet Ile de France. No foolin'; all steamed up." It was signed Conant.

"That's all right," said Celia to herself over an uneasy flicker of remorse. "You're a little late, Mr. Conant." She opened another. It was dated three days earlier. It read, "Cabled you two days ago care aunt; why no answer? Is this nice? Listen, lady." It was signed Conant. Celia's flicker of remorse became a little, gnawing flame. Alan never dreaming he might be forgotten. He had been trying to talk to her. "Listen, lady"—she could hear him say it; hear his funny, loud laugh. She opened the third cable doggedly. The third cable was a weekender, miles long. It was all about winning a race with his boat at Larchmont. It wound up: "Miss you; come on home." It was signed "Alan." Even harder to bear than Conant.

Celia opened one of his letters slowly—the one bearing the latest date. It began: "Celia darling: I miss you like hell"—that was as far as she got. She crammed it back into the envelope, put everything into her bag and started for Camille's. With a horrid ache at her heart that she had not been able to go on caring for Alan as she had begun; that she was going to have to hurt him, she didn't know how badly. She thought: "I'll be absolutely honest with him. It's the only thing to do. He'll never know how sorry I am it had to happen this way." Still, it had happened—*le plus doux rêve*—she couldn't give it up, even at the cost of hurting good old Alan.

She was glad to get into the quiet and cool of Camille's small, gray-walled salon, out of the dust and the noise of the Paris streets. Another terribly hot day, as Mrs. Leach had said. But it would not be hot at the flower market in the shade of the Madeleine. Celia could smell the freshly sprinkled leaves, see the small gayly colored flowers jeweling the shadows of the first flower stall. She wondered what they would do with the long afternoon; lunch at a sidewalk café, maybe; maybe a rowboat in the Bois—anything; it didn't matter what. It was hard to wait even an hour, with his voice still in her ears. "*Chère petite, que tu es douce!*"

The forewoman at Camille's took her into one of their little fitting rooms and brought her a white silk blouse with which to fit her suit.

"You will send it out to me tomorrow without fail?" Celia reminded her, exactly as her mother would have done. "I sail the next day. Don't forget."

The forewoman promised heaven and earth, after her kind. She helped Celia out of the blue frock and into the white blouse. In the white blouse and her rose knickers, Celia looked very well. She stood before the huge mirror let into the wall and approved of herself.

There was a knock at the door.

"*Entrez!*" said the forewoman shrilly.

A young man came in with a tape measure over one shoulder and a pin cushion full of pins in one hand.

He had extraordinary eyes with thick, dark lashes, and the corners of his handsome mouth were deeply indented. When he saw Celia he gave a violent start, a light began to burn in his eyes and he opened his mouth to speak. But when Celia saw him, after one long uncontrollable shiver something happened to her eyes and mouth that froze him where he stood. Silent, merely making her a little bow.

The forewoman said brightly: "Monsieur Roget, our head tailor, starts on his vacation today. This is Monsieur François, his assistant. You need not be afraid, mademoiselle; he will take good care of you. He is a very good tailor himself."

Monsieur held out the gray tweed skirt of Celia's suit and Celia stepped into it; without a word, either of them. He fastened it about her waist with the same strong sensitive hands that had clasped hers while a bird that was neither a parrot nor a canary sang in a tree above them. When he went down on his knees before her and began to adjust the hem line, Celia's eyes observed, whether she would or no, the same wonderful heavy wave in his dark hair.

She said to the forewoman, "Not too long, if you please." Her voice seemed to her a little thin.

The forewoman spoke rapidly in French to Monsieur François. Monsieur François did not answer; went on measuring and pinning.

"Heh?" said the forewoman sharply.

"*Oui, je comprends*," said Monsieur François in the gentlest, deep voice; now quite colorless. Still the same voice that had said: "*Tu m'as donné* ——"

Celia stood like a girl made of marble. When he put the coat on her, when his face was not actually a foot away from her own as he smoothed the lapels, she did not flinch. She was thinking: "I've got to go through with it somehow." She felt his hands tremble when he stood back of her lowering the collar a trifle. His fingers were like ice. Once they touched her neck. Then she shivered again.

"Mademoiselle Moor has beautiful hair, hasn't she, Monsieur François?" said the forewoman.

"*Oui*," said Monsieur François briefly. He inquired in French of the forewoman if mademoiselle found the sleeve too tight.

The forewoman translated. Celia said she thought it was quite all right.

Monsieur François shortened the cuffs a half inch over Celia's small sunburned hands. Her fingers were as cold as his.

The forewoman asked in French of Monsieur François if he thought he could get in yet one more fitting for a lady from New York before he went out at twelve. The forewoman said she remembered he had said that morning he wished to go out at twelve.

Monsieur François said in French that it would not be necessary for him to go out. He would fit the lady from New York. He finished with Celia's coat. He carefully inspected once more the hang of her skirt. He inquired of the forewoman in French if mademoiselle were satisfied.

Celia said she was. She stood very straight, hoping her voice would be steady. She stood no straighter than Monsieur François, who, with no more words at all, made her again a little bow and went out; not, however, without having looked her at the last moment in the face and left her burning. When he had gone she came to herself again.

Celia Moor—to have picked up a man in a park. To have had his arm around her, his hands holding hers; to have been kissed by him like any common little seamstress in a park!

She couldn't get back into the blue frock fast enough. She had had her lesson. Even her mother wouldn't have wanted her to be humiliated like this—a tape measure over his shoulder, a pin cushion in his hand. If Bob ever heard of it! Celia thought she couldn't live if Bob ever heard, or even Charlotte. Thank heaven, in a world crashing about her ears, the cables and the letters which lay on the chair with her bag and her gloves were still real. Those blessed blue envelopes; three whole letters she hadn't read. "Celia darling: I miss you like hell." "Miss you; come on home."

She crushed her hat down on the pale-gold hair, almost crying with shame and excitement. She had behaved so horribly to Alan, and there he was holding out his hand across the whole deep, dark-blue Atlantic. Would she come home? As fast as the Ile de France could take her, sending her heart ahead of her every step of the way. Alan would have his swell new roadster at the dock; he'd have orchids waiting for her; maybe they'd go out somewhere and dance the very first night, if she could only break away from the family.

"Oh, Alan, how could I be so silly! I am so sorry; I'm so ashamed! I must have been crazy with the heat."

She went out into the heat again. She caught a cab. She went straight back to the American Express office. After tearing up five cable blanks, she wrote out one that satisfied her. The fourth might have been adequate, but she had started thinking of what Alan's mother would say to a girl who let a tailor make love to her. An ordinary tailor—and Mrs. Templeton Conant. So the fifth cable was a little more explicit than the fourth. It said:

"Thousands of thanks for cables and letters; can't wait to get back. All my love."

All her love; leaving no room for question.

She signed it "Celie," Alan's name for her.

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Let's Talk Things Over Sensibly

"BILL, darling, I was thinking today about when you and I get married. We want our married life to be absolutely perfect, don't we, honey? Don't want to be like the married people we know, always scrapping over the silliest little things, do we, honey? So I was thinking it would be a peachy idea for us to have a real sensible talk right now, and I'll tell you the things about you that frazzle my nerves, and you tell me if there's anything about me that gets your nanny. Then, you see, we could just sort of overcome those faults now, and when we're married we'll get along just like that! What do you say, honey boy? Don't you think that's a wonderful idea?"

"Between you and I, baby, it sounds to me like a lot of boloney. You know I think you're absolutely perfect just as you are."

"Oh, Bill, you dear silly boy! That's not so! You're just being sweet. Don't be like that, darling. Tell me the truth. There must be some things about me that get on your nerves."

"Listen, baby, I wouldn't want you any different than you are. Your little faults don't amount to a row of pins."

"There! You admit I do have faults, dearest! Now we're getting somewhere. Come on, sweetheart; tell mamma. Remember, it's to make our married life more wonderful that I'm insisting on this."

"Well, Gladys, if you insist. There's really only one thing I can think of about you that actually bothers me. It's the gooey black stuff you use on your eyelashes. Honest, baby, it gets in my whiskers! And you know, I sometimes think you pile the lipstick on pretty thick."

"Now, isn't that just like a man? Bill, you foolish old thing, if I stopped using make-up, you'd be ashamed to take me anywhere."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Seems to me your map is O. K. in the raw."

"Nice of you to say so, Bill, but how do you know—never having seen it? Anyway, this isn't at all what I meant when I asked for criticism. What I meant was real constructive criticism. Think of some real bad fault I have."

"Now that you mention it, Gladys, there is something you do that certainly gets under my skin."

"Yes?"

"Don't get sore, will you, baby? But, listen, I wish for the love of Mike, when we're out places with people, that you would not muss my hair up an' talk baby talk! Sometimes, too, when you get to giggling and goggling your eyes at me in front of people—honest, it makes a fellow feel like a fool!"

"Why, Bill! I do not goggle! I never goggled in my life! And as for giggling—I laugh at your bum jokes, if that's what you mean! And maybe you don't think it's getting hard for me to force a smile when you tell that old one about the Russian and the Armenian in the leaky boat. My cow!"

"See, I knew you'd get mad. What did I tell you? But while you're talking about forcing a laugh, how do you think I feel when you start that line about the first night I came to see you, when I tripped over the doormat and did a back flip down the front steps onto my dome? Maybe you think that's a funny story; I don't. And let me tell you something, girl friend. The places I go—or, rather, the places I did go before I started coming out here to this dump—they don't have doormats! Doormats are out of date. Maybe you didn't know that, hey?"

"Are you by any chance insinuating that just because we have a doormat in our vestibule I'm a back number?"

"I'm not insinuating anything. I merely know that doormats are out of date."

"Oh, yeah? You've got the bright idea, Bill Brown, that you're the original big-time boy himself, and we girls in this town ought to get down on our knees every night and thank the Lord that he sent us a man that knows the ropes! Well, swallow a blotter, boy friend; you're all wet! Get an earful of this: I threw over some mighty smooth men to go with you. College boys that got their diplomas too. Not like some people I could mention."

"Yeh, I've seen your Keen Kollege boys! Celluloid collars, snappy belted models, picking the hayseeds out of their hair. College men, my grandmother! What a laugh!"

"Say, you listen to me, big boy that knows it all! I've had more than one girl friend say to me in a pitying way, 'What on earth can you see in that clumsy boob, Bill Brown?' And gosh, I don't know myself! I probably fell for you because you looked like you needed somebody to take care of you. You appealed to my mother instinct, I guess."

"I looked like I needed you to take care of me? Holy mackerel, woman, have you lost your mind? Until I came out here and gave you the rush, you didn't know what life was. Did you ever see a good show before I started pushing you around? Had you ever been nearer to a night club than reading about ——"

"You shut up, Bill Brown! You dare say another word—you dare! Just because once a week we rattle out to some cheap joint in that antique pushmobile of yours, you needn't kid yourself I think I'm having a red-hot time! Say, do you think I enjoy hearing people say, 'Poor thing, why does she waste herself on a flat tire like that?'"

"So I'm a flat tire, am I, huh? Well, maybe I think you're not so hot either. What do you know about that? You're a nice little girl with possibilities, but would you cause a flutter in a real town?"

"Take back your ring! Take back your measly old five-and-ten ring! Take it back and give it to one of your dizzy big-city girl friends. I never want to see you again as long as I live! I hate you, Bill Brown! I hate you! I hate you!"

"Good night! I knew dern well something like this would happen when—listen Gladys, don't cry like that! Now, Gladys; listen, baby—I'm sorry, I apologize. Listen, honey, you're the sweetest little girl in the world! Tell me you forgive me, Gladys!"

"B-boo-hoo!"

"Come on, now, baby, smile for papa. Giggle! Just one little giggle. At-a-girl; that's fine! Let papa wipe the nasty black stuff off baby's cheeks. There now, that's wonderful! And I always was crazy about the taste of that lipstick!"

"Oh, Bill, honey; you know—I think we'll get along!" —MARGE.

It must not fail . . .

so they made it of METAL!

CLANGOROUSLY the buoy warns the sailor — saves ship, cargo, lives! Year after year, in summer sun and winter gale — this heaving, tossing sentinel marks the boundary beyond which no pilot dare go.

What if it should fail? What if water could enter the float, even a drop at a time? A shipwreck on the reefs beyond! But the buoy will not fail — for it *cannot* sink. It is made of *metal* and therefore completely impervious to water.

Like the bell-buoy, a grave vault, to be efficient must keep water out — completely and permanently. A grave vault that fails to do this is money wasted, no matter how much or little it may cost.

Like the bell-buoy, the Clark Grave Vault is made of *metal* — specially processed, 12 gauge Keystone Copper Steel or Armco Ingot Iron.

Because not even a drop of water can penetrate its metal walls, because of welding inside and out, and because of the diving bell air seal principle of construction that does away with all man-made seals, the Clark will not fail to protect from water. Every Clark is tested under 5000 pounds of water. Every Clark is guaranteed for 50 years.

The Clark can also be obtained in a perpetually guaranteed de luxe model of 10 gauge solid copper.

In selecting a Clark Vault you will be sure of protection as enduring as memory, plus the beauty and distinction that have contributed to Clark's unquestioned and long-standing leadership.

Ask for booklet—"A Modern Interpretation of Age-Old Reverence." It answers every question you may wish to ask concerning the Clark Grave Vault and tells why distinguished families invariably select the Clark.

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. Unless you see this mark the vault is not a Clark.

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HERE'S the way to enjoy the full, true flavor and nourishment of fresh vegetables. Just cook them in Patapar, the household form of Paterson Vegetable Parchment. You will be amazed and delighted at the wonderful results. Try it!

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Place prepared vegetables on a moistened sheet of Patapar and add seasonings (butter, salt, pepper, etc.).

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Then take up corners and tie with string to form a bag.

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Place in ordinary pot of boiling water and cook as usual. No water enters, no juices escape.

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The vegetables have cooked in their own juices, saving all their flavor and nourishment. (Note: These juices make delicious vegetable cocktails. Serve them hot to the whole family!)

THREE Vegetables in ONE Pot

Note how easily it's done. Absolutely no interchange of flavors! You save fuel, save stove-space, save scouring.

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Patapar comes ten large sheets to the package. Costs only 35c per package (40c, Denver to Pacific Coast and in Canada). In each package you will discover a free 24-page booklet: "Little Ways to Lighten Housework with Patapar." Ask at your grocery, meat, drug, house-furnishing, stationery, or department store.

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PATERSON·*Genuine*·VEGETABLE·PARCHMENT

THE INSOLUBLE WRAPPER FOR QUALITY FOODS

SIMON PURE

(Continued from Page 34)

"I've been hearing some talk about the way they do things at Trent," he said. "I thought I'd ask you about them when I got a chance."

He hesitated and Moby waited for him to go on.

"I happened to say something about your job at the city hall to Jim Massey, up at The University, the other day and he seemed to think I was kidding him. He laughed in my face. I didn't like it."

"Well?" Moby said.

"He said that everybody knew that Trent was well known for smoothing the way for athletes, and that he didn't guess you were straining yourself at waiting on the training-house table and working at the city hall."

"As a matter of fact," Moby said, "I don't strain myself. If I did, somebody would probably come around and tell me to quit sticking my neck out, and ask me what I was trying to prove."

Big Moby clasped his hands behind his head and rubbed them up and down against his neck.

"Then Massey was right?"

Moby quoted Rollins: "I guess they wouldn't do it if they didn't think they were getting their money's worth. A fellow who hasn't got the money to put himself through school can't afford to be splitting hairs and getting all ethical about it, if somebody who can spare the money wants to make things a little easier for him. If a man wants to help a boy get an education that's his business. I don't see how anybody can stop him."

"They used to have to sign ironclads when I was in school," Big Moby said. "'I have not received any financial aid,' or something like that. Do they make you sign ironclads at Trent?"

"Yes," Moby said, "but that doesn't apply to money you get for jobs and expense money at track meets."

"Even if you don't exactly strain yourself at those jobs," Big Moby said.

He let the front legs of his chair fall to the porch and stood up.

"I want you to know how I feel about things," he said slowly. "I've been thinking a lot since you started to Trent and I've sort of threshed things out in my mind. I don't say it is wrong for a boy who otherwise would not get a college education to let an individual or an athletic association help him through school. As long as the boy has enough of what it takes to keep his head and not get the idea that just because he has been taken care of for a few years somebody's always going to take care of him. If the help given him is merely the opportunity to work hard and help himself, so much the better. What I am worried about is this: It's the atmosphere of underhandedness, and hush-hush, and don't tell anybody what we are doing for you. Even if the helping hand was all right the devious way it has to be extended is regrettable. For some reason the colleges have thought wise to pass laws and rules and sign agreements against all that sort of thing. See? And whether it's right or wrong the way it is pulled off gives fellows like me sort of a taste of hypocrisy when we see how it works. I wouldn't mind it so much if you went ahead and let 'em smooth the way for you, if you did it with your tongue in your cheek, figuring it was making the best of a bum situation but not necessarily kidding yourself into a state of mind where you begin to believe all the camouflage of staying within the rules and regulations is reality instead of just camouflage."

He opened the screen door and went inside, leaving Moby on the porch. Moby watched a tip of the moon swimming up into the luminous sky and thought about the things Big Moby had said. For two years he had avoided thinking about them. His first few days on the campus he had let the system trouble him, but gradually he had discovered that a policy of accepting it without thinking too much about it was the easiest way to peace of mind.

He tried to tell himself that Big Moby had had his way paid through college by their father and that he couldn't be expected to understand, but telling himself that didn't do much good. He cared too much about what Big Moby thought about things to pass it off like that.

Perhaps Big Moby would feel better about it all if he took the job with Sam Randolph and really worked all summer instead of taking a sort of vacation with pay at Camp Brier Beck. He decided to tell Big Moby in the morning that he had made up his mind to work for Randolph, and deciding that restored some of his peace of mind.

But Aunt Patsy let him sleep in the morning and Big Moby had already had his breakfast and had gone to work when he came downstairs. He decided to put off telling Big Moby of his decision until an opportune time came along, but somehow an opportune time did not seem to offer itself, and two weeks later, when the money came from the camp for his trip, he drove down to the station in one of the offensive new taxis and bought a ticket for Maine.

XVI

MOBY'S junior year was a good year. It was good financially and good from an athletic standpoint. His expense money at the big indoor track meets was raised to an even hundred dollars. He was given the job of keeping attendance at the training table, which meant that he made check marks on a list of names and handed it to the football manager once a week. That took care of his food. He put in Saturday mornings at the city hall in the divorce files, and his check from that source came in regularly.

On the football field he developed into a better than average drop kicker, and kicked the winning points in the State game from the thirty-five-yard line. He won a chest of flat silver in the Invitation Games for the most outstanding performance, running the sixty-five-yard high hurdles in eight and three-fifths seconds, and picked up two points in the Tristate Meet in May.

In the summer he painted numbers on the fifty-five thousand seats of the stadium. The G. A. A. had checked up on the seats and had figured out that by making the seats twenty-one inches wide instead of twenty-three they could crowd more people into the bowl. It was pleasant work after he got used to hanging his nose over a paint bucket. In the morning he crawled into a suit of white overalls and moved a paint-filled brush languidly back and forth over a trick adjustable stencil. When he got tired he knocked off work and lit a cigarette and dozed in the sun and watched Flick Burnett and Gabby Odell pushing brushes on the west side of the field. Along in July, when it became apparent that the job would be done in plenty of time and that the work would have to be slowed down in order to make it last through the summer, he took long blissful naps in the press box with his head pillowed on Flick's shoulder. At three o'clock they got into track suits and tennis shoes, and George Davis and Hank Miller came down and they passed a football back and forth.

His senior year began as usual, with a week's meal ticket at the White Front restaurant to take care of his food until the training house opened, and developed suddenly into a drama in three acts.

XVII

THE wet brown grass was slick and a cold breeze blew into the funnel of the stadium, bringing a thin drizzle with it. The drizzle slanted down and made the field greasy. The band sat in a huddle, with water dripping from their slickers and from the curve of the bass horn. Up in the stands people had torn the middles out of newspapers and put their heads through them to make ponchos.

Moby moved with jerky, short steps, poised on the balls of his feet. The ball turned over in the air and suddenly swooped downward until it blotted out the drizzle and the sky and plopped into the pocket made by his arms and uplifted chest.

The Bosworth left end and right tackle stretched in the air and hung for a moment suspended level with the ground. When they hit him the ball left its pocket and slid over the five-yard line, and a moving mass of dirty jerseys streaked with black patches of mud and sweat came from nowhere and fell on it The mass churned, mud cleats picked up pounds of topsoil and a whistle bleated like a baby auto horn. Moby waited for the end and tackle to get off his back. By straining every muscle and pressing down hard with his elbows he could keep his face out of the black mud an inch from his nose. His elbows sank a little into the ground and the mud was against his chin.

A pair of knickers splattered with mud moved frantically above him and the intolerable weight on his back shifted. Around him in the gathering dusk grotesque figures in soggy uniforms stood up and became two lines separated by the ball. It was Bosworth's ball

A knot of cheer leaders put their heads together, spread along the sideline, yelled through megaphones and threw their megaphones into the air and waved their arms rhythmically. Nobody seemed to be paying attention to them The noise from the stands was a sort of hoarse static. Presently the static gathered itself into a regular beat of sound that hit him in the back of the neck like a physical blow. The sound went inside of his head and filled it with its roar.

"Ho-o-o-ld that line! Ho-o-o-ld that line!"

The Bosworth quarter turned his head and put his right hand on the tight, wet canvas of the Bosworth center's pants, while his head moved up and down with the effort of pushing numbers through the wall of sound. He turned his head once more toward the Trent lines and the ball went back between the Bosworth center's legs, and the Bosworth right half ran around the Trent left end and across the goal line.

Moby walked slowly over to the Trent goal posts and stood there while

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the Bosworth team lined up to try for the extra point. The ball shot over his head and caromed from a goal post, and a mushroom of smoke came out of the timekeeper's gun. He moved his feet toward the tunnel that ran under the stands to the dressing room and looked at the neat round holes in the turf made by mud cleats, and the piles of straw along the end zone. He saw the crowd moving through the ramp that led to Elm Street.

Faces came out of the crowd and looked at him curiously. A boy with hot, scornful eyes leaned over a rail and made an unpleasant sound with his lips. Moby shifted his gaze and looked up at the press box, perched on the rear wall of the stadium, where a row of figures kept their seats.

His cleats scraped against the dressing-room floor and he put his hands automatically back over his head and tugged at his sticky jersey. His head came through the opening in his jersey and he sat down on a bench and tugged blindly at a shoe lace. The faces around him, the figures drooping under the showers, the rubbers strapping up cuts and rubbing Charley horses out of tired muscles were all careful not to look at him. They were ashamed for him. They were leaving him alone with his disgrace. Suddenly he was engulfed in an unreasoning wave of self-pity. His eyes felt hot and stinging. The shoe lace wavered and danced mistily before him.

XVIII

HAPPY HOLMES stood up behind his chair at the speakers' table and a cheer leader stood up and called for a "'Ray, Holmes." Holmes listened to the cheer and grasped the back of his chair with his hands. Moby looked down at the bread crumbs beside his empty plate of ice cream and turned the spoon around and around with nervous fingers.

Holmes began: "The fact that we got nosed out today is just one of those things that will happen to any team. A team that can go through a season like the one we've just had and put up a good fight all the way through hasn't got anything to be ashamed of."

Somebody at the table behind Moby was talking. The new voice said, "The alumni are gunning for him. I heard today they were putting out feelers for a new coach. This guy Smutz at Southern is the guy they want. The only thing is, he wants a three-year contract at twelve thousand a year, and the G. A. A. don't want to take a chance on him for that long. They offered him one year at twelve."

Holmes went on: "What used to be called soft spots in the schedules aren't soft spots any more. No one school has got a monopoly on the football talent that's running around loose. The game is getting too competitive. Another thing we have to remember is that the Trent game is the big game on our opponents' schedules. They all point for the Trent game. They have people scouting us mighty close and they shoot the works at us. The way it is with us, we have to take all of these teams in our stride. We can't afford to point for any one of them particularly."

The voice behind Moby broke in again: "What he really means is, what was the big idea in handing him such a tough schedule this year? He means that somebody pulled a boner in lining up all those teams. What he probably wants is for us to leave him an open spot in the middle of the season. Boy, he would have needed four or five open spots to have helped him any this year."

Holmes took a drink from the glass of water by his plate.

"The thing for us to do is to start building for next season. We've got some mighty good freshman material coming up next fall that have picked up the Trent system of play, and there's no reason why next year we can't have one of the best seasons we've ever had here at Trent. That's saying a lot when you think of the schedule we've got lined up next year. If anything, next year's schedule is going to be tougher than the one we had this year. It's going to take all we've got to pull through it, but if the team gets the cooperation of the alumni and the student body, if they can feel that everyone is back of them and pulling for them to win, why, we'll do it."

Holmes was bringing his talk to its conclusion:

"In closing, I just want to say that it has been a privilege to work with the bunch of boys I had out there this year. Some of them were inexperienced and the material as a whole was perhaps not up to that of other teams I have coached, but they were fighting all the time and doing their best, and the fact that they didn't get the breaks was nobody's fault in particular."

The voice in Moby's ear got in its parting shot. It said, "This game this afternoon was the pay-off. If he had pulled it out maybe they would have given him another chance."

Moby stopped feeling sorry for himself and concentrated on feeling sorry for Holmes. It wasn't Holmes' fault that Trent had to schedule a box-office schedule in order to pay off the sinking fund on the stadium. Nobody could win all of them all the time. Even Rockne lost a game here and there. It didn't seem fair for the alumni to forget about all the games Holmes had won and all the fat seasons he had had, and turn against him and howl for his scalp because he had one lean season. They put on a list of games that had been written up in the papers as being the hardest schedule in the country, and when the team cracked up trying to do the impossible they blamed the coach and bounced him out. Somehow he wished Holmes had enough guts to come right out and tell them that. Still, he had a wife and family to think about. He needed the job. It wouldn't be easy for him to go out and get another after a bad season. He had bought a home in the suburbs and his children were in school and he had taken root at Trent.

Suddenly he felt directly responsible for Holmes' precarious position. He wanted to crawl off in a corner somewhere and lock the door behind him. His whole life, he felt, had been marred by a wet ball slipping through his fingers. The insides of his hands felt cold and wet. He wanted to cry. He wanted to sink through the floor. The knowledge that so much had depended on him and that he had flubbed his responsibilities pressed down on his brain like a great weight.

He beat the rest of the crowd to the check room and went outside, through the winter door, where two dripping yellow globes painted the wet pavement with light, and through the drizzle up the long walk. He kept his chin inside of his upturned coat collar and gave himself to the thoughts that wore grooves in his tired brain.

Behind him he heard footsteps, and the footsteps came up beside him and kept pace with his own feet. He didn't look up. He didn't want to see anybody or talk to anybody. If he let his

(Continued on Page 180)

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thoughts make him miserable enough, if he put himself through a series of mental tortures, he could in that way atone, at least to himself, for his error.

A voice said, "Snap out of it, Moby." He looked up. It was Holmes.

He looked at Holmes hopelessly and dropped his eyes back to the streaks of light and blackness on the walk.

"I feel awful, coach," he said.

Holmes took him by the arm and swung him around. His fingers bit into Moby's arm. His eyes caught the reflection of a distant arc light. To Moby they seemed aglow with little fires.

"Listen," he said. "If you're feeling bad about me, quit it. You don't think I don't know what's going on, do you? You don't think I don't know that Flannigan and his gang have decided that some gesture has got to be made about the punk season we've had, and that I'm to be the burnt offering? Well, get this: I'm beating 'em to it. I mailed my resignation in this morning before the game, and I was going to make it stick whether we won the game or didn't win it. I meant everything I said tonight. I wasn't stalling around or trying to make a play for mercy from the powers behind the throne. And do I feel like a million dollars! I feel like a kid with a ticket to the circus. I'm buying a sporting-goods store in my home town and I'm going to be my own boss. I'm going to quit yessing alumni and fighting with assistant coaches who think they know more about the game than I do and have friends at court trying to cut my throat and get them my job.

"I'm going to quit nursing prep-school stars like they were temperamental prima donnas, and warming them up into a proper competitive frame of mind every Saturday. I'm going to quit sitting on the sidelines and watching some bonehead quarter forget everything I've told him. I'm through with lying awake all night before games, and feeling low as a snake's belly when we get licked, and reading in the papers that if we had done so and so we would have won. I'm through with wondering if I'm going to be handed my contract salary in a lump and be bounced before the season is over or allowed to remain and see it through. I'm tired of being a master mind when my teams win and being a bum when they lose. But most of all, I'm sick at my stomach from listening to old Trent athletes standing up and spouting about 'going out there and dying for glory and for dear old Trent,' like they used to do. I've had my fill of the whole thing."

One-half of the weight on Moby's shoulder lightened.

"I didn't know you felt like that," he said.

"And another thing," Holmes said: "Quit worrying about that game today. I know you don't believe it, but in spite of all the hoop-la I've dished out in locker rooms, a football game is just a football game. Losing or winning one isn't going to matter a hundred years from now. You're not the first boy that ever muffed a catch, and you're not the last. Just because newspaper columns are going to be full of it, and just because some bird in a little glass cage told a million people of it through a mike, and just because a lot of old grads who like to boast about Trent will be kidded about it at luncheon on Monday, you think you've committed a crime that ranks about ten degrees worse than murder or arson. Listen," he went on, "don't get the idea that the lads in school here are going to go into mourning or get all wrinkled and gray worrying about this game we lost today. They'll be going out tonight and having dates and raising Cain, just as if we had won today instead of losing. They've got a better idea of the proportionate value of things than the average old grad. Sure they wanted us to win today, but they aren't going to lose any sleep over it because we didn't. All this 'rah-rah-rah, sis-boom-bah,' and 'die for dear old Trent' stuff gives most of 'em a great big pain in the neck. They'll get out in pajamas and cheer and pull trolley poles, but they'll actually get twice as hot and bothered about a little fracas with the sophomore class or a campus reformer who tries to tell 'em they're all a lost generation.

"In a week mighty few people will remember the name of the lad who dropped the ball. They'll forget it just as they've forgotten that Bosworth game in your sophomore year, when your tackle won the game. In a month some poor, unlucky basket-ball player will shoot a ball into the wrong basket or something, and the alumni will have something else to shake their heads about. By that time you'll be knocking off a hurdle race and you'll rate ace high again."

The grooves were still in his mind, but the thoughts had stopped traveling through them.

"Do you think so, coach?" he said.

XIX

THE annual intramural winter meet was held in the old R. O. T. C. Armory. The armory track had sharp turns and steep banks. It was, Moby thought, a lousy place to hold a track meet. A big rope was strung across the track at the end of the fifty-yard straightaway to catch the dash men at the finish of the fifty. If anything happened to the rope the dash men ended up with their chests against the hot-water pipes that warmed the hall.

Pushing through a tangle of folded camp chairs at the south end of the armory, he went into the dressing room. The dressing room griped him too. It really wasn't a dressing room at all. The walls were lined with big cases of rifles and pictures of the class of '18 in misfitting uniforms and with grim military looks on their faces.

It was hot inside the dressing room, and he could smell the odor of hot leather and hot grease on the rifles and the hot smell of sweating flesh covered with rubdown fluid. When the door opened it helped some, but even that let in cold air from the drafty drill floor.

Shivering, he hung his clothes over a dismantled machine gun and took his track suit out of a canvas bag at the bottom of a pile of canvas bags stacked against the wall. An assistant manager in a monkey cap stuck his head through the door and yelled, "First call for the 440!" and he went out into the sudden chill of the hall and joined the group dancing nervously around the clerk of the course.

He had entered the 440 at Doc's request. He had filled in on the one-mile relay team once or twice in his junior year and Doc was training him to double in brass. Doc had a hunch he could drag down points in both the quarter and the hurdles if he stayed out of the highs and ran the lows and the quarter. Moby didn't think much of Doc's hunch. It took a man to do both. Naylor of Bosworth had done it, but Naylor was a horse. He had the stamina of two men.

The clerk put black numbered marbles into a hat and shook them up and

each of the entries took one. Moby looked at his. A tiny white No. 2 looked up at him from the marble.

The clerk blew his whistle and the judges at the finish blew theirs and waved their arms. Doc walked out to a point just beside the track and pointed his gun at the rafters.

"Now, boys," he said, "I'm going to hold you. I'd hate to set one of you back. Let's have a nice fair start with no breaks. Take your marks."

Doc said, "Now s-s-set," and Moby let his weight fall forward on his hands and brought his back up until it formed a line parallel with the floor. Doc's gun spurted a plume of smoke and he pushed back against the starting blocks with his feet and drove his body forward.

The crowd at the end of the hall rushed up to him and he swung his body to the left and aimed for the inside border of the track with his feet. Leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees, he took the first bank and let his stride lengthen out for the straightaway. He coasted into the second bank and the boards ran under his feet like a dirty brown treadmill.

He fixed his gaze on Tommy Thomas' short stumpy legs twinkling in front of him, and he let his legs push his body in toward the inside of the track at the curves and coast along with him on the level stretches. His heart pumped and pounded, and the pounding filled his head and roared in his ears like the regular beat of the surf on a flat shore. His lungs sucked in gasps of cold air and the air made the lining of his throat burn.

A blurred figure in a white shirt pointed a gun at him. The gun went off like a cannon in his ear and his mind sent a message to his legs. It was the gun lap. He swung his arms, and his arms tried to lift his knees and move them faster. He swung his body to the left for the last curve and heard the smack of feet against the boards above him on the bank. The feet beside him suddenly broke their rhythm for a moment and an elbow touched his. For a split second he saw a hurdle just inside of the track leaping at him, and his feet missed the track and the floor came up and hit him. Then the hurdle was on top of him and his hands plowed along the floor. His head was close to the floor and the slap-slap of feet rushed past his ears and on down the straightaway.

He pushed the hurdle away and looked at his leg. His kneecap had hit the hurdle and the sharp edge of the wood had cut into it. While he watched, the cut filled with blood and the blood ran down his leg and dripped from his calf onto the floor. His knee started to throb and he felt faint and dizzy. His stomach pushed against the bottom of his throat and he kept his mouth closed and swallowed until his stomach started back down again.

Somebody put a hand under his armpit and lifted him, and men with red faces and upturned collars grabbed him by his legs, and he shut his eyes. After a while a door opened and he was warmer. He lay with his eyes closed, and the throb in his knee filled his whole leg and ran up his thigh, and his body felt like one big throb. He could hear people talking, and felt canvas against his back, and felt himself move up and down gently in time with moving feet. The throb in his leg caught up with the feet and kept time with them. The feet stopped and he felt himself swinging and swaying around corners, and a bell like a fire bell clanged over his head. Then the feet started again, and he felt himself going smoothly upward, and he was in a room full of blazing white lights, and somebody said, "This is going to hurt a little." A red-hot pin jabbed his knee two or three times. The pins stayed in his knee each time for a little while and his knee got numb and stopped hurting and he could feel things being done to it.

xx

DOC was sitting in the front row of seats right above the chocolate mattress of the jumping pit, watching a long, lean, red-haired high jumper. Sunshine came over the stadium wall and cut the pit in half. A pair of legs came up out of the darker half and flashed in the sun. They floated over the bar smoothly, gave a convulsive jerk, and came down with the toes pointing back toward the bar.

Moby crossed the patch of gravel in front of the locker room and picked his way slowly between the rows of benches. Doc looked up and saw him coming. He pulled a yellow oilskin out of his pocket, loaded his pipe, stuck out his lower lip and blew a trickle past the brim of his hat.

"Well," he said, "I see that the gold-headed cane is missing and the noble limp is gone."

Moby grinned. "Only limp when I can remember it."

The high jumper put the bar up another notch and walked away from it, looking back over his shoulder. He stopped, took a long breath and crept up on it again. Four steps away from it he abandoned stealth and flung himself across the take-off with gigantic springing strides. He put his left foot above his head and followed it over the bar. This time, when he came down, he turned his head and looked up at Doc. Doc waved his hand toward the locker room, and he picked up his sweater and disappeared.

Moby said, "Just thought I'd come down and work a little stiffness out of the kneecap. I guess my stuff is still in my locker."

Doc looked up. "Sorry, had to give your locker to a freshman. Murphy's got your stuff."

Moby turned to walk away. Then he stopped. "Sorry I took such a long time getting the knee working again. And after I got back on my feet the lessons had me down. I got pretty far behind."

Doc waved his hand. "That's all right, Moby," he said. "We'll make out all right. We'll make out all right."

He crossed the patch of gravel again, shuffling his feet in the cinders. The track felt a little soft to his heel. In another two weeks, when the sun had had a chance to work out on it, it would be fine. It was a mighty good track. Doc had laid it out in 1911. It was one of the best tracks in the country. The one at Iowa City was supposed to be faster, and the tracks at Harvard and Franklin Field were just as fast. But the Harvard track had a curve, sharp like a hairpin. The Trent track ranked right up with the best of them.

He went down a little flight of stairs and was swallowed up in the gloom of the locker room. Through a door he could see Murphy leaning over a pair of legs and could hear the slap-slap of his dusky hands and see the legs shine in the light from the window.

He stepped on the scales and pushed the marker up to one hundred and seventy-five, but the bar didn't move. Seventy-six, seventy-seven. At seventy-eight it trembled slightly. He got off the platform and put his eye down close to the numbers. One hundred

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in person

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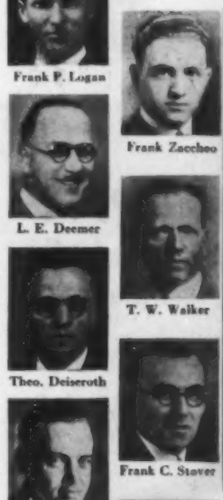
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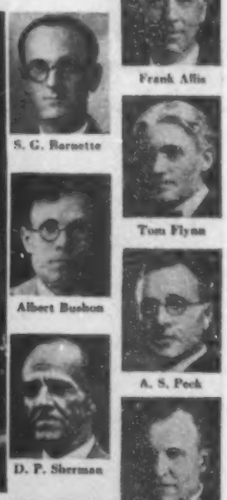
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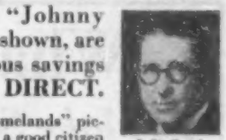
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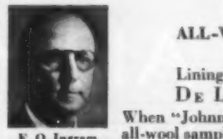
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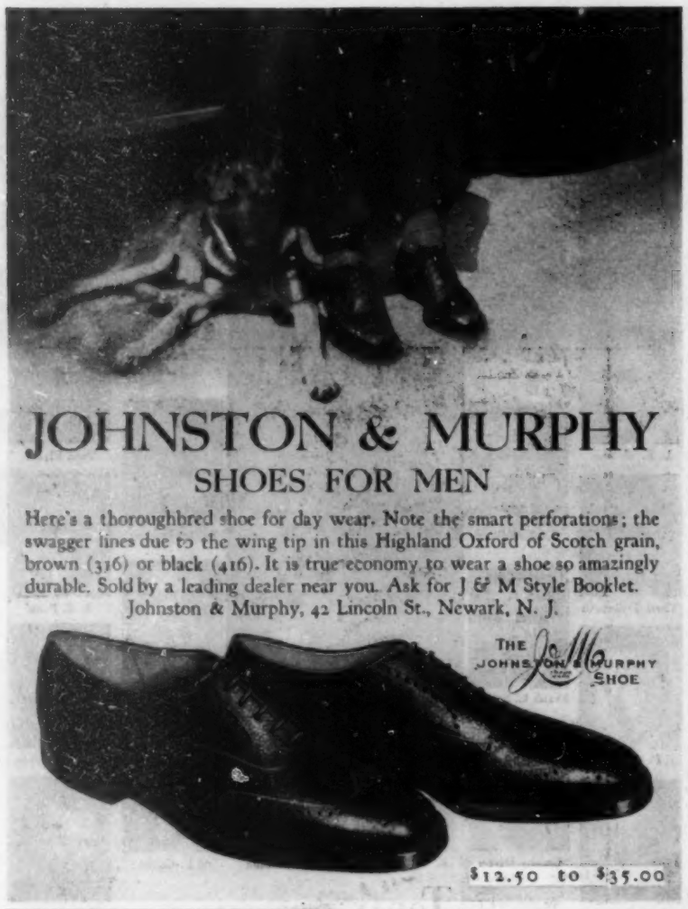
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and seventy-eight pounds and three-quarters. He had picked up seven pounds. It would take plenty of work to lose seven pounds. He stood up and went into the rubbing room.

"Hi, Murph," he said.

Murph wiped his hands on a towel and stuck one out at him. "How's the knee?"

"Fine."

The man on the table got up and went out. Murph got out a bunch of keys, selected one and opened a wooden chest. Moby undressed, pulled his jersey over his head and snapped his pants around his waist. The pants had a rusty brown stain on one abbreviated leg. The stain was stiff, like dried brown paint.

He sat down, squeezed his feet into his shoes and pulled the laces tight. Then he stood up and sucked in his stomach. Looking up, he caught Murph's eye. Murph grinned at him.

"Ol' spare tire aroun' yo' wais'," he said.

"Little bit."

"Gonna take plenty runnin' to wear that off."

"Just leave that to your Uncle Moby," Moby said.

His legs felt curiously light and limber. His muscles felt fresh and rested. His feet felt compact in the tight leather. When he walked out into the sunshine its warmth made his skin feel warm and tingly. Jogging up and down tentatively for a moment, he tried out his knee. It felt a little weak, but the rusty-hinge sensation was gone. After a while his muscles felt warmed and smooth, and he ran up to the finish of the 220 and came back.

The water from the shower drove against his skin and against his face. He turned a nickeled knob and made the water cold and let it run into his open mouth and through his hair over his scalp.

Turning off the shower, he pushed a big rough towel over his body until he was glowing and pink. He drew a chained comb through his wet black hair and got into his clothes.

Doc was talking to Oscar, the ground keeper. Moby waited until Oscar went away. Then he said, "How long do you think it will take me to get in shape?"

Doc looked at him without enthusiasm. "I'm only taking twelve men to the Tristate Intercollegiates," he said. "I've got them all picked out and you'll have to beat one of them in a time trial if you want to make the trip."

The big meet was three weeks off. Eighteen workouts. It was a big order. He didn't dare try a hurdle time trial. Training for a hurdle time trial might mean banging his bum knee against a hurdle. With his knee still tender and at times painful, another sock on the kneecap would definitely put him on the shelf and make it impossible for him to try even a quarter-mile trial. He decided to concentrate on the quarter. He kicked at a clump of cinders and watched it explode against his toe.

"What locker do I get?" he asked.

XXI

THE men came out of Flannigan's office and the girl nodded to Moby. He picked up his hat and went through the door.

Flannigan looked up from the papers on his desk and said, "Hello, Bryant."

Moby said hello and Flannigan put the papers down reluctantly and stroked his jaw with his hand.

"Sorry you couldn't have been with us at the Tristate Meet," he said.

"I'm sorry too."

"Too bad about that time trial."

"It was tough all right."

Moby wondered if Flannigan knew just how tough losing the time trial had been. His wind had been fair enough. He had managed to get his weight down, and working out in the gym with the weights and poking his feet under a bar and swaying his body up and down with his hands on his hips had built his chest and back muscles up to normal. His knee had felt fine, but he hadn't had a chance to get his speed back in time. When he called on his legs for a sprint in the home stretch, it wasn't there. He had been so busy building up his strength and endurance that he hadn't had time for working for speed.

"What I wanted to see you about, Mr. Flannigan," he said, "is about next year. I missed so much time from classes with my bum knee that I flunked Psych."

Flannigan didn't say anything.

"Flunking Psych means I don't get my degree," Moby went on. "It means I'll have to come back next fall and take it."

"That's too bad," Flannigan said.

For the first time a doubt crept into Moby's mind. It hadn't occurred to him that there would be any trouble getting Flannigan to help him out in the fall.

He had got used to being helped. In four years' time he had come to take help as something that was due him. He had almost forgotten the reason for that help—that it was contingent upon his ability to make himself valuable in an athletic way to Trent. He fought against the feeling of growing uneasiness. Flannigan couldn't let him down. Flannigan wouldn't stand by and see him quit school because of a few dollars after the hours of toil he had put in on the track and football field. After the bumps and hard knocks he had taken and the points he had scored.

He said, "What I was wondering, Mr. Flannigan, was if you knew of any scholarships around I could get to help me through next fall."

Flannigan's hands found his chin and stroked it. His chin stuck out and his lower lip hid his mouth.

"No, Bryant," he said reflectively, "I don't believe I do."

Moby sat very still and looked out of the window. He didn't want Flannigan to see the look in his eyes. He looked at the picture of Flannigan's summer home against the paneled oak of the wall without seeing it. He saw crowds in a stadium, white legs flashing over hurdles, and men in football suits charging and tangling in an intricate mass. He himself was in all the races and at the bottom of all the pile-ups, and Flannigan sat in the crowd stroking his chin with his hand, looking at him distantly, forbiddingly.

Suddenly the explanation of Flannigan's attitude came to him. He had played his allotted years of football. In the fall he would have no commodity to trade for tuition. Someone else would get the city-hall job—someone who had something to offer better than a record of past efforts.

Basically the system was a cut-and-dried proposition. If you didn't produce, the support was withdrawn. It was, in the final analysis, just like any other business.

His stomach gathered itself into a hard ball, as it did before a game or a fight, and blood rushed to his head and made his ears burn. He wanted to tell Flannigan to go to hell. He wanted to pick him up and slam him against the floor, hard. He wanted to shout insulting things at him; to tell him he was a

(Continued on Page 186)

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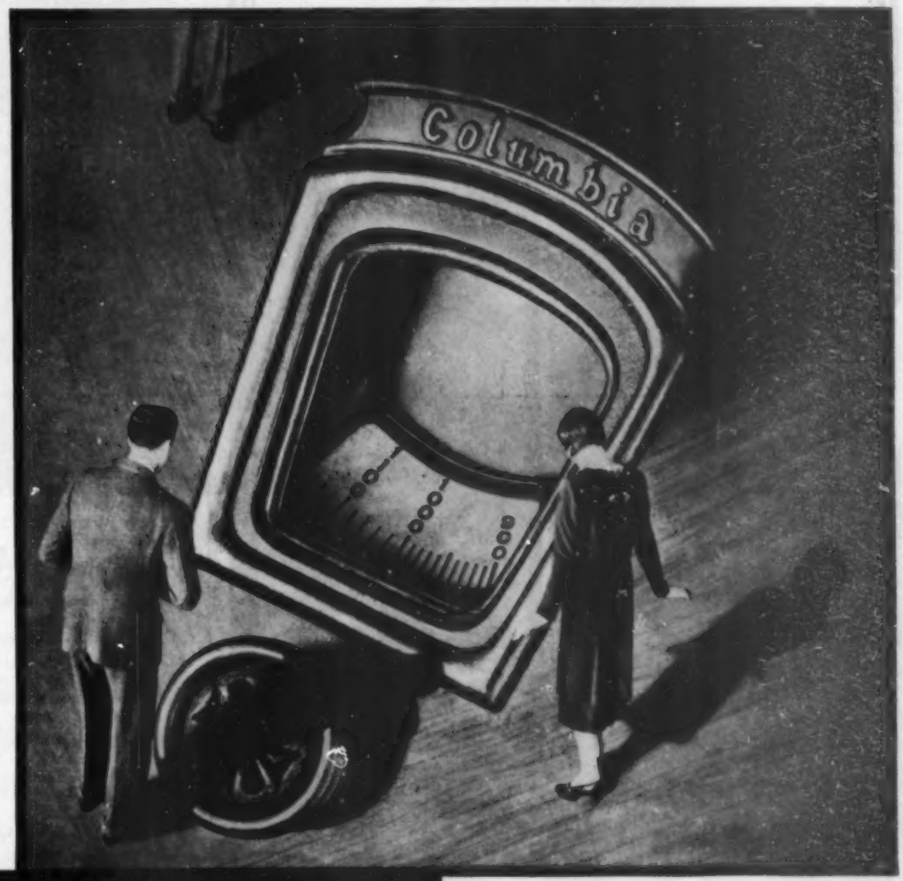

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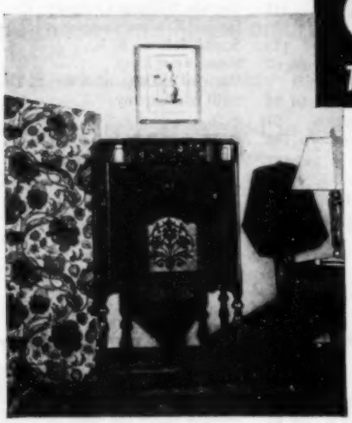

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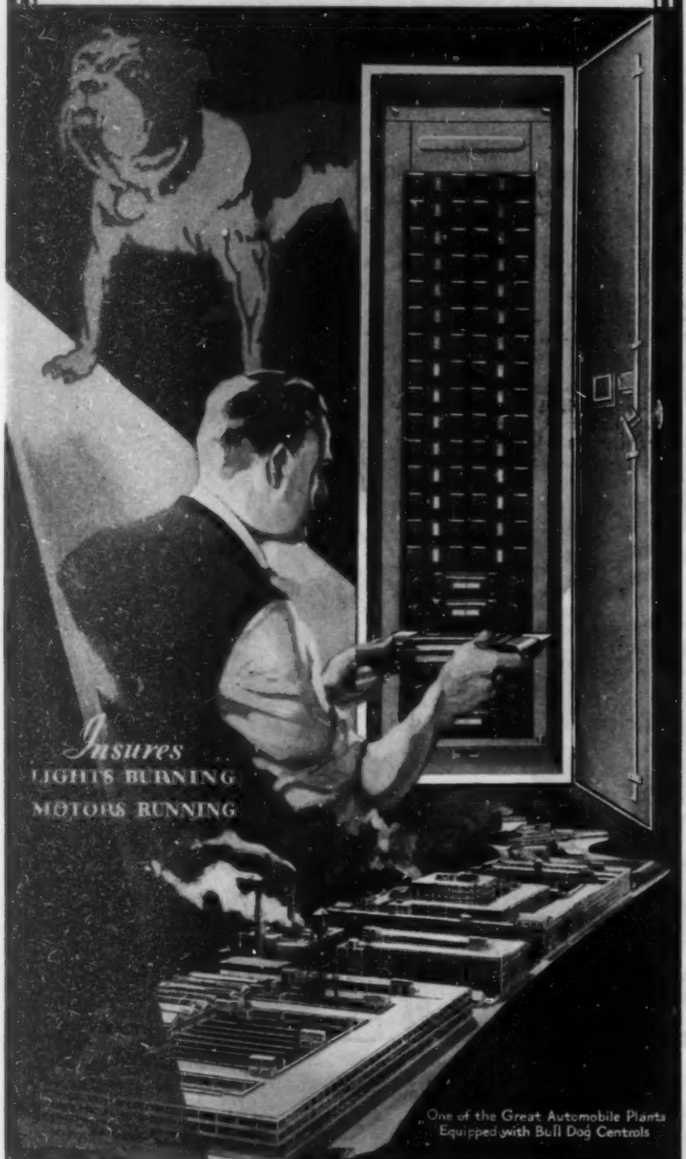

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"He's too busy to see you today"

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DOES NATURE LOAD YOUR COSTS?

NATURE piles no hidden loads on your cost sheets when you have a factory in Piedmont Carolinas. Instead of handicapping your production, she helps:

WINTERS here are mild and equable. Our days have nearly an hour more of sunlight at this season than is the case in older, more highly industrialized sections. Our temperatures average 10° to 20° warmer. Our infrequent snows are of brief duration and quickly melted.

SUMMERS on the other hand are surprisingly comfortable—no warmer than Pennsylvania and the southern counties of New York State—yet drier. Humidity here in this bracing upland air is 10 to 15% lower. Our summer days have nearly an hour LESS sunshine, which, with natural cool air drainage from the neighboring mountains, helps to make our nights restful and refreshing.

SEE HOW THESE FACTS help the production costs of Piedmont Carolinas manufactures. There is no call to withstand the extremes of winter. Buildings cost less. Heating costs are decidedly moderate. Lighting costs are at a minimum. Roads are always open, and receipts of materials and deliveries of finished products are never interrupted by blizzards.

Our employees do not need such heavy clothing nor so much fuel. Their houses are markedly less expensive. Their food costs them less. There is a much higher degree of good health among them than where winters are severe.

On the other hand, there is no corresponding difference in summer. No elaborate cooling or ventilating systems are needed, and labor's efficiency is not impaired for long stretches by humid, enervating and oppressive heat waves.

In addition, Piedmont Carolinas has more hours of sunshine than any other well developed industrial region. The effect on health, energy, and spirits is well known.

ON ANOTHER COUNT nature has smiled on this region. In the mountains, just a few miles away, is the area of heaviest rainfall in the United States with the exception of small sections on the north Pacific coast. This rainfall is the foundation of Piedmont Carolinas' extensive hydro-electric development and furnishes power for our factories, mines, kilns, and quarries.

Not only do Piedmont Carolinas manufacturers utilize this abundant power, but they also avoid setting up permanent and costly charges for private generating plants and machinery.

AND IN ADDITION—Nature has lavished here practically inexhaustible supplies of raw materials. Many of the mineral deposits are the largest in the country, and the chief sources on which factories in other states depend.

Piedmont Carolinas also draws on forest and timber areas of uncalculable extent. The largest stand of hardwood east of the Rockies is part of this forest wealth. Timber growth here is extremely rapid compared to forest areas of the North.

And lying all about our factories are rich fields in which are raised tobacco, cotton, and foodstuffs of every sort and variety from wheat and apples to peanuts and figs.

MANUFACTURERS who have come here have found nature on their side; an aid, not an antagonist. Year after year more factories are located here because of the bountiful, PERMANENT natural advantages not obtainable elsewhere. Last year the rate was one every three days.

These manufacturing plants are found to produce goods that, quality for quality, can be produced for much less than in less comfortable, less favored sections of the country.

Why not get all the facts? Just the data you need for a preliminary study of conditions here. Write on your business letterhead for PIEDMONT CAROLINAS, WHERE WEALTH AWAITS YOU. Address, please, Room 508, Power Bldg., Charlotte, N.C. You will receive a prompt and courteous response.

DUKE POWER COMPANY
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

(Continued from Page 182)

cold-blooded fish, a heartless old Gorgon. His hands tightened in his lap until his knuckles turned white and white spots came under his finger nails. He mustn't let Flannigan see how he felt. He mustn't give him the satisfaction of seeing he had made him sore.

"I'm sorry, Bryant."

Moby got to his feet and smiled with his lips. "Oh, that's all right," he said.

He had come to Trent primarily to get a degree. He had wanted a degree to help him get a job when he got out. At first, athletics had just been a means to an end. But somehow, imperceptibly in the four years past, the means had become the end. His anger at Flannigan had taken the place of his disappointment at not graduating. The fact that Flannigan was not willing to help him through Trent for another semester loomed larger in his mind than the fact that by not helping him Flannigan was keeping him from grabbing off a diploma. Flannigan's refusal was the first break in the system he had become so used to that he had never bothered to worry about its breaking down. If he accepted it now, it would mean a complete revision of his scheme of existence, and his mind fought against accepting it.

He walked down the street two blocks, turned into a doorway under a blue-and-white sign, and wrote rapidly on a yellow pad of telegram blanks.

The girl behind the little clacking triangular wooden box took the sheet from him and read it out loud:

"MR MAC NAUGHT
"MIDTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB
"DO YOU STILL WANT ME STOP KNEE IN GOOD SHAPE AGAIN MOBY BRYANT"

Moby said "O. K.," and put a coin on the counter. Out on the street again, he felt better. Vaguely he felt that wiring MacNaught was a sort of gesture of defiance at Flannigan. "I'll show him," he thought "He's not the only pebble on the beach."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

Where men dress best . . . you'll see *Spur* bows this Fall

IT'S October. It's Saturday. You've got the tickets. You've got the girl. Man alive, if you don't feel like dressing up a bit and putting on a new tie for a football game, you're just not human!

Golden, mellow autumn sets the stage. Prosperous America, packing the stands with youth and color, sets the style.

And neckwear styles, this Fall, are running strongly to the clean-cut lines and jaunty shapes of bow ties as they're fashioned by Spur.

Spur Ties are all tied for you with a skillful knack and "know-how" that not one man in a hundred ever masters. But the way you prefer the ends, perked forward or flattened down, is left for you to fix for yourself by setting the flexible H-shaped Innerform that you'll feel inside the tie when you put it on.

* * *

The newest Spurs are in heavy silks, and rich colors that were selected to go especially well with the darker shades of your Fall clothes. Your haberdasher has them, now.

FREE *Write for a copy of "Off the Lot," a chatty, breezy, little book about motion picture stars, past and present . . . Address: Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-K Bedford Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

HEWES & POTTER, Inc., 65-K Bedford Street, Boston, Mass. 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. 120 Battery Street, San Francisco. 426 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles. 412 So. Wells Street, Chicago. 1604 Arapahoe St., Denver. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal. In Australia: Wallace, Buck & Goodes, Pty., Ltd., Sydney.

Spur Tie
PATENTED JUNE 13 1922

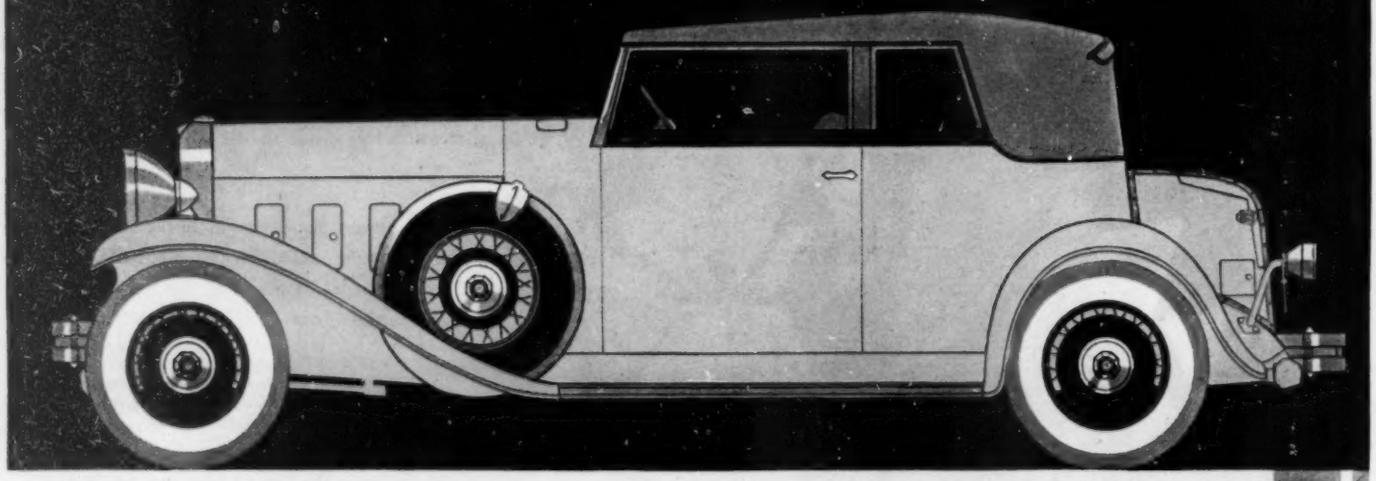
In buying bow ties this label is your guarantee of a genuine Spur Tie . . . made with the patented H-shaped Innerform that keeps it looking smart.

Spur Tie

50¢ 75¢ $1.00
ALL TIED FOR YOU

MARMON

PRESENTS A NEW CUSTOM SERIES



As a further step in its fine car program Marmon, collaborating with the finest custom builders, presents at the New York and Chicago salons and at leading Marmon establishments a new series of distinguished custom creations.

Illustrated—Marmon Grand National—Sportsman's Convertible Sedan for five passengers. Marmon Big Eight chassis. Body by Locke.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

for Hallowe'en

Gay and sprightly as Hallowe'en itself . . . that's Johnston's Chocolate Bazar. A round metal container, gilt-knobbed . . . the chocolates are diminutive and varied. And now, for this bewitching date, the wrappings bear the traditional symbols of Hallowe'en. The price for a package and contents of such superiority is reasonable . . . packaged at two and four dollars. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

© 1930

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Note the beautiful polish and brilliant lustre of the bath-tub and washstand after you clean them with Old Dutch.

Use Old Dutch Cleanser

and you are protecting your family with Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch cleans perfectly. It gets rid of all the dirt at once—hidden uncleanliness and impurities at the same time the visible dirt is removed. In the bathroom, which is devoted to personal cleanliness, this distinctive Old Dutch feature is reassuring. It means that the tub, bowl and fixtures, when Old Dutch is used, are sanitary and hygienic. Healthful Cleanliness prevails.

Old Dutch cleans quickly. You'll marvel at the ease and quickness with which the tiny, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles work. One smooth sweep and the dirt is gone. Old Dutch is a natural cleanser—*cleans quicker* than anything else you can use. Saves you time and effort.

Old Dutch cleans safely, too. You'll be surprised with the sparkle of the porcelain, tile and enamel. Old Dutch is kind to lovely surfaces. It doesn't scratch—contains no harsh, scratchy grit or other abrasives. Old Dutch preserves and protects original lustre.

Old Dutch has modernized cleaning completely. Use it throughout the house; keep a can in the bathroom, kitchen and laundry. Old Dutch is the one and only thing to use for bathrooms, floors, walls, woodwork, kitchen utensils, refrigerators, metal work, in fact on any surface on which water may be used for cleaning. And it's economical to use because a little goes a long way.

Old Dutch homes are Healthful Homes

CLEANS QUICKER

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